Book Trails

TO TURRET TOPS

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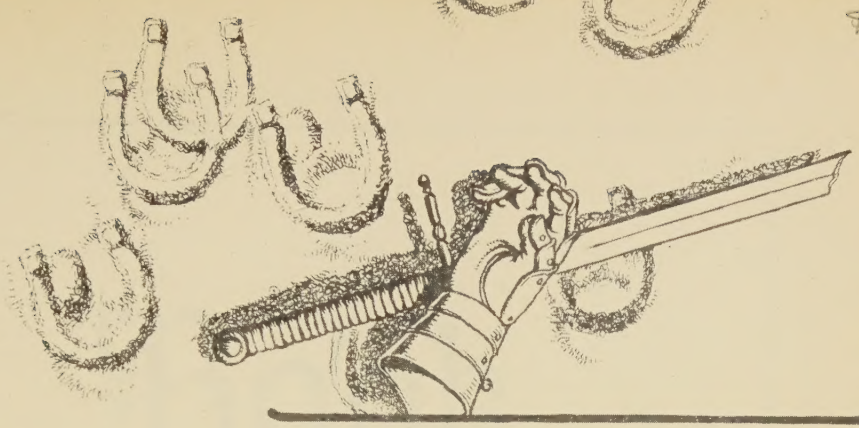

TO TURRET TOPS

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Book Trails

TO TURRET TOPS

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PUBLISHERS • CHICAGO

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BOOK, BOOK

BOOK, book, I have found,
Earth, sea, air, within you bound;
Through your clear cool shining pages
I have walked with saints and sages.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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HOW THE KING DINED WITH ROBIN HOOD IN THE MERRY GREENWOOD

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

ROBIN HOOD and Maid Marian dwelt and reigned in the forest, ranging the glades and the greenwoods from the matins of the lark to the vespers of the nightingale, and administering natural justice according to Robin's ideas of rectifying the inequalities of human condition. The light footsteps of Marian were impressed on the morning dew beside the firmer step of her lover, and they shook its large drops about them as they cleared themselves a passage through the thick tall fern, without any fear of catching cold, which was not much in fashion in the twelfth century. Seven men stood on seven paths to call the strangers to Robin's feast. Marian often killed the deer,

> Which Scarlet dressed, and Friar Tuck blessed,
> While Little John wandered in search of a guest.

Robin was very devout, and he never set forth in a morning till he had said three prayers and had heard the sweet voice of his Marian singing a hymn. Such was their summer life, and in their winter caves they had sufficient furniture, ample provender, store of old wine, and assuredly no lack of fuel, with joyous music and pleasant discourse to charm away the season of darkness and storms.

Many moons had waxed and waned when, on the afternoon of a lovely summer day, a lusty, broad-boned knight was riding through the forest of Sherwood. The sun shone brilliantly on the full green foliage, and afforded the knight a fine opportunity of observing pictur-

Abridged from *Maid Marian*, first published in 1822.

esque effects, of which it is to be feared he did not avail himself. But he had not proceeded far before he had an opportunity of observing something much more interesting, namely a fine young outlaw leaning, in the true Sherwood fashion, with his back against a tree. The knight was preparing to ask the stranger a question, the answer to which, if correctly given, would have relieved him from a doubt that pressed heavily on his mind, as to whether he was in the right road or the wrong, when the youth prevented the inquiry by saying: "In God's name, sir knight, you are late to your meals. My master has tarried dinner for you these three hours."

"I doubt," said the knight, "I am not he you wot of. I am nowhere bidden today, and I know none in this vicinage."

"We feared," said the youth, "your memory would be treacherous: therefore am I stationed here to refresh it."

"Who is your master?" said the knight; "and where does he abide?"

"My master," said the youth, "is called Robin Hood, and he abides hard by."

"And what knows he of me?" said the knight.

"He knows you," answered the youth, "as he does every wayfaring knight and friar, by instinct."

"Gramercy," said the knight; "then I understand his bidding: but how if I say I will not come?"

"I am enjoined to bring you," said the youth. "If persuasion avail not, I must use other argument."

"Say'st thou so?" said the knight; "I doubt if thy stripling rhetoric would convince me."

"That," said the young forester, "we will see."

"We are not equally matched, boy," said the knight. "I should get less honor by thy conquest, than grief by thy injury."

"Perhaps," said the youth, "my strength is more than my seeming, and my cunning more than my strength. Therefore let it please your knighthood to dismount."

"It shall please my knighthood to chastise thy presumption," said the knight, springing from his saddle.

Hereupon, which in those days was usually the result of a meeting between any two persons anywhere, they proceeded to fight.

The knight had in an uncommon degree both strength and skill: the forester had less strength, but not less skill than the knight, and showed such a mastery of his weapon as reduced the latter to great admiration.

They had not fought many minutes by the forest clock, the sun; and had as yet done each other no worse injury than that the knight had wounded the forester's jerkin, and the forester had disabled the knight's plume, when they were interrupted by a voice from a thicket, exclaiming, "Well fought, girl: well fought. Mass, that had nigh been a

shrewd hit. Thou owest him for that, lass. Marry, stand by, I'll pay him for thee."

The knight turning to the voice, beheld a tall friar issuing from the thicket, brandishing a ponderous cudgel.

"Who art thou?" said the knight.

"I am the church militant of Sherwood," answered the friar. "Why art thou in arms against our lady queen?"

"What meanest thou?" said the knight.

"Truly, this," said the friar, "is our liege lady of the forest, against whom I do apprehend thee in overt act of treason. What sayest thou for thyself?"

"I say," answered the knight, "that if this be indeed a lady, man never yet held me so long."

"Spoken," said the friar, "like one who hath done execution. Hast thou thy stomach full of steel? Wilt thou diversify thy repast with a taste of my oak-graff? Or wilt thou incline thine heart to our venison, which truly is cooling? Wilt thou fight? or wilt thou dine? or wilt thou fight and dine? or wilt thou dine and fight? I am for thee, choose as thou mayest."

"I will dine," said the knight; "for with lady I never fought before, and with friar I never fought yet, and with neither will I ever fight knowingly: and if this be the queen of the forest, I will not, being in her dominions, be backward to do her homage."

So saying, he kissed the hand of Marian, who was pleased most graciously to express her approbation.

"Gramercy, sir knight," said the friar, "I laud thee for thy courtesy, which I deem to be no less than thy valor. Now do thou follow me, while I follow my nose, which scents the pleasant odor of roast from the depth of the forest recesses. I will lead thy horse, and do thou lead my lady."

The knight took Marian's hand, and followed the friar, first along a light elastic greensward under the shade of lofty and widespreading

trees that skirted a sunny opening of the forest, then along labyrinthine paths, which the deer, the outlaw, or the woodman had made, through the close shoots of the young coppices, through the thick undergrowth of the ancient woods, through beds of gigantic fern that filled the narrow glades and waved their green feathery heads above the plume of the knight. Along these sylvan alleys they walked in single file; the friar singing and pioneering in the van, the horse plunging and floundering behind the friar, the lady following "in maiden meditation fancy-free," and the knight bringing up the rear, much marveling at the strange company into which his stars had thrown him. Their path had expanded sufficiently to allow the knight to take Marian's hand again, when they arrived in the august presence of Robin Hood and his court.

Robin's table was spread under a high overarching canopy of living boughs, on the edge of a natural lawn of verdure, starred with flowers, through which a swift transparent rivulet ran, sparkling in the sun. The board was covered with abundance of choice food and excellent liquor, not without the comeliness of snow-white linen and the splendor of costly plate, which the sheriff of Nottingham had unwillingly contributed to the supply, at the same time with an excellent cook, whom Little John's art had spirited away to the forest with the contents of his master's silver scullery.

An hundred foresters were here assembled, overready for their dinner, some seated at the table and some lying in groups under the trees.

Robin made courteous welcome to the knight, who took his seat between Robin and Marian at the festal board; at which was already placed one strange guest in the person of a portly monk, sitting between Little John and Scarlet, with his rotund physiognomy elongated into an unnatural oval by the conjoint influence of sorrow and fear: sorrow for the departed contents of his traveling treasury, a good-looking valise which was hanging empty on a bough; and fear for his personal safety, of which all the flasks and pasties before him could not give him assurance. The appearance of the knight, however, cheered him up with a

semblance of protection, and gave him just sufficient courage to demolish a cygnet and a mumble-pie, which he diluted with the contents of two flasks of canary sack.

But wine, which sometimes creates and often increases joy, doth also, upon occasion, heighten sorrow: and so it fared now with our portly monk, who had no sooner explained away his portion of provender, than he began to weep and bewail himself bitterly.

"Why dost thou weep, man?" said Robin Hood. "Thou hast done thine embassy justly, and shalt have thy Lady's grace."

"Alack! alack!" said the monk: "no embassy had I, luckless sinner, as well thou wottest, but to take to my abbey in safety the treasure whereof thou hast despoiled me."

"Propound me his case," said Friar Tuck, "and I will give him ghostly counsel."

"You well remember," said Robin Hood, "the sorrowful knight,[1] who dined with us here twelve months and a day gone by."

"Well do I," said Friar Tuck. "His lands were in jeopardy with a certain abbot, who would allow no longer day for their redemption. Whereupon you lent to him the four hundred pounds which he needed, and which he was to repay this day, though he had no better security to give than our Lady the Virgin."

"I never desired better," said Robin, "for she never yet failed to send me my pay; and here is one of her own flock, this faithful and well-favored monk of St. Mary's, hath brought it me duly, principal and interest to a penny, as Little John can testify, who told it forth. To be sure, he denied having it, but that was to prove our faith. We sought and found it."

"I know nothing of your knight," said the monk: "and the money was our own, as the Virgin shall bless me."

"She shall bless thee," said Friar Tuck, "for a faithful messenger."

The monk resumed his wailing. Little John brought him his horse. Robin gave him leave to depart. He sprang with singular nimbleness

[1] Sir William of the Lee.

into the saddle, and vanished without saying, God give you good day.

The stranger knight laughed heartily as the monk rode off.

"They say, sir knight," said Friar Tuck, "they should laugh who win: but thou laughest who art likely to lose."

"I have won," said the knight, " a good dinner, some mirth, and some knowledge: and I cannot lose by paying for them."

"Bravely said," answered Robin. "Still it becomes thee to pay: for it is not meet that a poor forester should treat a rich knight. How much money hast thou with thee?"

"Troth, I know not," said the knight. "Sometimes much, sometimes little, sometimes none. But search, and what thou findest keep; and for the sake of thy kind heart and open hand, be it what it may, I shall wish it were more."

"Then, since thou sayest so," said Robin, "not a penny will I touch. Many a false churl comes hither, and disburses against his will: and till there is lack of these, I prey not on true men."

"Thou art thyself a true man, right well I judge, Robin," said the stranger knight, "and seemest more like one bred in court than to thy present outlaw life."

"Our life," said the friar, "is a craft, an art, and a mystery. How much of it, think you, could be learned at court?"

"Indeed, I cannot say," said the stranger knight: "but I should apprehend very little."

"And so should I," said the friar: "for we should find very little of our bold open practice, but should hear abundance of praise of our principles. To live in seeming fellowship and secret rivalry; to have a hand for all, and a heart for none; to be everybody's acquaintance, and nobody's friend; to meditate the ruin of all on whom we smile, and to dread the secret stratagems of all who smile on us; to pilfer honors and despoil fortunes, not by fighting in daylight, but by sapping in darkness: these are arts which the court can teach, but which we, by 'r Lady, have not learned. But let your court minstrel tune up his throat to the

praise of your court hero, then come our principles into play; then is our practice extolled. Not by the same name, for their Richard is a hero, and our Robin is a thief. Your hero sacks a city, while your thief sacks a cellar. That is all the difference, for the principle and the virtue are one, but two of a trade cannot agree. Therefore your hero makes laws to get rid of your thief, and gives him an ill name that he may hang him, for might is right, and the strong make laws for the weak, and they that make laws to serve their own turn do also make morals to give color to their laws."

"Your comparison, friar," said the stranger, "fails in this: that your thief fights for profit, and your hero for honor. I have fought under the banners of Richard, and if he sacks cities, it is not to win treasure for himself, but to furnish forth the means of his greater and more glorious aim."

"Misconceive me not, sir knight," said the friar. "We all love and honor King Richard, and here is a deep draught to his health: but I would show you that we foresters are miscalled by opprobrious names, and that our virtues, though they follow at humble distance, are yet truly akin to those of Coeur-de-Lion. I say not that Richard is a thief, but I say that Robin is a hero: and for honor did ever yet man,

miscalled thief, win greater honor than Robin? Do not all grace him with some honorable epithet? The most gentle thief, the most courteous thief, the most bountiful thief, yea, and the most honest thief. Richard is courteous, bountiful, honest, and valiant, but so also is Robin: it is the false word that makes the unjust distinction. They are twin spirits, and should be friends, but that fortune hath differently cast their lot; but their names shall descend together to the latest days, as the flower of their age and of England: for in the pure principles of freebootery have they excelled all men; and to the principles of freebootery, diversely developed, belong all the qualities to which song and story concede renown."

"And you may add, friar," said Marian, "that Robin, no less than Richard, is king in his own dominion; and that if his subjects be fewer, yet are they more uniformly loyal."

"I would, fair lady," said the stranger, "that thy latter observation were not so true. But I nothing doubt, Robin, that if Richard could hear your friar, and see you and your lady as I now do, there is not a man in England whom he would take by the hand more cordially than yourself."

"Gramercy, sir knight," said Robin. But his speech was cut short by Little John calling, "Hark!"

All listened. A distant trampling of horses was heard. The sounds approached rapidly, and at length a group of horsemen glittering in holiday dresses was visible among the trees.

"God's my life!" said Robin, "what means this? To arms, my merrymen all."

"No arms, Robin," said the foremost horseman, riding up and springing from his saddle. "Have you forgotten Sir William of the Lee?"

"No, by my fay," said Robin: "and right welcome again to Sherwood."

Little John bustled to re-array the disorganized economy of the table, and replace the dilapidations of the provender.

"I come late, Robin," said Sir William, "but I came by a wrestling, where I found a good yeoman wrongfully beset by a crowd of sturdy varlets, and I staid to do him right."

"I thank thee for that, in God's name," said Robin, "as if thy good service had been to myself."

"And here," said the knight, "is thy four hundred pounds; and my men have brought thee an hundred bows and as many well-furnished quivers, which I beseech thee to receive and to use as a poor token of my grateful kindness to thee, for me and my wife and children didst thou redeem from beggary."

"The bows and arrows," said Robin, "will I joyfully receive, but of thy money, not a penny. It is paid already. My Lady, who was thy security, hath sent it me for thee."

Sir William pressed, but Robin was inflexible.

"It is paid," said Robin, "as this good knight can testify, who saw my Lady's messenger depart but now."

Sir William looked round to the stranger knight, and instantly fell on his knees, saying, "God save King Richard."

The foresters, friar and all, dropped on their knees together, and repeated in chorus: "God save King Richard."

"Rise, rise," said Richard, smiling: "Robin is king here, as his lady hath shown. I have heard much of thee, Robin, both of thy present and thy former state. And this, thy fair forest queen, is, if tales say true, the Lady Matilda Fitzwater."

Marian signed acknowledgment.

"Your father," said the King, "has approved his fidelity to me, by the loss of his lands, which the newness of my return, and many public cares, has not yet given me time to restore. But this justice shall be done to him, and to thee also, Robin, if thou wilt leave thy forest life and resume thy earldom of Huntingdon, and be a peer of Coeur-de-Lion; for braver heart and juster hand I never yet found."

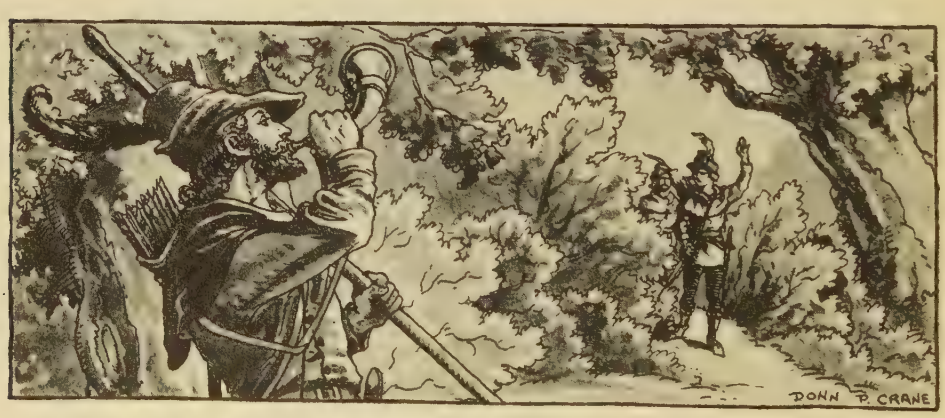
At these words, Robin looked round on his men.

"Your followers," said the King, "shall have free pardon, and such of them as thou wilt part with shall have maintenance from me; and if ever I confess to priest, it shall be to thy friar."

"Gramercy to your majesty," said the friar.

Robin and his followers embraced the King's proposal. A joyful meeting soon followed with the baron (Fitzwater) and Sir Guy of Gamwell, father of Will Scarlett, and Richard himself honored with his own presence a formal solemnization of the nuptials of our lovers, whom he constantly distinguished with his peculiar regard.

The friar could not say farewell to the forest without something of a heavy heart, but the friar's farewell was not destined to be eternal. He was domiciled as the family confessor of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, who led a discreet and courtly life, and kept up old hospitality in all its munificence, till the death of King Richard and the usurpation of John, by placing their enemy in power, compelled them to return to their greenwood sovereignty. It is probable they would have done this before from choice, if their love of sylvan liberty had not been counteracted by their desire to retain the friendship of Coeur-de-Lion. Their old and tried adherents, the friar among the foremost, flocked again round their forest banner, and in merry Sherwood they all long lived together, happy and carefree.



ELDORADO

GAYLY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow:
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A BUNDLE OF STRAW

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

Duke Richard of Normandy, in the far-away days nearly a thousand year agone, succeeded to his father's Duchy when he was still but a child of eight. At his investiture, his great sword was so much taller than the Little Duke that when it stood upright, he was obliged to raise his arm to put it around the handle.

Little time did he have in his Norman castle before King Louis of France claimed him as ward of the crown and carried him away, virtually a prisoner, to Laon. His faithful vassal, Osmond de Centeville, accompanied him and remained with him. In the French court he was treated coldly and neglected. Later, when the Little Duke tried to prevent the young French prince, Lothaire, from being cruel to a pet falcon, as well as to his young brother, Carloman, the Queen of France became Duke Richard's active enemy. Alarmed at the neglect and virtual imprisonment of his lord, Osmond determined to get him back to his own Normandy at any hazard. Just at this time the Little Duke fell ill, for the unwonted confinement began to tell on his health and he was miserable and sleepless. Osmond watched over him through the long nights, and at last Richard slept, then waked, refreshed.

OSMOND was in a transport of joy: "Thanks to heaven, they shall fail for this time and they shall never have another chance! May heaven be with us still!" Richard was too weak and weary to ask what he meant, and for the next few days Osmond watched him with the utmost care. As for food, now that Richard could eat again, Osmond would not hear of his touching what was sent for him from the royal table, but always went down himself to procure food in the kitchen, where he said he had a friend among the cooks, who would, he thought, scarcely poison him intentionally. When Richard was able to cross the room, Osmond insisted on his always fastening the door with his dagger, and never opening to any summons but his own, not even Prince Carloman's. Richard wondered, but he was obliged to obey, and he knew enough of the perils around him to perceive the reasonableness of Osmond's constant and unfailing caution.

From *The Little Duke.*

Thus several days had passed, the King had returned, and Richard was so much recovered that he had become very anxious to be allowed to go down stairs again, instead of remaining shut up there; but still Osmond would not consent, though Richard had done nothing all day but walk round the room, to show how strong he was.

"Now, my Lord, guard the door—take care," said Osmond; "you have no loss today, for the King has brought home Herluin of Montreuil, whom you would be almost as loth to meet as the Fleming. And tell your beads while I am gone, that the saints may bring us out of our peril."

Osmond was absent nearly half an hour, and, when he returned, brought on his shoulders a huge bundle of straw. "What is this for?" exclaimed Richard. "I wanted my supper, and you have brought straw!"

"Here is your supper," said Osmond, throwing down the straw, and producing a bag with some bread and meat. "What should you say, my Lord, if we should sup in Normandy tomorrow night?"

"In Normandy!" cried Richard, springing up and clapping his hands. "In Normandy! Oh, Osmond, did you say in Normandy? Shall we, shall we really? Oh, joy! joy! Is Count Bernard come? Will the King let us go?"

"Hush! hush, sir! It must be our own doing; it will all fail if you are not silent and prudent, and we shall be undone."

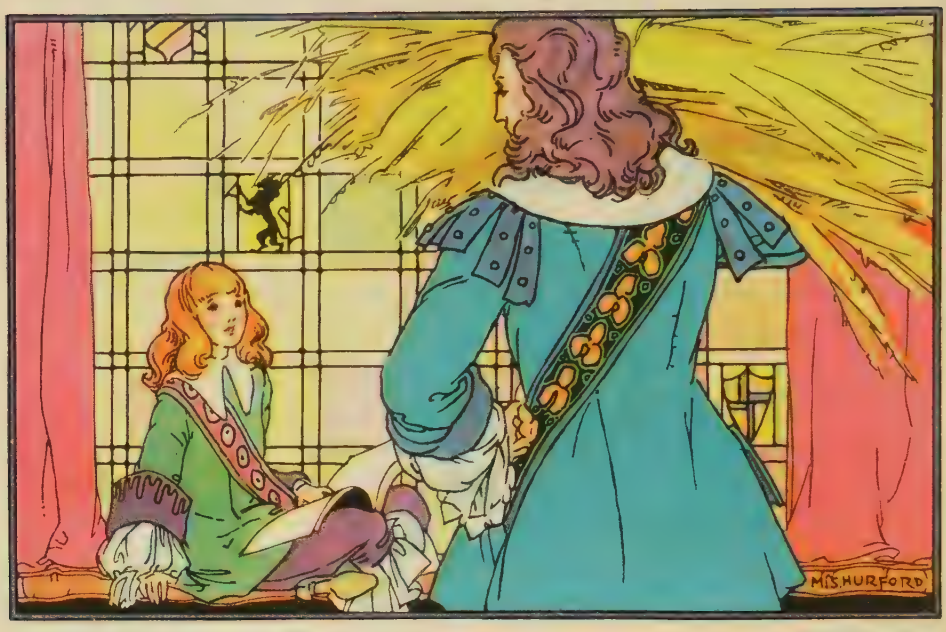
"I will do anything to get home again!"

"Eat first," said Osmond.

"But what are you going to do? I will not be as foolish as I was when you tried to get me safe out of Rollo's Tower. But I should like to wish Carloman farewell."

"That must not be," said Osmond; "we should not have time to escape, if they did not still believe you very ill in bed."

"I am sorry not to wish Carloman good-by," repeated Richard; "but we shall see Fru Astrida again, and Sir Eric; and Alberic must come back! Oh, do let us go! O Normandy, dear Normandy!"



Richard could hardly eat for excitement, while Osmond hastily made his arrangements, girding on his sword, and giving Richard his dagger to put into his belt. He placed the remainder of the provisions in his wallet, threw a thick purple cloth mantle over the Duke, and then desired him to lie down on the straw which he had brought in. "I shall hide you in it," he said, "and carry you through the hall, as if I was going to feed my horse."

"Oh, they will never guess!" cried Richard, laughing. "I will be quite still—I will make no noise—I will hold my breath."

"Yes, mind you do not move hand or foot, or rustle the straw. It is no play—it is life or death," said Osmond, as he disposed the straw round the little boy. "There, can you breathe?"

"Yes," said Richard's voice from the midst. "Am I quite hidden?"

"Entirely. Now, remember, whatever happens, do not move. May heaven protect us! Now, the saints be with us!"

Richard, from the interior of the bundle, heard Osmond set open the door; then he felt himself raised from the ground; Osmond was carrying him along down the stairs, the ends of the straw crushing and sweeping against the wall. The only way to the outer door was through the hall, and here was the danger. Richard heard voices, steps, loud singing and laughter, as if feasting was going on; then some one said, "Tending your horse, Sieur de Centeville?"

"Yes," Osmond made answer. "You know, since we lost our grooms, the poor black would come off badly did I not attend to him."

Presently came Carolman's voice: "O Osmond de Centeville! is Richard better?"

"He is better, my Lord, I thank you, but hardly yet out of danger."

"Oh, I wish he was well! And when will you let me come to him, Osmond? Indeed, I would sit quiet, and not disturb him."

"It may not be yet, my Lord, though the Duke loves you well—he told me so but now."

"Did he? Oh, tell him I love him very much—better than anyone here—and it is very dull without him. Tell him so, Osmond."

Richard could hardly help calling out to his dear little Carloman; but he remembered the peril of Osmond's eyes and the Queen's threat, and held his peace, with some vague notion that some day he would make Carloman King of France. In the meantime, half stifled with the

straw, he felt himself carried on, down the steps, across the court; and then he knew, from the darkness and the changed sound of Osmond's tread, that they were in the stable. Osmond laid him carefully down, and whispered:

"All right so far. You can breathe?"

"Not well. Can't you let me out?"

"Not yet—not for worlds. Now tell me if I put your face downwards, for I cannot see."

He laid the living heap of straw across the saddle, bound it on, then led out the horse, gazing round cautiously as he did so; but the whole of the people of the castle were feasting, and there was no one to watch the gates. Richard heard the hollow sound of the hoofs, as the drawbridge was crossed, and knew that he was free; but still Osmond held his arm over him, and would not let him move, for some distance. Then, just as Richard felt as if he could endure the stifling of the straw and his uncomfortable position not a moment longer, Osmond stopped the horse, took him down, laid him on the grass, and released him. He gazed around; they were in a little wood; evening twilight was just coming on, and the birds sang sweetly.

"Free! free!—this is freedom!" cried Richard, leaping up in the delicious cool evening breeze; "the Queen and Lothaire, and that grim room, all far behind."

"Not so far yet," said Osmond; "you must not call yourself safe till the Epte is between us and them. Into the saddle, my Lord; we must ride for our lives."

Osmond helped the Duke to mount, and sprang to the saddle behind him, set spurs to the horse, and rode on at a quick rate, though not at full speed, as he wished to spare the horse. The twilight faded, the stars came out, and still he rode, his arm around the child, who, as night advanced, grew weary, and often sank into a sort of half doze, conscious all the time of the trot of the horse. But each step was taking him farther from Queen Gerberge, and nearer to Normandy; and what

recked he of weariness? On—on; the stars grew pale again, and the first pink light of dawn showed in the eastern sky; the sun rose, mounted higher and higher, and the day grew hotter; the horse went more slowly, stumbled, and though Osmond halted and loosed the girth, he only mended his pace for a little while.

Osmond looked grievously perplexed; but they had not gone much farther before a party of merchants came in sight, winding their way with a long train of loaded mules, and stout men to guard them, across the plains, like an eastern caravan in the desert. They gazed in surprise at the tall young Norman holding the child upon the wornout war-horse.

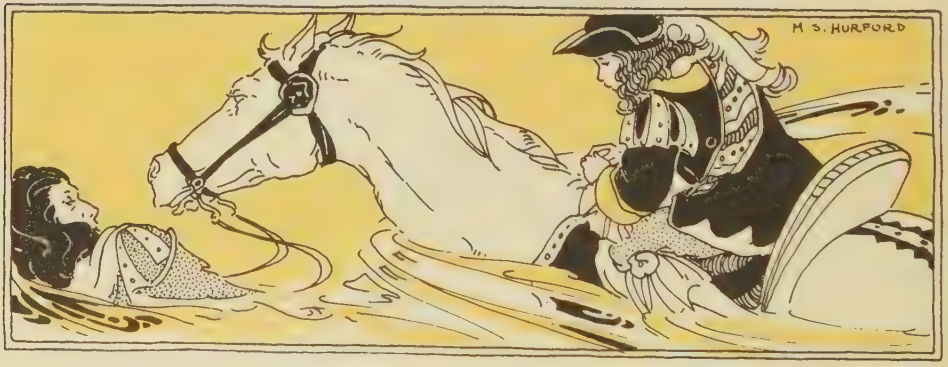
"Sir merchant," said Osmond to the first, "see you this steed? Better horse never was ridden; but he is sorely spent, and we must make speed. Let me barter him with you for yonder stout palfrey. He is worth twice as much, but I cannot stop to chaffer—ay or no at once."

The merchant, seeing the value of Osmond's gallant black, accepted the offer; and Osmond removing his saddle, and placing Richard on his new steed, again mounted, and on they went through the country which Osmond's eye had marked with the sagacity men acquire by living in wild, unsettled places. The great marshes were now far less dangerous than in the winter, and they safely crossed them. There had, as yet, been no pursuit, and Osmond's only fear was for his little charge, who, not having recovered his full strength since his illness, began to suffer greatly from fatigue in the heat of that broiling summer day, and leant against Osmond patiently, but very wearily, without moving or looking up. He scarcely revived when the sun went down, and a cool breeze sprang up, which much refreshed Osmond himself; and still more did it refresh the squire to see, at length, winding through the green pastures, a blue river, on the opposite bank of which rose a high rocky mound, bearing a castle with many a turret and battlement.

"The Epte! the Epte! There is Normandy, sir! Look up, and see your own dukedom." "Normandy!" cried Richard, sitting upright.

"Oh, my own home!" Still the Epte was wide and deep, and the peril was not yet ended. Osmond looked anxiously, and rejoiced to see marks of cattle, as if it had been forded. "We must try it," he said, and dismounting, he waded in, leading the horse, and firmly holding Richard in the saddle. Deep they went; the water rose to Richard's feet, then to the horse's neck; then the horse was swimming, and Osmond too, still keeping his firm hold; then there was ground again, the force of the current was less, and they were gaining the bank. At that instant, however, they perceived two men aiming at them with cross-bows from the castle, and another standing on the bank above them, who called out, "Hold! None pass the ford of Montémar without permission of the noble Dame Yolande." "Ha! Bertrand, the seneschal, is that you?" returned Osmond. "Who calls me by my name?" replied the seneschal. "It is I, Osmond de Centeville. Open your gates quickly, Sir Seneschal; for here is the Duke, sorely in need of rest and refreshment."

"The Duke!" exclaimed Bertrand, hurrying down to the landing place and throwing off his cap. "The Duke! The Duke!" rang out the shout from the men-at-arms on the battlements above; and in an instant more Osmond had led the horse up from the water, and was exclaiming, "Look up, my Lord, look up! You are in your own dukedom again, and this place before us is Alberic's castle."



WAUKEWA'S EAGLE

An Indian Legend

JAMES BUCKHAM

ONE day, when the Indian boy Waukewa was hunting along the mountain side, he found a young eagle with a broken wing, lying at the base of a cliff. The bird had fallen from an aerie on a ledge high above, and being too young to fly, had fluttered down the cliff and injured itself so severely that it was likely to die. When Waukewa saw it he was about to drive one of his sharp arrows through its body, for the passion of the hunter was strong in him, and the eagle plunders many a fine fish from the Indian's drying-frame. But a gentler impulse came to him as he saw the young bird quivering with pain and fright at his feet, and he slowly unbent his bow, put the arrow in his quiver. and stooped over the panting eaglet. For fully a minute the wild eyes of the wounded bird and the eyes of the Indian boy, growing gentler and softer as he gazed, looked into one another. Then the struggling and panting of the young eagle ceased; the wild, frightened look passed out of its eyes, and it suffered Waukewa to pass his hand gently over its ruffled and draggled feathers. The fierce instinct to fight, to defend its threatened life, yielded to the charm of the tenderness and pity

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Company.

expressed in the boy's eyes; and from that moment Waukewa and the eagle were friends.

Waukewa went slowly home to his father's lodge, bearing the wounded eaglet in his arms. He carried it so gently that the broken wing gave no twinge of pain, and the bird lay perfectly still, never offering to strike with its sharp beak the hands that clasped it.

Warming some water over the fire at the lodge, Waukewa bathed the broken wing of the eagle, and bound it up with soft strips of skin. Then he made a nest of ferns and grass inside the lodge, and laid the bird in it. The boy's mother looked on with shining eyes. Her heart was very tender. From girlhood she had loved all the creatures of the woods, and it pleased her to see some of her own gentle spirit waking in the boy.

When Waukewa's father returned from hunting, he would have caught up the young eagle and wrung its neck. But the boy pleaded with him so eagerly, stooping over the captive and defending it with his small hands, that the stern warrior laughed and called him his "little squaw-heart." "Keep it, then," he said, "and nurse it until it is well. But then you must let it go, for we will not raise up a thief in the lodges." So Waukewa promised that when the eagle's wing was healed and grown so that it could fly, he would carry it forth and give it its freedom.

It was a month—or, as the Indians say, a moon—before the young eagle's wing had fully mended and the bird was old enough and strong enough to fly. And in the meantime Waukewa cared for it and fed it daily, and the friendship between the boy and the bird grew very strong.

But at last the time came when the willing captive must be freed. So Waukewa carried it far away from the Indian lodges, where none of the young braves might see it hovering over and be tempted to shoot their arrows at it, and there he let it go. The young eagle rose toward the sky in great circles, rejoicing in its freedom and its strange, new

power of flight. But when Waukewa began to move away from the spot, it came swooping down again; and all day long it followed him through the woods as he hunted. At dusk, when Waukewa shaped his course for the Indian lodges, the eagle would have accompanied him. But the boy suddenly slipped into a hollow tree and hid, and after a long time the eagle stopped sweeping about in search of him and flew slowly and sadly away.

Summer passed, and then winter; and spring came again, with its flowers and birds and swarming fish in the lakes and streams. Then it was that all the Indians, old and young, braves and squaws, pushed their light canoes out from shore and with spear and hook waged pleasant war against the salmon and the red-spotted trout. After winter's long imprisonment, it was such joy to toss in the sunshine and the warm wind and catch savory fish to take the place of dried meats and corn!

Above the great falls of the Apahoqui the salmon sported in the cool, swinging current, darting under the lee of the rock and leaping full length in the clear spring air. Nowhere else were such salmon to be speared as those which lay among the riffles at the head of the Apahoqui rapids. But only the most daring braves ventured to seek them there, for the current was strong, and should a light canoe once pass the danger point and get caught in the rush of the rapids, nothing could save it from going over the roaring falls.

Very early in the morning of a clear April day, just as the sun was rising splendidly over the mountains, Waukewa launched his canoe a half mile above the rapids of the Apahoqui, and floated downward, spear in hand, among the salmon riffles. He was the only one of the Indian lads who dared fish above the falls. But he had been there often, and never yet had his watchful eye and his strong paddle suffered the current to carry his canoe beyond the danger point. This morning he was alone on the river, having risen long before daylight to be first at the sport undisturbed on the silvery waters.

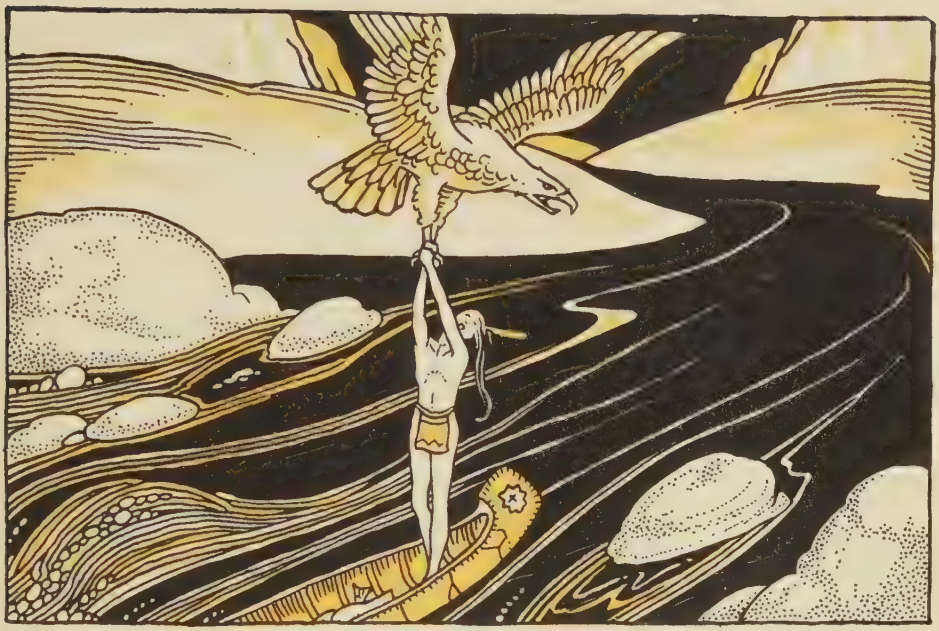
The riffles were full of salmon, big, lusty fellows, who glided about the canoe on every side in an endless silver stream. Waukewa plunged his spear right and left, and tossed one glittering victim after another into the bark canoe. So absorbed in the sport was he that for once he did not notice when the canoe began to glide more swiftly among the rocks. But suddenly he looked up, caught his paddle, and dipped it wildly in the swirling water. The canoe swung sidewise, shivered, held its own against the torrent, and then slowly, inch by inch, began to creep upstream toward the shore. But suddenly there was a loud, cruel snap, and the paddle parted in the boy's hands, broken just above the blade! Waukewa gave a cry of despairing agony. Then he bent to the gunwale of his canoe and with the shattered blade fought desperately against the current. But it was useless. The racing torrent swept him downward; the hungry falls roared tauntingly in his ears.

Then the Indian boy knelt calmly upright in the canoe, facing the mist of the falls, and folded his arms. His young face was stern and lofty. He had lived like a brave hitherto—now he would die like one.

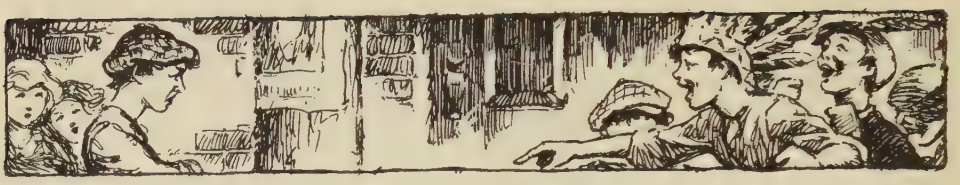
Faster and faster sped the doomed canoe toward the great cataract. The black rocks glided away on either side like phantoms. The roar of the terrible waters became like thunder in the boy's ears. But still he gazed calmly and sternly ahead, facing his fate as a brave Indian should. At last he began to chant the death-song, which he had learned from the older braves. In a few moments all would be over. But he would come before the Great Spirit with a fearless hymn upon his lips.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the canoe. Waukewa lifted his eyes and saw a great eagle hovering over, with dangling legs, and a spread of wings that blotted out the sun. Once more the eyes of the Indian boy and the eagle met; and now it was the eagle who was master!

With a glad cry the Indian boy stood up in his canoe, and the eagle hovered lower. Now the canoe tossed up on that great swelling wave that climbs to the cataract's edge, and the boy lifted his hands and caught the legs of the eagle. The next moment he looked down into



the awful gulf of waters from its very verge. The canoe was snatched from beneath him and plunged down the black wall of the cataract; but he and the struggling eagle were floating outward and downwards through the cloud of mist. The cataract roared terribly, like a wild beast robbed of its prey. The spray beat and blinded, the air rushed upward as they fell. But the eagle struggled on with his burden. He fought his way out of the mist and the flying spray. His great wings threshed the air with a whistling sound. Down, down they sank, the boy and the eagle, but ever farther from the precipice of water and the boiling whirlpool below. At length, with a fluttering plunge, the eagle dropped on a sand-bar below the whirlpool, and he and the Indian boy lay there a minute, breathless and exhausted. Then the eagle slowly lifted himself, took the air under his free wings, and soared away, while the Indian boy knelt on the sand, with shining eyes following the great bird till he faded into the gray of the cliffs.



THE "BLACK DOUGLAS"

DANIEL HENDERSON

BOBBY McTAVISH was a little Scotch laddie whose parents had recently come across the water to live in an American city.

"Mither," said Bobby, coming in from the street one day, "ye'll ha'e to buy me breeks. Kilts micht be fine in Scotland, but the American laddies mek fun o' them, and ca' them skirts."

"Ye'll ha'e to put up with them a wee bit longer," replied the mother; "your faither canna' afford to buy ye breeks noo."

Bobby returned to the street. A group of girls invited him to play ring-toss with them, and he accepted.

Across the street, recent deserters from the Coombs Street branch of the Boy Scouts were decking themselves with feathers from an old duster, and streaking their faces with red chalk. "Scouts never did have as much fun as Injuns," "Buzz" Peters, the leader of the renegades, commented. "You never heard of 'em makin' folks run the gantlet, or scalpin' and burnin' 'em!"

The girls dispersed, and Bobby was left alone. He watched the renegades wistfully, and, at last, crossed to them. "It's a bonnie, braw game ye're playin'!" he ventured.

"Go 'long, Squaw Man!" Buzz hissed; "back to the tents! You're not fit for the company of braves!"

Bobby eyed him defiantly. "Are ye callin' me names?" he asked threateningly.

"Can't ye understand Injun langwidge?" jeered Buzz. "I mean you're a sissy! Back to the gals!"

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.

"Because I played a wee bit wi' the lasses? Wad ye ha'e me refuse them when they begged me?"

"Course not," Buzz returned witheringly; "ain't you wearin' skirts?"

"They're nae skirts! They're kilts!"

"Aw, what's the diff'? They're gal's clothes!"

"They're nae! The Hielanders wear kilts, an' they're the brawest fechtin' men in the world!"

"They are, huh? I s'pose you wear 'em because you're a scrapper!"

"Weel, I've niver rin frae a battle!"

Buzz raised his fist. "D' ye see that?"

"Aye! It's nae bigger than this!" Bobby raised his.

The two, however, did not go beyond these preliminaries. An alien war whoop startled them. Down the street swept a forest of sticks; under each stick scowled a negro boy. Plum Alley was on a rampage.

"Babe" Washington, the leader of the newcomers, rolled his eyes at our pugnacious pair. "Yo' all kin fight any time," he brawled. "Come on, now, an' fight a cullud pusson!" He pulled out from among his followers an undersized darky. "Heah's our li'l' Black Champion," he blustered; "an' I backs him ag'in' any white boy!"

Buzz turned upon him what was meant to be a disarming countenance. "Look here, Babe," he said, in a very peaceful tone, "your gang an' our gang've fought together against Stricker Streeters! What's the use of scrappin' among ourselves?"

"We didn' need yo' gang, an' we doan' nevuh want yo' gang! If yo're wuff anything, buck up ag'in' li'l' Black Champion, heah."

The invitation remained unaccepted.

"Li'l' 'Rastus," Babe commanded; "mek 'em own up yo' kin lick 'em!"

The diminutive darky did not bear the championship with much assurance, but, emboldened by the numbers behind him and the attitude of the white boys, he swaggered up to Buzz. "Kin I lick yo'?" he demanded. "Yo' dassent say I cain't."

"I've got a sore knuckle—guess you kin," Buzz sullenly replied.

The negro confronted in turn Buzz's companions, but each, after an inward wrestle, answered as ignominiously. He came at last to Bobby.

"Kin I lick yo'? Ain't you got any mo' spunk dan dem other fellers?" Bobby heard. He thought of his boast to Buzz: "I've niver rin frae a battle!" His companions saw in him the representative of the Highlanders he had bragged about. Into what depths of shame would he plunge his countrymen if he shirked this encounter?

He shut his eyes to the odds against him.

"Ye can't lick me!" he cried. "Nae blackamoor can lick a Hielander!"

Then, not waiting for his foeman to act, he wrested, by a quick jerk, his stick from him, and swung it viciously.

To escape it the little Black Champion pressed frantically back upon those in the front rank of his supporters, and these in their turn fell back upon those behind them. They stepped, however, toward a greater danger—Officer Moriarty!

When they caught sight of him, he was almost upon them. It was beyond hope that all could escape the plunge he made, yet escape it they did, and down the street, helter-skelter, went blacks and whites!

Officer Moriarty's plunge ended in a sprawl. As he fell, however, he made a desperate grab at Bobby, who, until that moment, had not seen reason for flight. The peril revealed, Bobby wasted no time. With the huge fingers clutching his kilts, he leaped desperately in the direction of the other fugitives. Something ripped; a button bounced on the pavement; Moriarty scrambled to his feet—holding, with a look of deep chagrin, Bobby's kilts!

Peeping out of a friendly doorway around the corner, the renegades watched Bobby dash into view, his bare knees working like piston-rods.

"Blest if he ain't lost his petticoat!" ejaculated Buzz.

"Hi, Scotchie, dodge in here!" "Skinny" Webb bawled.

"Can ye tell me hoo I maun borrow a pair o' breeks?" Bobby asked as he came up. "Yon bobby's got ma kilts!"

Buzz, to whom friendship now seemed a desirable end, saw a way to achieve it. "Wear mine home, kiddo!" he said cordially; "you kin send 'em back by the fellers!"

Bobby demurred, but Buzz insisted on the sacrifice.

"No matter how brave a kid is," Skinny observed, as Bobby donned the corduroys, "kilts is bound to make him look sissy. It's a good thing Moriarty got Scotchie's!"

"They didn't make him look sissy when he was swingin' that club!" Buzz commented. "We took water from that little Black Champion," he continued, facing Bobby, unblushingly, "so as to see what you would do when your turn came, an' now we've seen what stuff you're made of, we want you in our crowd. We've got your name picked out. You kin have 'Sittin' Bull'!"

Instead of being overwhelmed by the magnificent offer, Bobby looked doubtful. "I dinna' ken Sittin' Bull," he returned; "wad ye care if I ca'd mysel' the 'Black Douglas'?"

"'Tain't a coon name, is it?" Buzz asked, dubiously.

"Losh! It's the name o' a great warrior! He went to take the heart o' Robert Bruce to the Crusades, an' when the bludy Saracens surrounded him, he threw it in the thick o' them, cried, 'Heart or Death!' an' died, fechtin' his way to it! A' mon, he was a terrible graun' character! I thought o' him when I made for them blackamoors!"

"Sittin' Bull couldn't beat a thing like that!" Buzz said with awe. "Course you kin call yourself after that Douglas feller!" But a shiver brought him back to the present. "Scoot home now!" he added, "an' send me back by britches quick! I'm gettin' chilly!"

"Mither," the Black Douglas said, as he burst into his mother's presence, having shed the corduroys at the front door, "ye'll just ha'e to buy me breeks noo! The bobby has ma kilts!"

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

MY HEART'S in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

ROBERT BURNS

A GREAT STORY-TELLER

V. M. Hillyer

FAR away from England,
Far off in the direction of the rising sun,

'Way beyond Italy and Jerusalem and the Tigris and Euphrates and Persia and all the other places we have so far heard about, was a country called Cathay.

If you looked down at your feet, and the world were glass, you would see it on the other side.

Cathay is the same place we now call China. The people in Cathay belonged to the yellow race, the same race to which the Chinese belong.

There had been people living in Cathay, of course, all through the centuries that had passed, but little was known of this land or of its people.

But in the thirteenth century, or twelve hundreds, one of these tribes of yellow people, called Mongols or Tartars, arose out of the East, like a black and terrifying thunderstorm, and it seemed for a while as if they might destroy all the other countries whose histories we have been hearing about. The ruler of these people was a terrible fighter named Genghis Khan. Genghis Khan had an army of Tartar horsemen who were terrific fighters. Genghis and his Tartars were a good deal like Attila and his Huns—only worse. Indeed, some people think Attila and his Huns were Tartars also.

Genghis usually found some excuse for making war on others, but if he couldn't find a good excuse he made up one, for he was bent on conquering. He and his Tartars thought no more of killing than would tigers or lions let loose.

So Genghis and his horsemen swept over the land from Cathay toward Europe. They burned and destroyed thousands upon thousands of towns and cities and everything in their way. They slew men,

From *A Child's History of the World*. New York: The Century Co.

women, and children by the million. No one was able to stop them. It seemed as if they were going to wipe off of the face of the earth all white people and everything that white people had built.

Genghis Khan had conquered the whole land from the Pacific Ocean to the eastern part of Europe. But at last he stopped. With this kingdom he seemed to be satisfied. And he might well have been satisfied, for it was larger than the Roman Empire or that of even Alexander the Great.

Even when Genghis died, things were no better, for his son was just as frightful as his father, and conquered still more country.

But the grandson of Genghis Khan was much less ferocious than his grandfather had been. He was named Kublai Khan, and he was quite different from his father and grandfather. He made his capital at a place in China now called Peking and he ruled over this vast empire that he had inherited from his father. Kublai's chief interest was in building magnificent palaces and surrounding himself with beautiful gardens, and he made such a wonderful capital for himself that Solomon in all his glory did not live in such splendor as did Kublai Khan.

Now, far, far off from Peking and the palace of Kublai Khan, in the north of Italy, was a city built on the water. Its streets were of water, and boats were used instead of carriages. This city was called Venice. About the year 1300 there were living in Venice two men named Polo. The Polos got an idea in their heads that they would like to see something of the world. So these two Venetians, and the son of one of them, named Marco Polo, started off toward the rising sun looking for adventure, just like boys in story books who go off to seek their fortunes. After several years of travel, always toward the east, they at last came to the gardens and to the magnificent palace of Kublai Khan.

When Kublai Khan heard that strange white men from a far-off place and an unknown country were outside the palace, he wanted to see them. So they were brought into his presence. They told Kublai Khan all about their own land. They were good story-tellers, and they

made it interesting. They told him also about the Christian religion and many other things that he had never heard of.

The emperor was so much interested in the Polos and in the stories they told about their country that he wanted to hear more. So he persuaded them to stay with him and tell him more. He gave them rich presents. Then he made them his advisers and assistants in ruling his empire. So the Polos stayed on for years and years and years and learned the language and came to be very important people in Cathay.

At last after they had spent about twenty years in Cathay the Polos thought it was about time to go home and see their own people again. So they begged leave to return. Kublai Khan did not want them to go. They were so useful to him and helped him so much in ruling that

he didn't want to lose them. But in the end he did let them go, and they started back to what once had been their home.

When they at last arrived in Venice, they had been away so long and had been traveling so far that no one knew them. They had almost forgotten how to speak their own language, and they talked like foreigners. Their clothes had become worn out and ragged by their long trip. They looked like tramps, and not even their old friends recognized them. No one would believe that these ragged, dirty strangers were the same fine gentlemen who had disappeared twenty years before.

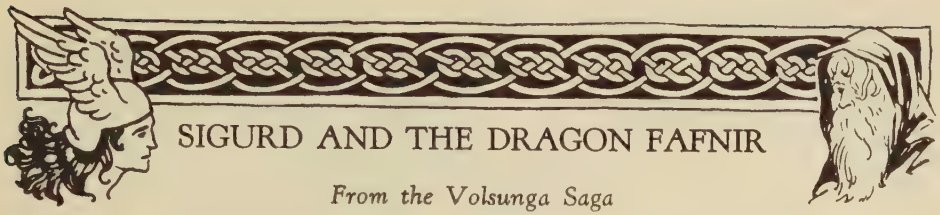
The Polos told their townspeople all about their adventures and the wonderfully rich lands and cities that they had visited. But the townspeople only laughed at them, for they thought them story-tellers.

Then the Polos ripped open their ragged garments, and out fell piles of magnificent and costly jewels, diamonds and rubies and sapphires and pearls—enough to buy a kingdom. The people looked in wonder and amazement and began to believe.

Marco Polo told his stories to a man who wrote them down and made a book of them called "The Travels of Marco Polo." This is an interesting book for you to read even today, although we cannot believe all the tales he told. We know that he exaggerated a great many things, for he liked to amaze people.

Marco Polo described the magnificence of Kublai Khan's palace. He told of its enormous dining-hall, where thousands of guests could sit down at the table at one time. He told of a bird so huge that it could fly away with an elephant. He said that Noah's Ark was still on Mount Ararat, only the mountain was so high and so dangerous to climb on account of the ice and snow with which it was covered that no one could go to see if the ark really were there.

Marco lived to be over seventy years old, but the people during his lifetime did not quite believe all his tales. Had they done so the science of geography would have been much advanced, for the knowledge gained in later times shows how correct Marco Polo's reports were.



SIGURD AND THE DRAGON FAFNIR

From the Volsunga Saga

SIGURD dwelt in the house of his foster father, Alf, King of Midgard. Hiordis, a king's daughter, was the mother of Sigurd, and Sigmund the Volsung was his father, but Sigmund had been slain in battle and Hiordis was given shelter in the house of Alf, who later took Hiordis to wife. There Sigurd grew to early manhood, fearless and strong, and much loved by his foster father.

Mighty was the race of the Volsungs but Sigurd was worthy of his forbears. Swift as the deer and brave as the lion was he, and learned for his times. For he was skilled in the working in metals and all manner of arts, the chess play, the lore of runes, and the talking of many tongues, such as befitted a king's son. And all these he had learned from Regin, the son of Hreidmar.

A maker of swords was Regin, and men said that he was an enchanter besides. Old he was, so old that none remembered, nor did the father of any living man remember when that Regin had come into that land. For generation after generation of men had Regin beaten the steel of swords upon his anvil, and as far back as the memory of man could reckon he had been short of stature and bent and old, but brawny of arm and broad of back withal, so that his hammer struck the anvil with mighty, ringing strokes. Right willingly did he teach Sigurd, but even as he taught, he watched the youth with a look that had more of greed and desire in it than of affection. Surely Regin had wish to use the strength and knowledge of Sigurd to his own ends.

One day he taunted Sigurd with going about as a foot-boy and not as a king's son, saying, "King Alf holds thy father's treasure and thou hast naught of that which should be all thine."

"Nay," said Sigurd, "it is not so, for whatso I desire is granted me with good will, and King Alf would give me riches had I need of them."

Then said Regin, "If that be so ask for a horse that thou run not afoot like an underling."

"A horse I shall have when that I desire one," answered Sigurd. But that night when they spoke together, Sigurd said to King Alf, "I would have a horse of thee, that I no longer must needs run afoot."

Then said the King, "Choose for thyself a horse from my herd in the great meadow, and whatso else thing thou desirest among these I hold."

So the next day went Sigurd to the meadow, and met on the way an old man, tall and wrapped in a great blue-gray cloak. Bearded he was and a gray lock fell over his face so that one eye was hid, and

though he was bent and leaning on a great staff, his mien was more regal than that of many a young king. And he hailed Sigurd and asked him whither away.

Sigurd said, "I go to the meadow to choose myself a horse. Mayhap thou wilt come with me and counsel me thereon."

"Well, then," answered the old man, "let us go to the edge of the meadow, to the river which is called Busil-tarn." And when they arrived there the elder said, "Now drive the horses into the stream."

This, then, Sigurd did, and all the horses but one swam back to land; that one horse swam bravely to the farther side, throwing up his head and neighing for very joy of breasting the flood. And when he had reached the far side, he plunged in again and returned to the meadow.

A gray horse he was, and when he came near, Sigurd caught and mounted him, and the old man nodded approval and said, "That was well chosen. Thou hast a horse of the breed of Sleipner, the horse of Odin."

"And I am of the race of the sons of Odin," cried Sigurd. "My father was Sigmund, and he was son of Volsung, son of Rerir, and his father was Sigi, who was the son of Odin!"

"Yea," answered the old man, "and the time has come when thou mayst possess thyself of the broken pieces of thy father's sword and have thee welded a sword worthy of thy hand. Then, with Grani, son of Sleipner, as thy steed, thou wilt be well equipped." And therewith the old man vanished away, for he was no other than Odin himself.

Then Sigurd rode his horse before the great hall where dwelt Alf, his foster father, and Hiordis, his mother, and he gave the Volsung cry. At that they came and saw the horse he had chosen. Right proud were they both as they watched the bright-eyed hardy youth on his prancing steed, for Alf loved the lad as he had been his own son, and in him Hiordis saw a Volsung worthy of his race. Then Sigurd dismounted and, after petting his steed, sent him galloping back to the pasture, while he, afoot, wended his way to the forge of Regin.

Now again spake Regin to Sigurd, saying:

"Not enough is thy wealth, though thou now hast a steed. A sword thou shouldst have and thereafter can I tell thee of a treasure beyond the dreams of kings that will bring thee name and honor in the winning of it."

Sigurd asked where that was hid, and who had watch and ward over it.

Then answered Regin, "Fafnir is his name, a loathly worm, and he lies but a short way hence on the waste of Gnita-heath. The fire from his nostrils and his throat has laid all that fair land waste, and the hoard he guards is greater than any other in all this world."

"I have naught to do with the slaying of dragons," answered Sigurd: "My task is to make war on the slayer of Sigmund, my father."

"Nay," answered Regin, "it is not so. This land is the land of Alf, and the worm has laid it waste. Wherefore thou shouldst destroy this worm."

Sigurd made answer, "I am scarce more than a boy. Why dost thou egg me on to this quest?"

Regin answered, "Thereof must I tell thee and the tale is that of all my family."

"Let me hear the tale," Sigurd said.

"Hreidmar was my father, King of the Dwarfs, and of great wealth," began Regin. "Fafnir was his eldest son, grim and grasping; Otter was the second, and by day he wore the semblance of an otter and was a great fisher; and of the sons I was the youngest and the least of them in prowess and stature, but I was a cunning smith and could work in gold and silver as well as in baser metals.

"Now it happened that as Odin, Hoenir, and Loki journeyed, Loki slew Otter, and Hreidmar laid hands on them and doomed them to such ransom that they should fill the otter skin with gold and then cover it over with gold. So they sent Loki to find the gold and he took by force the hoard of the dwarf Andvari, and when all was taken he saw on the

finger of the dwarf a ring. That also Loki took, and Andvari cried out that the gold ring and all the golden hoard should be the bane of whosoever should own it.

"Loki bore the gold to Hreidmar, but when that they had covered the otter skin, yet one hair stood forth and that also Hreidmar demanded be covered. And no gold was left save only the ring of Andvari, wherefore that Loki laid upon the hair and hid it.

"Then was the bane on our house, for Fafnir slew our father, that he might possess the hoard, and I was driven forth from there, and all these years have been master-smith in a strange land. And Fafnir fell to brooding over the treasure and begrudged any share of the wealth to any man, and the better to guard the hoard he took on the form of the loathliest of all worms and ever now lies brooding upon the treasure."

Sigurd made answer: "Exceeding evil have thy kinsmen been and much hast thou lost. Make me now a sword by thy craft, the like of which no man knows, so that I may do great deeds therewith, and thou wouldst have me slay this mighty worm."

So Regin made a sword and gave it into Sigurd's hands. But Sigurd took the sword and smote the anvil, so that the sword brake. Then he cast it down and upbraided Regin that he had made so poor a weapon. Three times did Regin forge a sword and each time Sigurd did break it on the anvil. And he reproached Regin and said, "Are you may-happen a traitor and liar like unto thy kin of whom thou hast spoken?"

Then went Sigurd unto his mother and she welcomed him. And when they had eaten together, Sigurd spake and said, "I have heard that from the battlefield thou didst gather the two pieces of Gram, the sword of Sigmund, and hast guarded them all these years. And that be true, give them now to me, I pray, for I would have them."

And Hiordis delivered the two pieces of the sword into the hands of Sigurd, and he bore them to Regin, and Regin did fashion therefrom a sword so mighty that with a single blow Sigurd clave the great anvil

in two, nor was the sword a whit harmed thereby. Then he went out into the field and found on a bush a lock of wool, fast caught. This he took and flung into the air and as it met his sword's blade it fell asunder. Then was Sigurd content and gave to Regin his troth that he would fare forth to slay the dragon. First he did avenge the slaying of Sigmund the Volsung. Whenas he returned from that quest, great were the feasts held for him in his foster father's hall, but soon he betook himself to Regin, saying, "Now will we seek the dragon Fafnir that hath laid waste the heath."

And when they had come unto Gnita-heath, all stricken and wasted was the land, but more fearsome still was the trail of the dragon from the cave where he kept guard over the hoard to the place he went to drink at the river each eventide.

Then said Sigurd: "Thou didst say that this dragon was no larger than other worms, yet methinks he leaves a wondrously great track. Even so, be he large or small, since he lays waste the land he must be slain."

"And I would see the great hoard taken from him," replied Regin.

"Little do I care about the hoard he guards," replied Sigurd.

Then Regin spoke to Sigurd and said, "Make thee a hole in the road over which Fafnir goes to the river, and rest therein. When the worm passes over the hole on his way to the water, smite him into the heart, and so will he perish, and thy fame wax great."

Then Sigurd went over the heath to the road by which Fafnir would pass, and Regin got him gone, for he was sore afraid. Sigurd digged him a pit, but as he worked there came to him an old man with a long beard and asked him what he wrought there. When that Sigurd had told him, the old man said: "He who gave thee this counsel did wish thee harm. Rather dig thee many pits and sit thee down in one thereof and so thrust the worm's heart through. But stay not there. When thou hast pierced the worm, flee to the farthest pit lest the envenomed blood of the monster fall upon thee and kill thee."

And therewithal he vanished, and Sigurd made the pits as the old man had bidden him do, and he hid himself in the pit that lay in the midst of the road.

Now as eventide approached, the worm crept down to the river. Fire and venom he snorted forth as he went; but Sigurd feared him not and waited in quiet until the worm crept over the first of the pits; then he thrust his sword upwards with all his strength so that it entered the body of the worm between his heavy scales. Even unto its hilt the sword entered. Sigurd leaped to his feet and drew forth his sword. Then was the mighty worm ware that his death-wound had been given him and he lashed out his tail and clawed with his mighty talons until all about him was destroyed. And Sigurd fled from that first pit into the farthest one he had made, else had he been destroyed by the envenomed blood of Fafnir, the dragon, even as Regin had hoped would come to pass. For Regin designed that Sigurd should slay the worm and in his turn be destroyed so that the dwarf might gain for himself the golden hoard.

When that Fafnir had breathed his last, then came Regin and hailed Sigurd, greeting him with false cheer, and he said, "Now take the heart of the worm and bear it to the fire and roast it and give me thereof to eat. So much thou shouldst do in return for thy sword Gram which I did forge for thee from the shards of thy father's weapon."

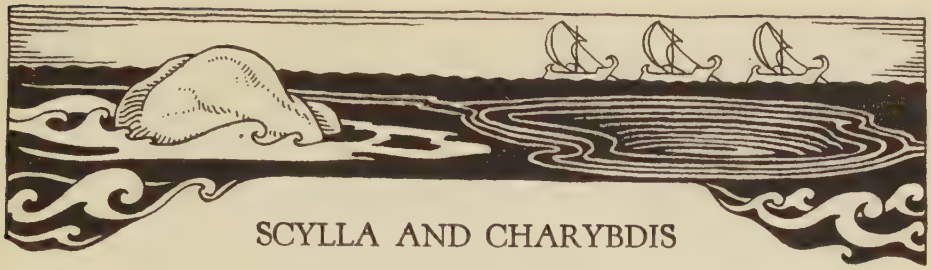
Then Sigurd took the heart and his hand touched it as he put it on a rod to roast before the fire, and he set his finger to his mouth, and lo, when the blood of the dragon's heart touched his tongue, straightway he knew the talk of all manner of birds; and he heard two woodpeckers in the brake beside him, and one said to the other, "There is Sigurd, roasting the heart of Fafnir for another, whenas did he eat it himself, he would become the wisest of all men." And the other woodpecker made answer, "There lies Regin, who was minded to have Sigurd killed by the blood of Fafnir whenas Sigurd had made way with the worm. Then would Regin seize the hoard, but since Sigurd escaped

by his wit, now would Regin gain all wisdom and then destroy Sigurd. Never may Sigurd be safe while Regin lives. Well would he do to kill Regin ere he be himself killed."

Then Sigurd looked covertly to where Regin lay, and in the dwarf's face he saw such hate and guile that he knew for truth what the woodpeckers had spoken. Even as he watched, Regin took a spear and would have slain him from behind; and Sigurd said: "If needs must be that one of us must die, the day is unborn in which Regin shall be my bane. Fair would I have dealt with him. But fairness is not in him." And he drew his sword Gram and with a single stroke slew he the dwarf.

And then Sigurd heard the woodpeckers singing for joy that he was safe at last from the guile of the dwarf Regin, and he ate of the heart and leaped on his horse and rode along the trail of the worm Fafnir right into the opening of the cave; and he passed all the doors of iron and came even unto the hoard of gold that was greater than the eye of man had seen since Fafnir had hid his treasure.

Then Sigurd took the gold and placed it in great chests, and these he put on either side of Grani, and then he bestrode his horse and was borne to the hall of Alf. As he rode, he heard the birds singing. And they told of the Hall of Flame around which there burned at all times a fire through which only the one wisest man might pass, and in that hall a maiden slept guarded by the fire, and the wisest and most beautiful and bravest of maidens was she. But of how Sigurd sought the Valkyre, Brynhild, passed through the circle of fire that encompassed the maiden, roused her from her sleep, and bore her forth into the sunshine, that is another tale and of that we may not tell here.



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

THOMAS BULFINCH

ONE day when the beautiful maiden, Scylla, was rambling on the seashore, she was startled to see the green-haired, fish-tailed Glaucus rise above the surface of the waters. But she was truly terrified when he began to tell of his love for her and beg her to be his, and she fled from the shore. Again and again she repulsed him and at last, in despair, he betook himself to the enchantress Circe, begging her aid.

But Circe, jealous, waited until Scylla came down to bathe and then turned her into a dreadful sea monster, rooted to the spot. After a time her temper grew as ugly as her form and she took pleasure in destroying hapless sailors who came within reach of her six long snaky heads. As time passed she turned to rock, but even today she is a danger to passing ships.

Now also in the land of Sicily where dwelt Scylla there lived a youth called Charybdis. One day, being tempted, he stole the great white oxen of Hercules, and in punishment for this theft Jupiter struck Charybdis with lightning and the youth was transformed into a whirlpool. Near to Scylla the whirlpool foamed, and in trying to avoid the one, mariners were almost sure to be destroyed by the other. Even the great Ulysses, returning from the Trojan War, lost six of his men in the grasp of Scylla as he steered to avoid having his entire crew engulfed by Charybdis.

Even unto this day, when men fall into one danger by trying to avoid another, they speak of being "between Scylla and Charybdis."

Retold from *The Age of Fable.*

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

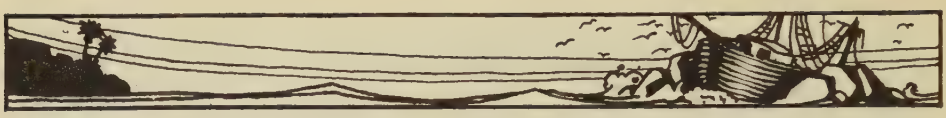
Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home;
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

From *Rokeby*.

The father was steel and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

SIR WALTER SCOTT



THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

DAVID WYSS

THE storm, which had lasted for six long and terrible days, appeared on the seventh to redouble its fury. We were driven out of our course, far to the southeast, all trace of our position was lost, and the water leaking into the hold made us expect every moment to be swallowed up by the waves. I was taking my family with me to Otaheite,[1] where I had but recently been appointed a missionary, yet now it seemed likely that we would never proceed farther, but would perish in these wild waters.

Then, to cap the sum of our troubles, the crew made off in the boats, leaving me with my wife and children alone to face our fate. Fortunately, we found that the ship had become wedged between some great rocks and might last for several days, thus giving us an opportunity to escape to the land we could distinguish near-by.

When the tempest subsided, our little family made a tour of the wreck and found plenty of fresh water and food, as well as a cow, donkey, two goats, several sheep, a ram, and an old pig, hens, roosters, and also two large dogs. Stores of all sorts were available, the only question being how we and our supplies could be brought to shore before the vessel broke up. Several empty casks found in the hold answered that question, and my eldest son, Fritz, and I soon found tools and contrived a crude tub-boat. Casks were sawed asunder, and after nailing eight half-tubs on a plank, we then guarded each side with a plank and had a fair sort of boat. With jack-screw and rollers, we raised and launched our crude craft.

Abridged from the story as published in 1813 by his son Johann Rudolph Wyss, who added the last few chapters and to whom the entire authorship is usually attributed.

[1]Now known as Tahiti, one of the Society group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

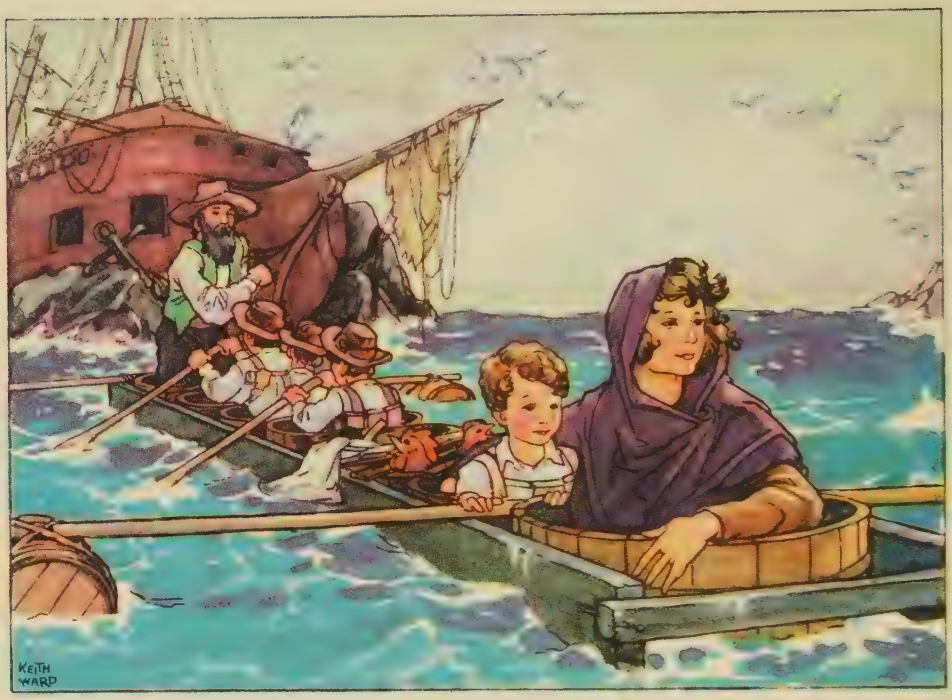
Loading it at first with only the most necessary articles, and imploring God's blessing, we embarked. In the first tub was my wife, close behind her little Frank; the next two tubs contained ammunition, sailcloth, tools, provisions, and two cocks and ten hens that were put under a rough lattice to hold them in; Fritz occupied the fifth; Ernest and Jack the sixth and seventh; and I had taken the last for myself, that I might guide the vessel by the stern oar, which served as a rudder. Despite having the tide with us, it was a long and tedious journey before we reached the shore. The two dogs had jumped into the sea when we left them and had followed us, we not daring to take them on our frail craft lest their weight swamp us, but they managed to make the shore ahead of us.

The little bay we entered showed but barren rock and a lack of vegetation that was disheartening. However, there were many bales and casks strewn along the shore, containing goods from the ship, and the sea was calm. Geese and ducks that had been thrown overboard from the wreck had already reached shore, and these, together with wild flamingoes and penguins made a noisy welcome for our little family.

A tent was rapidly erected, and our chests and heavy articles were placed round the cloth to keep out the wind. Fritz attached hooks to the edges in front, that we might draw them together at night. Moss and grass made our first beds, and large stones built our first hearth on which a fire of boughs was soon merrily burning. We were fortunate in finding salt, and while this was so mixed with sand that I was for throwing it away, my wife dissolved it in fresh water and strained it through a piece of linen, thus letting the pure salt through, while the sand remained behind.

After a night's rest, we were ready to make other trips to the wreck and carry off such supplies as we could use.

Our tub-boat was soon fitted out with a mast and sail, which enabled us to transport with greater ease many necessities and comforts, including arms, ammunition, cord, seeds, potatoes, and blankets. The larger



animals we managed to bring ashore by contriving swimming supports of kegs and small casks for them, and then, pulling for the shore with the animals in tow, we brought them safely to land.

Doors, windows, and trimmings we stripped from the vessel, and finally after collecting all we thought of value, we blew up the ship, and the wreckage that floated to shore gave us still more valuable material. We were sad to see the ship go, since this seemed to break our last tie with the rest of the world.

Meantime we had explored much of the surrounding land. Ernest had found the salt and we had discovered oysters and though we cared little for them as food, we found the shells made excellent spoons, while large mussel shells served as dishes. Calabash trees provided us with fruit and from the shells we made cups, plates, and bottles. I told my

children how savages used the shells also for cooking, putting water and food into a half shell and then throwing in heated stones until the water boiled and cooked the food. After forming the shells into needed utensils we filled them with sand and buried them on the shore where the heat of the sun baked them into hardness.

After a few days we found a large tree with strong, spreading branches, and here we made a platform on which we built our house, reaching our home by a hidden staircase in the tree's trunk. Here we felt safe from any possible prowling beasts or marauding savages, though as yet we had seen no signs of any other human inhabitants of any sort.

Every day was crowded with duties which could not be neglected, and I ever strove to instill faith and understanding in the hearts of my sons. "We are apt to forget God too easily while we are thinking of the nourishment of our bodies and other requirements of life," I explained, "and yet we never want His succor and protection more surely than we do now."

Soon we had named some of our landmarks. The harbor we first entered became Deliverance Bay; Tent House was our first abode; Cape Disappointment was the promontory from which we had looked in a vain attempt to discover some of our lost shipmates, whom we had hoped to find on shore; Jackal River was our stream, crossed by Family Bridge which we had early built, and our home in the tree was Falcon's Nest. After the last-named was built, Tent House was used for the storage of ammunition, butter, cheese and other articles.

While Fritz, Ernest, and I were building our house in the tree and exploring the surrounding country, my wife had laid out and planted a fine garden. We were constantly finding valuable plants. The candleberry myrtle, covered with wax-white berries, yielded wax for our candles; cocoanuts served both as food and drink, sugar canes yielded sweetening, and one day we came upon a tall tree that exuded a thick gum which, when softened in Fritz's hands, showed elasticity. This was caoutchouc, or India rubber, which gave promise of new shoes and other

protective covering when we should learn how to use it.

One day we had scarcely entered a wood when the dog, Turk, rushed past us, barking furiously at a group of monkeys that were enjoying their gambols in perfect ignorance of our approach. Alarmed at the barking of the dog, they sprang into the trees out of his way, all but one mother monkey who carried her little son on her back and could not escape. Before Fritz could interfere, Turk had destroyed the mother monkey, but the baby made one spring and jumped on Fritz's back and clung firmly to his hair. By caresses and gentleness I finally managed to relieve Fritz of his uncomfortable burden. I took the little animal in my arms as I would an infant, and my pity rose for its helplessness. It was not much larger than a kitten and evidently incapable of providing for itself.

The monkey soon nestled back on Fritz's shoulder and was rather a troublesome burden until a sudden thought made Fritz take a string from his pocket and tie it around Turk's neck. He then placed the little monkey on the dog's back, putting the string in the forepaws of the tiny cavalier, and though the dog at first objected, and the little monkey was frightened, they soon grew used to the situation and went along comfortably until, approaching our home, the other dog, Floss, greeted them with such barking that the monkey again took refuge on Fritz's shoulder. He was soon tame and became a great pet, as well as a mischief-maker, for we never knew what prank he would next indulge in. As he grew older he was taught by studious Ernest to carry a pannier on his back for little burdens. By similar methods Fritz trained a young eagle of a small species that he had captured so that it served as a falcon for hunting other birds.

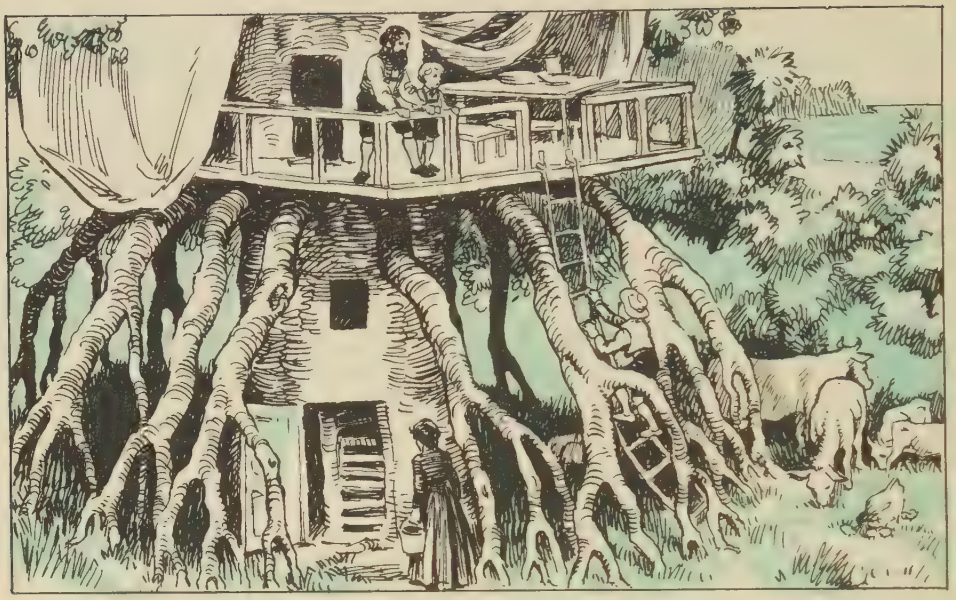
We caught a small wildcat and a porcupine, both of which yielded skins that we found of good use, and both we and the dogs had many a battle with jackals that tried to make nightly raids upon our domestic animals. One day we came upon a herd of buffalo at which the dogs flew, and we had a lively time. Jack and I fired our guns, upon which

the advancing herd stopped, and then turned and fled across the river. Many a thrilling encounter we had with wild beasts and reptiles, but fortunately escaped unscathed.

It was not long before the tempest raged again, and torrents of rain fell, night and day, until the country seemed like a lake, making our little establishment an island surrounded by water. We were obliged to abandon our aerial castle because of the rain and howling winds, and we spent long, gloomy weeks under a shelter built over the big roots that grew from the tree some six or eight feet above ground. Yet even thus our days were crowded to their fullest with needed occupations and caring for our animals. The evenings we passed around a table, with candle lights agleam, my wife sewing and the boys drawing or writing. Then, too, we never neglected our Bible lessons and a nightly prayer. When at length the sun came out again, the waters sank, and we all joyfully went out into the balmy air, the birds and flowers seeming to rejoice in the sunshine with us.

The damage caused by the storm we gradually repaired and then turned our attention to the making of a proper winter shelter for the next rainy season. In the rocks behind Tent House we had planned to hew out a cave, but after a day's hard work the rock crumbled and we found ourselves in a deep, natural cavern. The air was so bad that we had to rush forth at once and only after we had exploded a ship's rocket in the cave were the impure gasses forced out. We then threw large handfuls of burning grass and moss into the opening and only when the air was pure enough for the flames to burn did we again enter the cave. The walls and ceiling were covered with crystals, so that our candles made the whole grotto gleam in all the colors of the rainbow, while the floor was covered with soft, firm, dry sand. To our joy we found that much of the crystal tapestry of this wonderful cave was rock salt, so that here we had an unfailing supply of salt for ourselves and our cattle.

This place we named Rock Castle and although Falcon's Nest re-



mained our summer residence, the cave was soon converted into a snug, warm home for winter use. We laid out the dwelling on one side and the kitchen, workshop, and stables on the other, fitting the rooms with lumber that had been obtained from the ship, setting windows in the rock face and making a fireplace and chimney in the large room. And so we were able to spend the following rainy season in our comfortable grotto, working by day in our shop and at night enjoying the living room brilliantly lighted by candles, their glow reflected in the crystals. We had, indeed, made considerable progress towards a civilized way of living. Active, industrious, and contented, even if we were to be fated to spend the remainder of our lives on this uncharted island, we felt we could be happy amid the safety and abundance vouchsafed us by a Divine Providence.

Thus, busy and happy, ten years went by and my boys were grown to manhood. We had comfortable homes and Wood Grange Farm was in flourishing condition. We had besides a large number of sheep, goats,

pigs, and poultry, as well as oxen and cows, so that I found myself the owner of fields and meadows, orchards and plantations, and as rich in farm stock as a wealthy farmer in the dear old country.

Then one day while Fritz's skiff was floating over the clear waters, he noticed a quantity of shell-fish of the double shell variety, similar to the oyster. The shells were open, and Fritz fished up a bushel, and found in the flesh little seeds, some about the size of a hazel nut. These he brought home and I found them to be shining, beautiful pearls. While they were useless as the captain's doubloons in the ancient sea chest we had brought ashore, I counselled Fritz to keep them carefully, as they would be worth a fortune should we ever return to civilization, and we still maintained hopes of mixing once more in the companionship of man.

Fritz had also brought with him a wounded albatross and to my astonishment showed me a bit of white linen which he had found bound about the bird's leg, and on the linen was written: "Who will rescue

an English girl from a cave in the lonely rocks near to a volcano?"

The reading of these words caused me a kind of electric shock but I counselled Fritz to say nothing to the others until we knew more. In a couple of days the albatross had so far recovered that it was fit to fly and Fritz set the bird free with this message: "Trust in God. No doubt help is at hand."

He then made excuse to the family for another expedition, and set forth on a journey that proved to be beset with many perils but was finally crowned with success, for he brought back with him a young English girl, Jenny Montrose, daughter of Major Montrose, who had been returning from India when wrecked on our coast. She soon seemed like daughter and sister to us, so gentle and helpful was she and so quickly did she take her place in our home. When we led the way to Rock Castle, through the gardens, orchards, and shrubberies, which lay on the rising ground which rose gently to our dwelling, her surprise was great, but this changed to wonder when she gazed on the front of the rocks, with its broad balcony, its fountains, its large pigeon-houses, and the umbrageous foliage that crept over columns and roof.

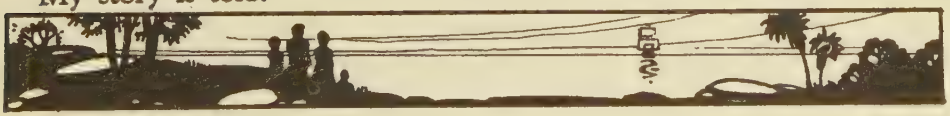
So time passed quickly. Then one day we were thrown into unwonted excitement, for we sighted a vessel that later proved to be a man-of-war. Her guns answered our salute and our flag was hoisted in welcome ere we stopped to consider whether she might be friend or foe. It was with joy that I soon discovered the English flag flying from her masthead. When we went out in our pinnace to her we found that her commander, Captain Littlefield, was a friend of Jenny Montrose's father, and overjoyed that he might send word of Jenny to the father, who mourned her as lost. He was on his way to the Cape of Good Hope with despatches from New South Wales, and had put into our bay to repair damages wrought by storm. He and his men were greatly interested at the tale we told, and still greater was the astonishment when they saw our home. They brought with them to land an invalid gentleman, named Wolston, who with his wife and two small daughters had

been saved from a wreck and carried on board the man-of-war. Mr. Wolston had intended to proceed to the Cape, but so pleased was he with our land, that he decided to remain and make a home near us.

When the ship left us the Captain proposed that he ask the English government to take our small colony under its protection and that it be called New Switzerland. With that we were well content, as also with his promise that a ship would soon be sent to take Jenny back to her home country. Six months passed before that time came, and when it did, Fritz and Jack left the island with Jenny Montrose. The two young men took with them pearls and coral, precious stones, and other valuable productions of the island, so that they might have sufficient fortune to set them up in business, and allow Fritz to ask Sir William Montrose for his daughter's hand, when they should reach England. My wife and I, as well as our other sons, preferred to remain in the land which for ten years had been our home, and with us remained our neighbors, the Wolstons. The captain had brought me letters from old friends in Switzerland and a government despatch. Three days the ship stayed in our harbor, but when the hour of leave-taking came it was hard to keep up our courage, and we did not move from the shore until the good ship had rounded the point and disappeared from sight.

I had placed in the hands of Fritz before he left the journal of our doings on the island after we were shipwrecked, and desired him to employ a printer in Europe, and have it published. I hoped that this simply written story of our lives on the lonely island would point out the results that may be achieved by industry and perseverance, in spite of difficulties, and, above all, prove that the blessings of God will certainly rest on any undertaking which is carried on in a right spirit, and with a firm confidence in His protection and assistance.

My story is told.

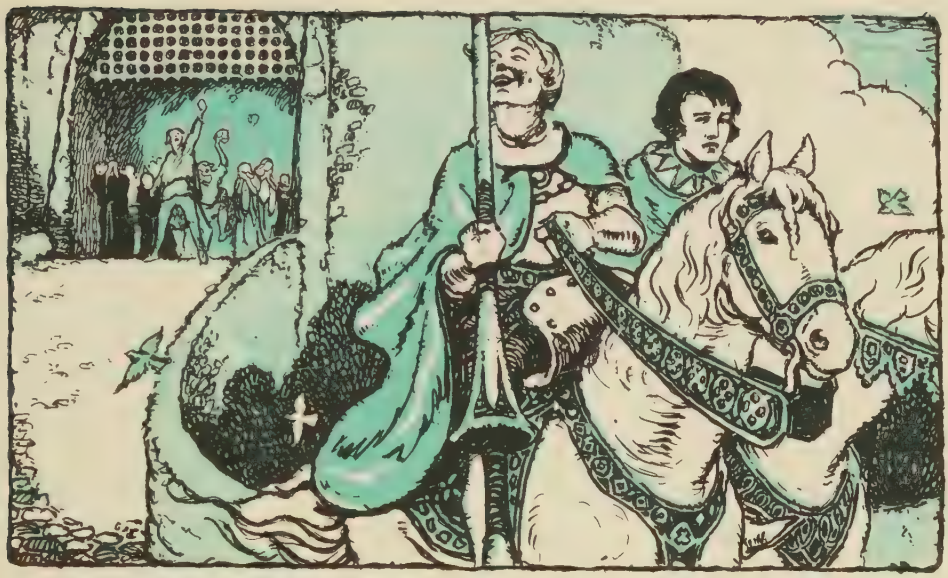


ON THE SEA

IT KEEPS eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired![1]

JOHN KEATS

[1]Sang as in a choir.



HEREWARD THE WAKE MEETS A BEAR

WILLIAM the Norman had conquered the Saxons and their Danish kin, yet Earl Leofric and the Lady Godiva, his wife, still held rule over that great central plateau of England, the Earldom of Mercia. The sons of Leofric, tall and strong, would one day inherit their father's land. All, that is, save only Hereward. So wild had been that doughty lad that, when but scarce seventeen, he had led a group of his fellows into so much mischief and had so harried the monks and priests who ranged the land, that at the request of Leofric himself, Hereward had been outlawed by William the Norman.

Wherefore that youth betook himself to distant parts of England with but one follower, Martin Lightfoot, who had come, none knew whither, to the court of Leofric when Hereward was but a small child. Lightfoot had always loved the youth and until forbidden by the Earl had told him wild tales of daring and prowess. Hereward was not as tall as many of the English, but broad of shoulder and with powerful

Adapted from *Life of Hereward*, by Leofric.

muscles. Fair-haired was he, and blond, and graceful of movement. He was marked among men because he had one eye blue and one gray, so that he was hard put to it when that he needed to disguise himself.

It was four o'clock of a May morning when Hereward perforce set out to see the world, with good armor on his back, good weapon by his side, good horse between his knees, and money in his purse. His aged uncle, Brand, the prior of Peterborough, saw to it that he was well provided.

It is said that Hereward joined with Siward in the Scotch wars but of that we do not surely know. In any case, after a time he was with Gilbert of Ghent in Northumbria. This Gilbert was one of the valiant group of Flemish who settled and later possessed the northeast coast of Scotland and married daughters of their Celtic neighbors. They were great cultivators of the land and good rulers. Among them few were more powerful than Gilbert of Ghent.

So when Gilbert heard that Hereward was outlawed, he sent for the lad straightway and with him Hereward led a happy life, fighting Celts and hunting deer. The handsome lad, who was by turns petulant and good-humored, became a favorite of the ladies of Gilbert's court, for he was a singer, harp-player and dancer, as well as a courageous hunter and rider. He himself was discontented at having met no adventure that seemed to him worthy of his courage and skill, and he looked with longing at the wild beasts in the menagerie that Gilbert maintained. He longed to pit his strength against one of the wild animals as sometimes those who were contending for knighthood were permitted to do. Above all did he long to fight the mysterious great white bear.

In his mind Hereward settled it that there was none worthy of his steel save the huge white bear whom no man had yet dared to face, and whom Hereward had not even seen, since the brute kept himself hidden all day in the cave within his den. There was a mystery about the brute. Some said he was half-human, perhaps wholly human; he was the son of the Fairy Bear; near kinsman of the great ruler, Siward Digre

himself; he had iron claws and human intellect, and understood human speech, and the arts of war—so all the people of the palace believed. The Lapp called the white bear "God's dog"; the Norseman thought he had the strength of ten men; and the Saxon called him the "white sea deer."

Great King Canute had given a white bear-skin to lay before each of the twelve altars at Crowland, but Canute was a mighty king. How Gilbert came by his one white bear no man, save Gilbert himself, could tell. The brown bear was strong, but far more terrible than all was the white bear.

Again and again Hereward strove to obtain Gilbert's permission to fight the bear, but for very pity Gilbert each time refused. But Hereward settled it in his heart that by Christmas time he would in some manner meet and fight the great white beast.

Meantime Hereward made a friend among the people of Gilbert. The ladies liked him but he was yet too much of a boy to care for their company, and among the knights there was dislike of his boyish boastings, so that he found real friendship with a little lass of ten, Alftruda. She was English as was he, and royal likewise, being a relation of Ethelred, once King of England. Alftruda was beautiful and mature for her age and it may be the friendship of the great lad made her feel important. In any event the two became true friends.

It chanced that one day as Hereward was coming back from the chase, with Martin Lightfoot following, on reaching the courtyard gate he heard shouts of terror. The frightened screams of horses mingled with shouts from the men and shrill cries from the women. As Hereward tried to force his horse through the gateway, the animal, usually so docile, rose on his haunches and tried to back away, snorting with fear. And well he might, for in the midst of the courtyard stood the great white bear! His white mane bristled and stood out like a ruff until he seemed to Hereward to be fully twice the size of any brown bear he had seen. The beast was looking round for further prey, a fallen

horse and two or three large hunting dogs being evidence of his power. The courtyard was empty of people, but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and cries from both men and women who still feared, though the great iron gate was shut between them and the questing bear.

All were inside the bower, did we say? No, not all, for beating against the gate, crying in vain for those within to open, stood a little maid in white. Alftruda had been left behind in the wild rush for safety, and the hurriedly closed gate had left her at the mercy of the white bear. Now the beast, having slain the last dog, looked about for other victims and his eyes lit upon Alftruda. He took a few lumbering steps towards her. In vain she begged that the barricaded gate be opened to her; those within were mad with fear and thought only of their own safety.

Hereward leaped from his horse. Drawing his sword, he dashed forward with a shout that made the bear turn from the girl to see what other victim was coming within his reach. A glance at Hereward, a look back at Alftruda, and the bear decided to settle the more aggressive of these two first. He made straight for Hereward with a growl that sounded like a peal of thunder.

Within two paces of the lad he stopped and rose on his hind legs, so that he stood a full head taller than Hereward. High in the air the beast raised his mighty paw with its iron-hard talons. Before that heavy paw could fall Hereward realized that he must strike true and strong. Right on the muzzle of the bear his shining blade descended. There was a crash of steel, and even as Hereward wondered whether the blow had gone true, the raised paw wavered and then fell limp, and the beast crumpled to earth and rolled slowly to one side. For a moment Hereward stood there, only half realizing that the deed was done and he was safe from the crushing blow the bear had aimed at him. Slowly he drew forth his sword and yet he stood staring and dreaming of renown to come, now that he had slain the bear. A true hero he was, with all the virtues of courage, but wanting in humility. It was not

until Martin called to him that he noticed Alftruda who had been clinging to him and trying to thank him. Then he picked her up and kissed her as a brother might have done, his hard heart softened for the moment.

"I have done it, Martin," he said simply; but when Martin drew out his knife to skin the bear, Hereward bade him stop. From where they stood, those behind the barrier could not see what went on in the court-yard and so quickly and quietly had the fight passed that none within knew that the bear had been slain.

"Let us find some amusement from this," Hereward said, as with Martin's help he pulled the mighty bear forward and set it up on its feet, leaning against the wall beside the gate. Then they shouted and beat upon the gate, calling on those within to open, until for very

curiosity, they unbarred the gate and looked forth. Doughty knight and fair lady, they looked out and saw at the gate the bear standing. Quickly they barred the gate again, and it was some time before Hereward could persuade them to open the gate and come forth. When they realized that the bear was slain, and by the sword of Hereward, the ladies overwhelmed the lad with praise and kisses, but the knights held back, ashamed that a stripling had triumphed where they had taken shelter in the ladies' bower.

"You have knighted yourself by that single blow," cried the ladies.

"A pity, then, that he did not give that accolade to himself instead of to the bear," the knights muttered, adding, "Unless some means be found of taking down his conceit, he will now be impossible to live with here."

So dourly did the knights look upon Hereward that Martin drew forth his little axe and held it ready to defend his master, while the lady of the house cried "Shame!" and ordered the knights away, at the same time telling Hereward to sheathe his sword. But the lad's evident conceit, though hidden under mock humility, together with his really great feat in killing the bear, had made the knights turn into enemies.

Among them they plotted and planned so that several days later when all together went hunting, Hereward would have lost his life, had he not heeded the words of Martin and worn a coat of mail beneath his tunic. For scarce had the hunters come to a narrow defile, down which they proceeded, one by one, than back of Hereward came charging a knight, bow in hand, and arrow drawn to the head. For the first and only time in his life Hereward spurred his steed and took to flight. A moment later the arrow flew straight to its mark and had not Hereward worn his corselet of mail, he had been destroyed at once. As it was, the point barely entered his flesh. A warning cry made Hereward glance up to see Martin Lightfoot, hidden high in a tree ahead, calling him to beware. As he dashed forward toward the mouth of the gully.

two other knights crashed their horses through the brushwood from either side, each with spear poised to strike as the youth neared them. He was caught in a trap and without shield to protect himself.

Unflinching, he dropped his reins and spurred his steed forward. With his left hand he pushed aside the left-hand lance and with his right he hurled his own with all his force at his right-hand foe, so that it hit the felon's chest. The blow threw the man backward and the lance in his hand dropped harmlessly.

Thus Hereward escaped for the moment the men in front of him. But behind him the knight of the arrow still pursued. Would not his pursuer's sword descend upon him ere he could turn to defend himself?

There was a clatter and sudden cry. Looking back, Hereward saw man and horse rolling in the dust, and rolling on top of them was Martin Lightfoot, who had leaped down upon them. Martin held aloft his axe and had not Hereward called him to stop his hand, the knight's life had been ended.

"Hold," shouted Hereward, "and let us see who the brave knight is who attacks a man from the rear."

"Whoever he is," Martin answered, "he will ride no more this day, for his steed has a broken leg and must be killed to save him suffering."

As he spoke, Martin dragged his prisoner forward and Hereward was sad to see before him a man whose life he had saved by three days foregone. The man hung his head but said never a word to all Hereward's reproaches.

"You will have to walk home or ride in a woodman's cart, if you can find one," Hereward said as he turned to view his other foes. One lay dead and the other had fled.

And so was Hereward avenged of his enemies, and began to win for himself the name of "Wake" or the watcher, whom no man could take unawares. But he knew that in the court of Gilbert nevermore could be peace for him and though his hostess begged that he would stay until her lord came home, Hereward asked that he be allowed to

depart forthwith. "Among traitors will I not live, nor will I make bad blood among your knights. Therefore, Lady, let me depart in peace. I have fought already too many of your following and I would do no harm to you and your Lord, whom I do love. The world is large and I would seek adventure and meet with knights who will make me welcome and not force me to wear mail beneath my tunic to protect me from secret onslaught."

So he armed himself and rode forth, followed by Martin Lightfoot. Great sorrow was there among the ladies in the bower, and joy in the hall where the knights foregathered. But with no further thought for the followers of Gilbert, Hereward rode out into the wide world to seek the joys of greater adventure and knighthood and nevermore was he seen on Scottish shore.

THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hark! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From *The Princess.*

ANSELMO

JEAN INGELOW

THERE was once, says an old legend, a young Italian noble whose elder brother loved him much; he had moreover saved the young man's life and had reconciled him to his father who had become greatly offended with him.

As might have been expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between them, for the elder went out as if upon his ordinary affairs and never

From *Stories Told to a Child*, Volume Two.

returned again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He proclaimed his loss; he scoured the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city; but it was of no avail; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

No tidings were heard of him for more than six months. Then, one night, as the young nobleman was knocking for admittance at his own door, a figure in a domino came up and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises that such things excited no surprise. Anselmo, for that was his name, would have seized the domino by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd; and full of wonder and anxiety the young man read the letter which the messenger had left behind him:

"Anselmo, I live, I am well! and I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require, which is that thou wilt go every night down the lane that leads along the south wall of the P—— Palace; ten paces from the last window but one thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light side inward, that thou be not discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock of St. Januarius striketh one. So do, and one night I will meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail."

That very night the young nobleman went out unattended in hopes of meeting with his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the river side with an iron grating backed by a sheet of iron; into this slit he hastened to place his lantern, and then began to look about him and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river, and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing footstep; but he was mistaken. His brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight he began to get sick at heart.

And yet there was no way but this; he was to watch till his brother came; it was his only chance of seeing him; and he went on, without once failing, for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodging; for, as the time wore on, he began to fear that his brother might have involved himself in one of the political intrigues common in those days, and he felt that the utmost caution was required lest his constant visits to that quarter of the city should be watched, and lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience and of trust in his brother this seemed, even to himself. What appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern: "As if there could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could by any probability be standing by that solitary corner." But in those days of tyrannical government and lawless faction, flight and mysterious disappearance were not uncommon. Thus Anselmo watched on, though hope began to wax faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one-and-twenty days! I will watch for thee the year out." He put his hand into the slit in the wall and withdrew his lantern; it was dying in the socket.

"What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching?" He turned, and a heavy stone hard by his feet was raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak—quick! Cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated Anselmo faintly, for he was distraught and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare, and his face haggard. He took the lantern and threw it down, beckoning towards the river. "Let it lie," he said to his younger brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo, for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was

talking about. But he made no attempt to retrieve the lantern.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served me well," his brother replied; "nothing else, whether alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadows of the houses, passed away, and were seen there no more.

By morning dawn a vessel left the harbor, and two brothers stood upon the deck bidding farewell to their native country. The one was young, the other had a wan cheek and hands hardened by labor; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

"And now that we are safe and together," said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me thy story. Why didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last?"

"That I can tell thee at all is thy doing," answered his brother, "because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then while the gray Italian shores waxed faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn towards the new world whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended with him into the cabin, and there told him with many expressions of affection the remarkable tale which follows:

He had, unknown to his brother, made himself obnoxious to the government; and the night of his disappearance he was surrounded by a number of armed men. After making a desperate defense, he was at length overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay till his wounds were healed, and then for some cause unknown to himself he was given over to the keeping of his deadly enemy—one whose house had long been of the opposite faction to his own. By this enemy he was conveyed to the P—— Palace, and laid in a dungeon that, as he said, "nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless

his teeth had been strong enough to eat through that wall." Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door; his food was given him by means of this aperture, and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the hole, a thin mattress and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest placed against the wall and half filled with heavy stones. One of these, he was given to understand, would be tied round his neck should he attempt to escape, and his body would be thrown into the river.

His light in the daytime came through the little slit so often mentioned; but in daylight he could do nothing, for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him. From twelve o'clock to three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept, and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but just feel the strength and thickness of the wall. A hopeless task indeed to break it down with one poor pair of hands!

But after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there was anything he could do to help him endure his captivity better. "Yes," said the poor prisoner, "I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to forget my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not suffer me to have such a solace; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it; yet, as his prisoner kept urging it, he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and finally when he had heard the words that were to convey this request for a light, and knew that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them; first getting a solemn promise that he would never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible; and, secondly, that he would never betray the messenger.

Whether this jailer felt certain that the nobleman never could escape, whether he was partly willing to aid in his escape, or whether he pitied

him and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known; certain it is that he searched the dungeon diligently every night, and examined the iron protection to the slit. It was far above the poor prisoner's head, and when the jailer found it always safe, he appeared satisfied; yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased till it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half full of heavy stones. As soon as the light enabled the prisoner to act with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened its lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on one of them. Then, exerting all his strength, he lifted the chest away and began to undermine the stones behind it and under it.

With wonderful skill and caution he went gradually on; but it took twenty minutes of labor to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it with equal quiet; there remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of this herculean labor.

But for the light he must have handled the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident when it is remembered that the stones and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made but little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the rubbish daunted him; but the last night, when still far from the surface, though already through the wall, such a quantity of earth caved in that he swept it down fearlessly upon the floor of his dungeon, and resolved to make a daring effort to escape, and risk all on that one venture. He crept through the hole once more, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upwards with the other; more and more earth fell and at last, nearly suffocated, he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, heaved it up, and thus escaped to life and freedom.

GARGANTUA

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

MANY and exciting were the adventures of Gargantua, but we can tell here little other than his battles in aid of the shepherds of Grandgosier against the pastry cooks of Lerne.

It behooves us, however, to know a little of who and what this Gargantua was. Know therefore that his father, Grandgosier, was said to be a descendant in the direct line from such giants as Goliath; Briareus, the giant with a hundred hands; the Titans, from whom Hercules descended; Atlas, who held up the sky; Polyphemus, the one-eyed; and many another man of great stature. Grandgosier himself was rather taller than a six-story house, and his wife, Gargamelle, daughter of the King of the Parpillos, was tall in proportion. Naturally, the son of such a couple would be above usual size, and Gargantua was all that might have been expected. As a baby he grew tall and fat, and had no less than ten chins, and was a happy, good-natured child. It took seventeen thousand, nine hundred and thirteen cows to supply him with milk. He soon grew too heavy for his mother to carry, so his father had a cart built that was drawn by nine oxen, and in this Gargantua took the air.

If by any chance he happened to be cross it was only necessary to give him something to eat and drink; immediately he became quiet and his face relaxed into a broad smile.

From the age of three until five Gargantua by his father's orders was raised like other children in that country. That is to say, he spent his time in eating, drinking, and sleeping; in sleeping, eating, and drinking; and in drinking, sleeping and eating.

When Gargantua was old enough to put off skirts, his father had him dressed according to the style of the period, and he chose for his colors

Excerpts adapted from the satirical tale, *The Chronicles of Pantagruel*, by François Rabelais. It is interesting to note that the better-known *Gulliver's Travels* by Swift appeared more than a century later than the tales of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

white and blue; white because it is the symbol of pleasure, consolation, and happiness, and as for the blue there is no need of telling you that it signifies celestial joy.

Every shirt took nine hundred yards of cloth, and for his coat they used eight hundred and thirteen yards of white satin; his doublet took eight hundred and thirteen yards of white satin; and for his stockings one thousand one hundred and five yards of blue silk. These last were embroidered with precious stones. They needed for his shoes eleven hundred and six yards of white velvet, and for the soles one thousand one hundred cow skins.

There hung from his silk sash, which was half blue and half white, and three hundred and a half yards in length, a good sword made of wood and a dagger of stiff leather, prettily painted and gilded. His cap, round like his face, was made of three hundred, two and one-quarter yards of velvet and adorned with a long feather of a bluish color which hung down gracefully over his right ear.

His father had a great gold chain made for him which was ornamented with pieces of green jade cut in the form of dragons surrounded by a thousand rays. A number of rings completed the costume of Gargantua.

They wished to teach him while still a baby to be a good horseman, so they made a huge wooden horse for him which he could make leap, curvet, and kick. He made himself a hunter out of a great post, and a nag for ordinary riding out of a beam. Then, from a velvet chair, he made a mule with its trappings, and so he had a very complete stable.

While his son was still young, Grandgosier was called from home by matters of business. After an absence of several years, he returned to his kingdom. The first thing he did was to go to see his son, whom he found had grown into a splendid boy.

While he played with him he made him talk, and discovered that the child was so precociously intelligent and had so clear and active a mind that he determined to have him educated by the wisest of teachers.

Master Theobal Holofernes, a famous doctor of philosophy, taught him his alphabet, and Gargantua learned it so well that he could recite it backwards. He then took up the study of grammar and at this he worked for thirteen years, six months, and two weeks.

Betweenwhiles he learned to write in Gothic characters. He always carried about with him a desk which weighed more than seven tons, with an inkstand, fastened to it by huge chains, which held more than a barrel of ink.

After that he studied arithmetic, and to complete his instruction he had lessons from old asthmatic Master Jobelin Bride, who made him work over geography and history and study the Bible and religion and taught him how to behave at table and how to be polite.

But all this instruction failed to educate Gargantua, so his father sent the boy to Paris. He rode a mare as big as six elephants and took the bells of Notre Dame to hang on the neck of his steed, as jingles.

Soon there came an end to his studies, as you shall learn.

The kingdom of Grandgosier was at this time at the height of its prosperity. The vintage for that year promised to be the best that the country had ever known. The sparrows, the crows, and the nightingales seemed to have passed the word to all the birds for twenty leagues around to come and feast on the luscious grapes.

It happened one day that some shepherds noticed a dozen carts loaded with cakes going by on the highway, driven by some pastry cooks from Lerne. They went up to the carts with the intention of buying some of the cakes, for these cakes when they are eaten with freshly picked grapes make a feast for a king.

The pastry cooks, however, refused very roughly to give them any and even went so far as to abuse them, calling them good-for-nothings, gluttons, monkeys, and other names, adding that black bread was good enough for them.

The oldest shepherd, an honest fellow named Forgier, could not understand why they abused them so. He quieted his companions, who

wanted to attack the pastry cooks, and approached them saying: "What beast is biting you to make you so disagreeable? That's no way for good neighbors to behave! Why, we would gladly have given you some of our grapes if you had asked us for them! Take care in future that we do not treat you in your own way."

Whereupon a certain Marguet, who was the leader of the pastry cooks, answered in his turn: "Well, old cock, you seem to be feeling mighty fine this morning! Did you eat too much corn yesterday? Come here now and I'll give you some cakes!"

Forgier approached, entirely unsuspecting, and took a piece of money out of his pocket, for he imagined that Marguet had decided to let him have a few cakes. But the latter gave him a sharp cut about the legs with his whip and then tried to run away by putting his horse to a trot.

Forgier began to cry out: "Murder! Murder! Help! Help!" as loud as he could, and at the same time threw at his attacker a huge cudgel that he was carrying under his arm. He struck him on the top of his head near the right temple, and so effectively that Marguet tumbled from his horse quite stunned.

Some farmers who were busy gathering nuts near by heard the cries and ran up with their long poles and began to shower blows with them on the pastry cooks. The other shepherds and shepherdesses, coming up at the height of the dispute, took a lively part in the row and pursued the fleeing pastry cooks, throwing so many stones at them that it looked as if it were hailing.

Then they stopped the rest of the pastry cooks and took from them by force four or five dozen cakes, for which, however, they paid them at the customary price. They gave them besides a hundred or so nuts and three baskets of fine white grapes. The pastry cooks then helped Marguet, who was badly hurt, to get up on his horse, and they went off.

During this time Forgier's comrades dressed the wounds on his legs so well that in a few minutes he felt no more pain. After which they ate the delicious cakes and a huge quantity of grapes, making fun of the

men of Lerne whose ill temper had been so vigorously punished.

The pastry cooks of Lerne, however, had barely returned to their town when, without even stopping to eat or to drink, they betook themselves to the square where the royal palace was, and told their sovereign, Picrochole, the third of that name, what had befallen them on the highroad, showing in proof of their words their black eyes, bruised limbs, torn hats, and clothes in shreds. They declared that the cakes had been taken from them and Marguet seriously hurt, and they denounced the shepherds of Grandgosier as the cause and authors of all these ills.

When he heard these words, Picrochole, who was a fierce man and very easily carried away by his temper, ordered the army and all the reserve forces of the country to be called out, declaring that whoever did not appear fully armed the next day at noon in the square before the castle, should be hung, then and there. In further confirmation of these orders he had the drums beaten all around the town. He also had his artillery made ready, his flags displayed, his bands assembled, and his wagons loaded with provisions—for war and for the stomach.

While he dined he distributed the chief posts in his army. The advance guard consisted of sixteen thousand and fourteen arquebusiers and three thousand and four volunteers. His chief squire, Tocquedillon, was made chief of the artillery, which numbered nine hundred and fourteen pieces—among them cannon, double cannon, basilisks, serpentines, culverins, bombards, falconets, and other kinds of great guns.

When these forces advanced they left behind them frightful disorder and they found nobody to resist them, for the people threw themselves on their mercy. These poor people protested to them that they had always been peaceful neighbors and had never committed any excess or outrage against them. To which the soldiers of Picrochole answered that they were "going to teach them how to eat cakes."

Picrochole and his army passed gayly over the ford of Vede and attacked La Roche-Clermaud. The town, taken by surprise, made no

resistance, and by nightfall served as a shelter to its invaders. The next day the fortifications and the castle were taken.

Let us leave them to return to our good Gargantua, who was cultivating his mind and body in Paris, and to fine old Grandgosier, who was living peacefully in the heart of his family. Every evening after supper Grandgosier would warm his shins in front of the bright flames on his ancestral hearth, and, while the chestnuts were being roasted, he would poke the fire with his heavy cane and tell his wife and his household marvelous tales of olden times.

He was telling them that evening the story of Mother Goose when suddenly they brought in to him one of the shepherds, all out of breath, who had hastened on horseback to tell his master of the outrages and robberies which Picrochole and his followers were perpetrating. He told how they had burned and sacked the whole county except the Abbey at Suille, which a brave monk had saved, and added that the

enemy had captured La Roche-Clermaud and fortified himself there.

When he heard this sad news good old Grandgosier was greatly disturbed. He asked himself what could have made his old friend Picrochole do such abominable things. There was no quarrel between them. He had always aided him with money and arms and had often given him good advice. It was impossible that Picrochole of his own accord should have inflicted such an insult on him; surely some perverse spirit had gotten hold of him.

Grandgosier gathered his council together and laid the situation before them. It was decided to send an experienced and prudent man to Picrochole to discover the reasons for this sudden attack and to find out by what right he had invaded the dominions of his ally. They also decided to recall Gargantua and his followers to defend the country. Grandgosier approved the wisdom of these resolutions and desired that they should put them into execution at once.

But Picrochole refused to receive Grandgosier's envoy, Ulrich Gallet. Poor Gallet shouted his message from outside the walls, and, disheartened over his failure, returned to Grandgosier, whom he found bareheaded and on his knees in a little corner of his room, beseeching the Lord to calm Picrochole and to allow him to end this quarrel peacefully

"Well, and what news, my friend?"

"That man is completely out of his mind," answered good Ulrich Gallet, "and I fear that the hand of the Lord has forsaken him."

"But still," said Grandgosier, "did he tell you the reason for this unexpected attack and all this pillage?"

"He did not tell me anything, but if I did not altogether misunderstand what he said in his anger, I think I heard him speak of cakes."

On investigation Grandgosier found that some cakes had been taken by force from the men of Lerne; that a man named Marguet had received a sharp blow on the head; and that everything had been paid for, even the injury to Marguet, who in the first place had given Forgier a great blow with his whip on the legs.

The council decided that they must defend themselves to the very last, but Grandgosier said that since it was only a question of cakes, he would prefer to come to some peaceable arrangement, for he was very loth to make war.

The following night he had five cartloads of cakes made with butter, eggs, and spices, all of the best quality, to be given to Marguet, to whom he also presented as compensation seven thousand and three gold coins of the realm to pay the cost of his doctors and medicines, and in addition he gave him his farm of Pompardière, free from any obligation or taxes to him or his heirs.

Ulrich Gallet was once more charged with this embassy. In order to show how entirely peaceful his mission was he had all the carters who accompanied him carry roses or palms in their hands and he himself also carried one in his hand.

When they arrived before the gate of La Roche-Clermaud he demanded, in the name of Grandgosier, to speak to Picrochole. The latter, however, was not willing to be disturbed or to let him in and replied that he could not receive him, but that he might address himself to Captain Tocquedillon, who was just then engaged in inspecting the artillery.

When he was brought before this valiant warrior he addressed him in the following words: "Sir, in order to put an end to all misunderstanding and to allow you to become once more our good and faithful ally, we are returning to you the cakes, the cause of all this difficulty. Five dozen were taken from you and paid for; to have peace we are giving you back five cartloads. Marguet, the victim, will benefit by this. Besides, to compensate him more fully, my master makes him a present of seven thousand and three gold coins of the realm and of his farm of Pompardière. Behold the deed of gift. Hereafter let us live in peace, each on his own land. Betake yourselves away, therefore, for you have not right on that which you now occupy."

Tocquedillon, having listened to this harangue, went to Picrochole and told him of it, but this only excited him the more, for it made him

think that his enemies were afraid and that Grandgosier was trembling with terror in the very darkest corner of his castle.

"Does he think I am going to be fooled by him," he shouted, "and that I shall be satisfied with these cakes? Tocquedillon, my friend, this only confirms the old saying, 'when you are fierce every one is afraid of you; when you are afraid every one is fierce to you.' "

Tocquedillon, taking advantage of the first moment his master stopped to catch his breath and to take a long draught, approved both of the word and of the action.

"Nevertheless, Sire," he said, "do not forget that we are badly provided with provisions. If Grandgosier should come at this moment to

besiege us there would be nothing for us to do but pull out all our teeth, for they would be completely useless to us as we have nothing to place between them."

"But," cried Picrochole, "are we here to eat or to fight?"

"To fight, Sire," answered Tocquedillon, "but—"

"Enough said," answered Picrochole. "Let them seize everything he has brought!"

At that order Tocquedillon, accompanied by a hundred men at arms, had the gate of the castle opened and the carts and their loads brought in. Then he dismissed Gallet, saying to him that he would have to take himself away from the walls of the castle for a reason that they would tell him tomorrow.

The good Gallet passed the night with his people in the open air, and the next day, as no one came, he decided to go back to Grandgosier, to whom he reported the ill success of his mission, adding that there was not now, at least to his way of thinking, any hope of avoiding war. Meanwhile, as soon as he had received Grandgosier's letter, Gargantua had mounted his great mare and set off at top speed in company with his friends, Ponocrates, Gymnaste, and Eudemon, all mounted on good horses. The rest of his household and baggage followed at a slower pace.

At Parille a farmer told them of the ill doings of Picrochole, and described also to them how the country had been devastated and ravaged by the enemy.

Gymnaste was sent out to scout, and on his return he informed Gargantua of the results of his expedition, adding that the enemy were nothing but robbers, pillagers, and brigands, without any military discipline, and that it would be very easy to wipe them out.

As soon as Gargantua heard this he put spurs to his horse and, accompanied by all his people, set out in his turn. On his way he came across a splendid oak tree with a very tall and straight trunk covered with fine branches. He pulled it up without any difficulty, crying: "Here is what I want. This will serve me for a staff and a lance."

When they reached the ford of Vede, Eudemon suggested to Gargantua that there might possibly still be some of the enemy in the castle. Gargantua in order to make sure of this shouted out with all his might: "Are you there or are you not there? If you are there, don't stay there. If you aren't there, tell me!"

An old scoundrel of an artilleryman was looking through the battlements just then, and he fired his cannon at Gargantua and hit him a hard blow on the right temple, which, however, hurt him no more than if some one had thrown a raisin at him.

"What is all this?" cried Gargantua. "Are you throwing grape seeds at me? The vintage is going to cost you dearly," for he thought the bullet was a mere grape seed.

When they heard the report of the cannon the men-at-arms who were in the castle ran to the loopholes and to the ramparts and fired at him more than nine thousand and nine shots from falconets and arquebuses, aiming them all at his head.

But Gargantua called out: "Ponocrates, my friend, these flies blind me. Hand me a few willow branches to drive them away with," for he took the bullets and balls of stone for so many horseflies.

When Ponocrates told him that these flies were really artillery shots from the top of the walls he began to laugh, and, taking up the tree which he was using for a lance, he ran with it against the castle and knocked down the towers and walls so completely that in a few moments there was nothing left but ruins. This accomplished, Gargantua and his followers forded the river and went on their way to Grandgosier.

Very soon after this combat they arrived at the castle of Grandgosier, who received them with open arms. After the first hearty greetings were over Gargantua went to his rooms and, having changed his clothes and washed, he combed his hair. When he drew his comb, which was made of elephants' tusks fastened in a huge beam, through his hair, there tumbled out at each stroke ten or more cannon balls which had lodged there without his even having felt them.

His father, who was watching him, thought they were fleas.

Ponocrates explained: "These are the cannon balls which your son received in the battle, but at any rate those brigands were well rewarded, for he buried them all under the ruins of the castle, and it is my opinion that it would be well to take advantage of the opportunity to pursue and vanquish those who are left."

"I will consider it," said Grandgosier; "but this evening I want to give you a good feast."

Then they served the supper. They had added to the bill of fare: sixteen oxen, three heifers, thirty-two calves, sixty-three lambs, eighty sheep, three hundred sucking pigs, one hundred and twenty partridges, seven hundred snipe, four hundred capons from London and Cornwall, six thousand chickens and as many pigeons, six hundred stuffed hens, fourteen hundred young hares, and three hundred and three cockerels. In the way of larger game they could only get eleven wild boars and eight deer, but they served many hundreds of wild fowl.

It is related that six pilgrims on their way from St. Sebastian near Nantes had taken refuge, because of their fear of the enemy, in Grandgosier's garden under the leaves of the pea vines between the cabbages and lettuce.

Gargantua, who was very thirsty, asked if he could have some salad. He was told that there were splendid plants of lettuce in his father's garden, and indeed that they were the finest in the whole country. In his impatience he went out himself and cut a few heads and these were precisely those under which the pilgrims had taken refuge; but they, trembling with fear, did not dare either to speak or even cough.

While they were still trying to find out what had happened to them, Gargantua put them with the lettuce in a plate as big as the tun in the monastery at Citeaux, covered them with oil, vinegar, and salt, and ate them before his supper, to refresh himself. He had taken into his mouth five of the pilgrims when his father, seeing the staff of the sixth sticking out over a leaf, said, "I think that is a snail's horn; don't eat it !"

"Why not?" returned Gargantua; "they are excellent at this season!" and, grasping the staff, he put it into his mouth; after which he took a great swallow of wine.

The poor pilgrims had escaped the teeth of Gargantua and had succeeded with the greatest difficulty in keeping away from the huge gulf of his throat; and now, half mad with fear, they bewailed their sad fate, thinking that they were in some dungeon far below ground.

They had not nearly recovered their courage when suddenly this flood of red wine submerged them. They struggled against it as well as they could, and trying to get past the barrier of his teeth, they sprang about, back and forth, helping themselves by using their staffs like Spanish acrobats. It happened that one of them, in feeling about with his staff, struck so hard a blow on a sore tooth of poor Gargantua that it gave him excruciating pain and he began to bawl like a thousand fiends.

He rushed to the door, grabbed a toothpick as he went, and dislodged the pilgrims, poking them out of his mouth so that they fell to earth.

The sudden contact with the ground was rather painful to them, but they made no complaint and ran away at once, hiding themselves under the plants.

In their haste to escape they just missed falling into a marsh, but finally they reached a village where they met with some other pilgrims, with whom they passed the night, and the next day continued their journey.

Next day the battle raged, and deeds of valor were accomplished by all the men of Grandgosier, so that in the end Picrochole was vanquished. In fact, he escaped with his life and little more, for in his temper he slew his horse, and when he attempted to help himself to another mount, he got a good beating and most of his clothes were stolen off his back. Finally he got away and his men followed after. It is said that later Picrochole was seen as a street-sweeper in Lyon. There

he remained, hoping for the day when the cocklicranes, or white blackbirds, would return, for on that day a seeress had told him he would again regain his lands.

But the good Grandgosier and Gargantua, his son, held great feasts in celebration of their victory and rewarded all those who had aided them. Grandgosier distributed among the soldiers the massive gold dishes that were displayed on the sideboards and tables, and included huge old vases, great bowls and basins, and many other kinds of vessels all covered with enamel and precious stones of inestimable value. Money and castles he also gave to the leaders of his forces. He managed his lands until the sands of his life ran out and thereafter Gargantua ruled. In time Gargantua married and had a son, Pantagruel, who in his turn ruled the land and under his wise care and management the dominions waxed rich and the people lived there in contentment.

JABBERWOCKY

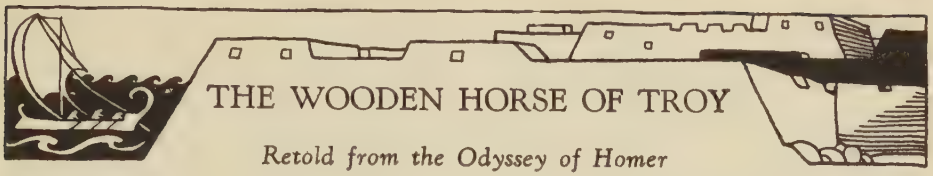
'TWAS brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpel sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.
And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snickersnack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.
"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL



THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

Retold from the Odyssey of Homer

FOR nearly ten years the Greeks and their allies had besieged the city of Troy, and many were the heroes who aided Menelaus in his assaults upon the city where abode his wife, Helen, who had been borne off by Paris, son of King Priam. Within the walls, good old King Priam mourned the death of his hero son, Hector.

King Agamemnon of Sparta, brother to Menelaus, was leader of the Greeks, and in that host was also the great Achilles, who slew Hector, and himself was killed on the same spot by the arrow of Paris. There was Odysseus the wise, who had spied out the city of Troy by entering it disguised and by his craft escaped with his life; Aias, the huge bulwark of the Greeks; Philoctetes, whose arrow, true as Paris' own, avenged the death of Achilles and the stealing of Helen when it found its mark in the breast of Paris, and many another famed hero there was without the walls. Yet those within held their foe at bay and there seemed no end to siege. Men grew aweary for their own lands.

And then Odysseus devised the means whereby Troy fell at last. A horse of wood he had built, a horse so tall it overtopped the walls of the city, and hollow it was withal.

This done, the Greeks burned their stores and struck their tents and made it be seen that they were leaving for their homeland at last. And the Trojans saw the host of Greeks sail away leaving only the great wooden horse behind.

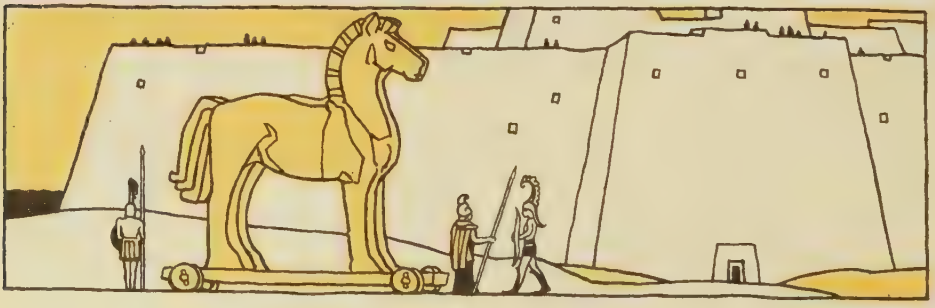
They knew not that the Greeks had posted a spy in a hidden spot and that the ships, after making boldly out to sea, turned when they had passed a headland on the Island of Tenedos that hid them from view, and remained in a sheltered spot, waiting for a signal from the spy. Least of all did they know that within the hollow body of their

wooden horse were gathered nigh to an hundred of the flower of the Greek warriors, safe hidden and waiting for the Trojans to assist in causing their own doom.

Now the Trojans wondered greatly what manner of image the horse might be, and many thought it an offering to the goddess, Pallas Athene, and these counseled that the wooden horse be brought within the city. Others there were, more cautious, and these argued that they should fear the Greeks even when they come with gifts. But those who wished the horse brought within the walls prevailed in the end, and as the horse was too large to be taken through the gate, a portion of the wall was flung down that it might pass.

By the time it had been brought in, night descended, and when it was dark, the spy who had been left by the Greeks went beyond a promontory that cut off view from the city and there he lighted a signal fire. The men on the hidden ships, seeing this, made all haste to return before daybreak. Even before they arrived, Sinon, the spy, had released the warriors who were hidden within the wooden horse, and soon the Greeks fought their way to the citadel of King Priam. This they took, so that Menelaus regained his wife, Helen, and the Trojans were conquered by the Greeks.

Then many of the Greeks made their way towards their homelands, but few reached their hearths without many an adventure. Some, like Odysseus, wandered for many years before they regained their homes.



ADVENTURES OF HENGIST AND HORSA

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

AWAY! AWAY!

ONCE upon a time, long long ago, in Free Frisia[1] of the lovely meres (lakes) ruled Duke Udolph. He was sitting in his hall when some of his subjects came to him, crying out:

"O Duke, the people are many. Free Frisia is too narrow for them. The reedy marshes where the storks fly and the flooded lands are wide; the purple meres are broad. There is not enough soil in which to grow food. Starvation comes."

"What would you have me do?" asked Duke Udolph.

"Forget not, O Duke, the law and custom of your fathers. Call for the casting of the lots. Decide by the lots who shall go forth from Free Frisia to dwell elsewhere."

From *Wonder Tales from Windmill Lands*. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.
[1]A province in the northeastern section of The Netherlands.

When the Duke heard this, he sent out messengers to every city, town, and farmstead. North, south, east, and west they hastened to summon the youngest, the bravest, and the most beautiful to the casting of the lots.

Warriors and handsome young folk, tall and bright-haired, came thronging from every part of Free Frisia. From the lovely meres where fish leaped and winds sighed among the reeds and yellow foam lapped the low shores; from the pastures and meadows; from the hollow land of Flevus-Mere; from the sand dunes where the North Sea tossed its angry billows, the people thronged. Some came laughing with eyes joyful at so great an adventure; others, bent with sorrow and with the fear of leaving loved ones. Multitudes pressed on to the casting of the lots.

And Hengist and Horsa, the handsome young sons of Duke Udolph, heard the noise of the tumult. They put on their armor. Brave were Hengist and Horsa and hungry for adventure. Indeed, they had been bred up in the city of great Rome itself, and trained in rules of battle by the Romans, their father's friends. Now they donned their armor and rushed eagerly to the place of the casting of the lots. And, lo! the lots fell on them also.

Amid the cheering and shouting of the multitude, Duke Udolph stood sorrowing in his heart for the loss of his sons. But the law and custom of his fathers could not be broken.

"Hengist and Horsa shall be our leaders!" shouted the host of Frisian folk chosen to go forth.

"Whither go we, Hengist, Horsa?" they cried.

"Yonder o'er the sea to the white coast of Britain," answered Hengist. "There reigns King Vortigern over the Britons. There lie wide fallow acres awaiting our sowing. There shall we build homes and spread over the land. Thither will guide us our god Wodan."

"We go with you, Hengist, Horsa!" cried the people.

Soon all was ready. Hengist and Horsa with their horde of Free

Frisians, and Saxon neighbors too, sprang into their long ships. Before a stiff wind they spread the sails, and sped away over the rolling billows to Britain's white coast.

THE COMING OF THE PAINTED SHIPS

Great Vortigern, King of the Britons, sat in his hall at Canterbury. There rushed into his presence messengers, exclaiming:

"O King, three long ships have reached our shores. From them have landed, on the Isle of Thanet, a host of tall strangers, magnificent of stature, with flowing blond hair. Their warriors are fully armed."

"Receive them peaceably," said the King, "and conduct them hither."

And when the host of tall folk were brought before him at Canterbury, the King looked with wonder upon their gigantic forms, and he saw that Hengist and Horsa excelled them all in nobility. So he addressed himself to the brothers.

"O warriors, who are you? Whence do you come? Why have you landed fully armed in my kingdom?"

"O most noble King," answered Hengist who was the elder and the more ready of wit, "we are come to offer you our services. After the law and custom of our fathers we have been driven from Free Frisia. Our people waxed too numerous, and we were chosen by the casting of the lots to fare forth. We brothers, Hengist and Horsa, were made the leaders of this our host. Guided thither by our god Wodan, have we safely come, O King."

"And what is your religion?" asked the King anxiously.

"We are worshippers of the gods of our land," replied Hengist, "Wodan the mighty battle-god, after whom is called Wednesday, and Frea the powerful, for whom is named Friday."

"I am grieved that you are pagans!" exclaimed King Vortigern. "But glad am I for your coming. Terrible enemies are on all sides of us. Serve me faithfully and you shall be rewarded with honors and gifts."

"That we will, O King," swore Hengist and Horsa and their host.

THE LONG OXHIDE

Not long after this the painted Picts and the fierce and hairy Scots, like worms that in the heat of day come from their holes, crept into the kingdom of King Vortigern. They burned, plundered, and murdered, and carried off multitudes of the wretched people. Then Hengist and Horsa with their host of Frisians, and of Saxons too, led out the royal army. In a fierce battle they put the evil foe to flight.

When King Vortigern knew to whom he owed the victory, he thanked the brothers and gave them great gifts. But Hengist and Horsa were not content. Hengist, who was quick of wit, saw that King Vortigern was disliked by his subjects and was surrounded by bitter and treacherous enemies ready for rebellion. So he stood before the King, and said:

"O King, your enemies threaten you on all sides. Your rebellious subjects wish to depose you and place another on your throne. Let my host of men protect you. Also allow me to send to my country and bring hither more warriors to fight for you."

"Send your messengers with all speed," answered King Vortigern much troubled in his heart. "I grant you anything you ask."

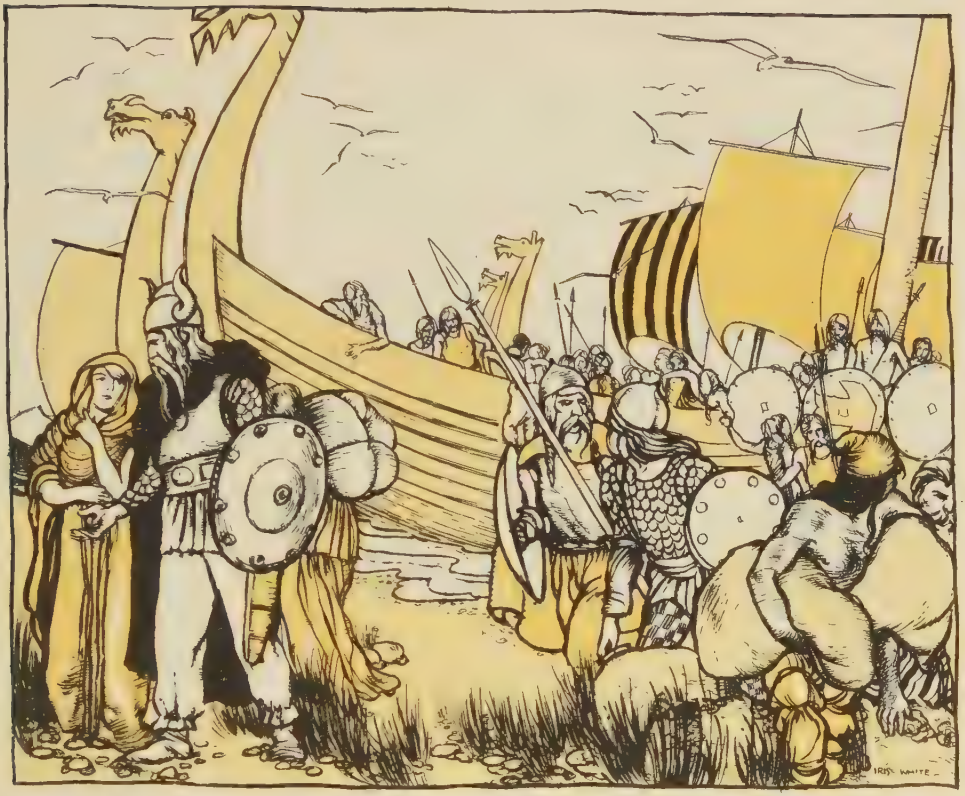
"Then, O King," said Hengist bowing low, "though you have given me great gifts, yet you have not honored me as the son of the Duke of Free Frisia should be honored. You have not made me a Prince."

"That I may not do," answered the King earnestly. "It is against the laws and customs of my fathers. You are a stranger and a pagan. My Princes are Christians, and they would rise up against me, did I make you a Prince of Britain."

"Then, O King," said Hengist, "reward me otherwise. Grant me as much ground as I can surround with an oxhide. There will I build me a castle strongly fortified, to which I may retreat in time of danger."

"Go," said King Vortigern, "I grant it to you."

So Hengist took a very large oxhide and cut it into numerous, long,



thin strips. With these he measured off a wide piece of rocky land. There he and his host built a strong castle and town, and fortified it.

Meanwhile over the sea to Free Frisia sped Hengist's messengers. Soon came to Britain, from that land, eighteen ships thronged with gigantic blond warriors. Eagerly they leaped to shore, and hastened to join Hengist and Horsa in their castle.

And among these new folk from Free Frisia walked a stately maiden, tall and royal and beautiful beyond compare. And all who gazed upon her were dazzled by her charms.

"We have brought you, Hengist, Horsa," the new warriors roared in delight, "your niece, the lovely Rowena!"

O LOVELY MAID, DRINC HEIL!

Very keen of wit was Hengist. His heart leaped high with joy as he gazed upon the lovely Rowena. Quickly he bade a feast be prepared. Then he sent to King Vortigern, pressing him to visit the castle and eat with the new warriors from Free Frisia.

The King came secretly for fear of his Princes. He sat long at the feast. When it was over, lo and behold! a door in the feast hall opened, and through it with graceful motion stepped the lovely Rowena. Her rich garments gleamed, and she held in her hands a large golden cup filled with rare wine.

She bowed before the King, then fell at his feet holding out the golden cup.

"Liever King," said she, "wacht heil!"

"What means this?" cried the King, gazing in astonishment at her glowing face. "My interpreter, come hither, and tell me what she is saying."

"She says, 'Dear King,' and offers to drink your health," said the interpreter. "You should say to her, 'Drinc heil!' "

"Drinc heil! lovely maid!" exclaimed the King.

Rowena lifted the golden cup to her lips and drank. Then she passed it to the King, and kissed him after the custom of her people.

King Vortigern with trembling hand took the golden cup, and drank. Then love entered into his heart.

"Though I am a Christian and this dear maid a pagan," he said to Hengist, "yet will I wed her."

Hengist and Horsa talked apart. Then Hengist said:

"O King, if you would win the hand of our Rowena, then give unto us the Province of Kent."

"It is yours," said the King eagerly.

And that night he wedded the lovely Rowena from Free Frisia of the many meres. And Rowena was Queen of the Britons.

When King Vortigern's subjects heard of his marriage they were enraged. They hated him for this deed.

"What!" they cried, "shall a pagan rule over us? Shall these barbarians from over the water own our land? It is not for a Christian monarch to wed a pagan."

Fierce and many were the battles that followed. With fire and sword the blond folks, Frisians and Saxons, wrought havoc in the land. Year after year more and more ships came to Britain's shores carrying multitudes of the blond warriors, Frisians and Saxons, and Angles as well. They spread over large sections of land, and gradually drove many of the Britons into outlying parts of the country.

Thus did horde after horde pass over the water into Britain, till the blond folks swallowed up the cities and towns and villages, and their Kings reigned in Britain. And they brought with them the laws and customs of their fathers, and their wild free spirit of independence. And the three languages, Frisian, Saxon, and Angle-ish, which they spoke were much alike, and in time grew into one speech. Thus the blond peoples became one people. And the land was called after the Angles, Angleland—that is England.

And the new tongue made out of the three became that mighty language which we speak, you and I—English!

Thus, say the ancient wonder tales of the long long ago, Hengist and Horsa and the lovely Rowena came from Free Frisia of the many meres into the broad and fertile land of Britain.

THE MIRACULOUS STAG

The Origin of the Huns and Magyars

NÁNDOR POGÁNY

LONG years ago, in the early ages of the world, a mighty chief held dominion in the heart of Asia. His name was Ménrót; and his beautiful wife, Erich, presented him with two valiant sons, whose names were Hunor and Magyar. One morning the youths called together their followers, who numbered upwards of a hundred men, and set forth on a hunting expedition to the virgin forests around them. Wherever these gallant huntsmen wandered, none of the wild beasts could escape them, for they were scared from their lairs by the shouts of the huntsmen, and instantly shot down by the swift arrows of the hundred and two marksmen. The booty thus obtained was enormous, amounting to hundreds of lions, tigers, bears, wolves, and red deer. When night approached, the huntsmen lighted great fires and cooked their suppers. They sang songs till they were tired, and then rested till early morning, when the chase would begin afresh.

One morning there suddenly appeared before the hunters a mighty stag, as suddenly as if he had risen from the ground. He was a noble creature, bearing great antlers, adorned with many branches, and he stood gazing at the men with proud serenity. The young hunters were overcome with wonder, for never before had they seen such a magnificent animal; but as soon as they recovered from their first surprise, one and all discharged their arrows at it.

Much to their surprise, the stag did not fall, but darted away, when the hunters set spurs to their horses and dashed away in pursuit of the wonderful animal. Soon they emerged from the forests and continued the chase over the open plains. On and on they rode, discharging clouds of arrows, but even the most skilful marksman failed to strike the

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stag. The wonderful creature sprang forward like the wind, but so lightly that the grass did not even bend beneath his weight.

The chase lasted from morning till sundown, but as soon as the sun sank behind the clouds the stag suddenly disappeared. The huntsmen were disappointed and weary, but resolved to continue the chase next morning.

When the bright glow in the sky announced the approach of day, Hunor awoke, and was surprised to see the stag standing motionless in the distance. Calling to his companions to hasten, he mounted his horse and galloped away in pursuit of the stag. The others followed at a furious pace, and very soon the horses were covered with foam and the men were exhausted, but still they rode on, while the earth shrunk and trembled under the hoofs of the galloping horses and at the shouts of the riders. On and on they rode, and as evening approached, they came to a sandy desert, where the wild beasts ran, mad with terror, from the approaching huntsmen; and here, when the darkness of night closed in, the stag again disappeared.

The huntsmen, tired and weary, lay down to sleep, and when they awoke next morning they again beheld the mysterious animal gazing at them, and only a few paces distant. Again they gave chase, fruitlessly discharging their arrows at it as before, but with the same result. The stag led them on through miles of unknown country, and at sunset he again disappeared from their sight.

Thus it happened day after day, till the huntsmen were perplexed and anxious, for they now knew no longer in which direction lay their home.

"What a strange country is this," said one of the men. "Here the sun rises above the western horizon."

"Oh, oh, thou fool," said another, "that is the northern sky."

"No," said a third, "that is the south."

So the dispute went on, and the men would have come to blows, but just then a horn was blown, and the chase began afresh. Presently they came to the river Kur, and when they had crossed it, they came to a still more desolate wilderness, where the lakes emitted sulphurous vapors, and foul-smelling oil flowed forth in vast streams.

Still on they rode, till they reached the river Don, which they crossed by swimming, and at noon they reached the beautiful Lake Meotis, and then the animal they were pursuing vanished from their eyes like a mist.

The hunters now felt as if they had just awaked from a deep sleep, and they were much depressed, for they knew that they were far from their home, and feared that they might never be able to return. Magyar sighed mournfully, and his eyes filled with tears as he said: "O my poor mother! Her heart will break if we do not return."

But Hunor was in a joyous mood, and said: "Let us stay here. This country is better than our own. The woods are full of deer and other game, herds of wild horses are grazing in the meadows, fish are plentiful in the waters all about us, and the air of this land is sweet. Methinks this country was made for us."

Next evening, as Hunor and Magyar and their attendants were returning from the chase, they heard soft strains of music which filled them with delight. They went in the direction of the sound, and reached a green meadow, carpeted with sweetly scented flowers. The meadow was illuminated with thousands of fiery birds with shining feathers. The birds formed a large circle round the lawn, and within the circle were a number of beautiful fairy girls, merrily dancing to the strains of lovely music. In the midst of the dancers was a magnificent tent of pure gold, and beneath it were seated, on diamond chairs, the beautiful twin daughters of Dul, the Fairy King.

The dancers were whirling in a waltz, and their gorgeous dresses and veils of moonlight floated in the balmy air, and mingled with their golden tresses, which were adorned with garlands of beautiful flowers.

The huntsmen sat on their horses in fascination, and gradually spread themselves till they formed an outer circle round the dancers, now and then expressing their admiration in whispers. At length Magyar said to his brother, who was next to him: "Hunor, this music stirs my blood."

"And the sight of the Princesses makes my brain reel," replied Hunor.

Suddenly a general murmur was heard, and at that moment Hunor spurred his horses into the lighted circle.

"Let us each take a fairy for a wife," he cried.

Instantly all was confusion. The fairies tried to escape, but in whichever direction they fled, they fell into the arms of the bold huntsmen. In a very short time the fairy glen was deserted, and only the sound of galloping horses was to be heard in the distance, and this grew rapidly fainter and fainter. Each of the huntsmen had captured a fairy, and the lovely twin Princesses became the wives of Hunor and Magyar, with whom they lived in perfect happiness. Their sons grew up to be brave heroes, and as time passed on, their families increased, and became two powerful nations; and Hunor's descendants were called Huns, and those of Magyar, Magyars (Hungarians).

FINN AND THE OLD MEN

STANDISH O'GRADY

I DESIRE to let you see Finn in his youth, while he was struggling upwards out of obscurity, when he was friendless, solitary, and surrounded by enemies. The lesson taught by Finn in his power is the lesson of flowing good will towards men. From his youth we learn the lesson of cheerfulness and courage.

In the heart of Connaught, a deep trackless forest, and in the heart of the forest a rude booth of timber, rudely roofed with rushes and heather. Brushwood grew above it and around it, so that one might pass many times and almost touch the house without discovering it.

From the Irish epic, *Finn and His Companions.*

In this booth, one wild December evening, half a dozen old men—very old men—sat crouched around a small fire of sticks. They were clad in ancient rags, and in skins; their faces were thin and hunger-bitten; their fingers long, lean, and crooked. The meanest of them looked a king. Fate had pressed very hard on these old men, but had not conquered them, and their eyes shone under most rigid brows. Who were these noble old men clad in rags and skins? I shall tell you.

The captain of the Fians in his time was Cool, son of Trenmōr, the mightiest of the Fian captains down to his time, and Cool, remember, was the father of Finn. Then the sons of Morna revolted against him, saying that Gaul mac Morna, their brother, was the better man, and should be captain. Each party drew together an army, and the battle for the Fian leadership was fought on the banks of the Liffey. There Cool was defeated and slain; the sons of Morna triumphed and raised their brother Gaul to the leadership. Luchat Mael was the champion who slew Cool and took from him his satchel, which contained the jewels of sovereignty and right leadership. He slung it to his own girdle. While he kept that bag, the tyranny of the sons of Morna was secure, and it was supposed that there was not a champion in the world who could conquer Luchat Mael. What these jewels were is not rightly known, but there was great power and virtue in them.

After the battle, the sons of Morna went through Ireland exterminating all the breed and seed of the overthrown family. Nearly all the warriors of Cool who escaped from the battle were obliged to make terms with the new tyranny, and swear allegiance to Gaul mac Morna. A very few did not. These were the old men whom we saw, clad in rags and skins, crouching around their feeble fire in the booth.

At first they lived by hunting, but as the years passed the sons of Morna pressed them close, and the old men faced starvation. On the night when one red-winged thrush was all the food for the entire company, this they divided into tiny pieces that each might share. Then was it that Crimall, son of Trenmōr, heartened

them with the telling of a prophecy that a youth should come to lead the Fians once more to victory. Then, continues the tale:

"Hark," said one of them, "even now I hear some man bursting through the brushwood and young trees. Stand to your weapons, my brothers; it is an enemy, for friends in all broad Erin we have none."

It was pitiful to see the response to this challenge, for, though all stood up and sought to arm themselves and stand on their defense, they were not able. With difficulty they raised their mighty shields, and their huge swords trembled in their ancient and nerveless hands.

Someone knocked at the door, and, as it seemed, with the butt-end of a great spear, the weak door was splintered with the blow. The strongest and youngest of the Fians stood behind the door and cried, "Art thou a friend or an enemy?"

"A friend," answered a young, cheery, and laughing voice from without.

"Unbar the door," cried old Crimall. "Deceit is not an attribute of the Clanna Morna—I will do them that justice. There was no lying or treachery found amongst them at any time. Unbar the door."

"There is mockery in the voice," said the old Fian. "It is the voice of one who laughs."

"Nay, not mockery," answered Crimall, "but laughter only. It is the laughter of a young and happy heart. Unbar the door."

The old Fian unbarred the door, and a young man, large and mighty-thewed, entered the booth laughing, his whole face suffused with sparkling tides of some great joy. He was white and ruddy, his bright face lit up the whole gloomy chamber of age and sorrow. His lips and cheeks were smooth, the golden masses of his hair rolled over his wide shoulders. He wore a huge rough mantle of many skins of wild boars sewn together; his shirt was of deerskin laced with leathern thongs; his knees bare, and his moccasins of untanned hairy oxhide. He carried a great shield and spear; the bright end of a scabbard projected below his black skin-cloak. He came straight to Crimall and

bending low in reverence said—

"Noble elder, I am a hunter lost in these woods. I seek supper and bed, for I am homeless and supperless."

"Thou art right welcome, O youth," said Crimall. "We too are hunters, but fortune has not smiled on our labors this day. Nevertheless what we have with us in the booth is thine."

A sylvan seat, which, indeed, was only the sawn end of a tree, was set before the fire for the young hero, and while he conversed with Crimall, the others contributed their small fragments. Then a platter containing the just dismembered bird was given to him.

"Would we had better to offer thee, O illustrious youth whom the gods love, but we can give thee pure water from the spring and a pleasant bed of heather and rushes, and our young men will rise early in the morning and search the snares and springes. Haply some birds or animals may be taken therein on which thou mayest break thy fast well. Music we cannot give thee, for music hath not been heard amongst us for a long time; but there is one amongst us who is a good historian, and will entertain thee with stories of old times till sweet sleep makes heavy thine eyelids."

The laughing light died out of the young man's eyes and lips, as the glittering sunshine glancing on a million waves fades from the sea when a black cloud comes over the sun. He looked at the wretched repast upon the beechen platter, the little fragments in number the same as the number of the old men. He marked their hollow gray faces and their eyes bright with famine, bright too just then with the light of kindness and good will. He laid the platter on the ground beside him, and put his great hands before his face, and bowed down his head and wept. The old men preserved silence. Youth, they thought, hath many sorrows which cold age cannot comprehend.

When the boy had made an end of weeping, he stood up and said—

"Noble old men, good fortune in hunting doth not fall to everyone each day, but sometimes one man meets with it, and sometimes another.

Ill fortune was yours today and may be mine tomorrow, but this day success has attended my hunting, and there is with me a sufficiency of food for all. Put on the fire, I pray you, fresh timber, not little sticks but big logs, and make a good fire, for we shall all feast well tonight."

So saying he left the booth, while the old men, wondering, gazed at one another, and presently he reappeared bending in the low doorway and bearing a deer on his shoulders, the two fore legs caught in one hand on his breast, and the two hind legs in another, while the head, with lolling tongue and branching antlers, hung down on one side. It was no fallow-deer, but a great red-deer of the forest, a buck, very large and fat. Out over his head then he flung the huge carcass, which fell with a heavy dull sound and a clash of the clattering antlers on the floor of the booth, and went out, and returned carrying in his right hand a tusked boar held by the bristling hure,[1] and in his left a sow grasped by a leg, and flung them down beside the deer. He returned once more trailing behind him a long string of small game.

"Truly thou art a mighty hunter, O brave and generous youth," said Crimall, "but bring in now thy hounds. Why shouldst thou leave them without? We too, alas! love hounds, and thine will be most welcome."

"Truly there are no hounds with me," said the lad. "Whatever be the powers that fashioned me, they have made my limbs swift and tireless, so that even the red-deer are not apt to escape from me when I get upon their traces. Yet, why should I boast? You, too, have doubtless in your day run down swift game. Verily, the tongue of youth is apt to be loud in declaring its own glory. Here I think is a sufficiency of meat, and I chance to have bread too, for I am not a hunter only, but a warrior and spoiler; I sacked a lime-white noble dun this day, and have brought with me some of the spoil."

He went out and returned bearing a great leathern sack in one hand, which he flung upon the floor. Sweetly, with a musical sound of ringing metal, that sack fell on the hard floor, and from the mouth of the

[1]Hair of the head.

sack rolled a great horn rimmed with silver, and a silver cup which had eyes of crystal in it. In the other hand he bore what seemed one long pillar. The end of that pillar he planted firmly in the ground, and it stood there upright. There were three score large cakes in that pillar. Through each cake ran a spear, and the head of the spear was thrust into the floor. From the pillar he took a score of cakes and laid them on the hearth, and again addressed the astonished elders.

"A sufficiency of pure water, noble seniors, is right welcome at times, and ever in the morning and in the afternoon, before the declining of the sun. Then indeed no other beverage is more invigorating to the hunter, but at night and when friends meet and feast together joyfully, old strong ale bears the bell, if I, a mere lad, may speak thus confidently before seniors and superiors."

"Truly, my son," said old Crimall, "thou hast spoken aright, and according to the traditional wisdom of the ancients—

> For the hunter in his glad labours
> The pure cold glittering spring,
> And for the warrior when he bends his knee to the battle
> And his brow to the pale fierce fight;
> But there is no feasting without ale.

Nevertheless, on this occasion, pure water must serve our needs."

"Say not so, father," answered the youth, laughing. From his very hair light seemed to radiate, and the clatter of his skins sounded like sweet music in the old men's ears. He went to the door and plucked up the tree that served for the door-jamb, and then smaller trees that were next to it, so that the whole house shook, and the roof was drawn awry. He went out into the night and returned kicking before him through the doorway a great barrel, and then a second, and then a third, and he set them on end next the side wall in a row, and broke open one of them with a downward slap of his hand, plucked out and threw aside the broken staves, and took the sack by the end and shed

out a score of great cups and goblets that flashed and twinkled as they rolled on the floor, and set eight of them on the unopened barrels, so that anyone choosing to do so might drink.

"Hast thou any other surprises in store for us, O youth, beloved of the gods?" said Crimall, who trembled as he spoke, for fear and hope made him like ice and fire.

"What thing above all other things in the world wouldst thou see with greatest joy, son of Trenmōr, son of Basna?"

And Crimall answered straight—

"The bag that was at my brother's girdle in the battle of Cnoca, with his jewels of sovereignty and power within it, and the head of Luchat Mael, and both in the hands of my brother's only son."

"I have them with me," cried the lad, as he threw back his boar-skin mantle, and held out the jewel-bag in one hand and a huge black head in the other. "Here is Cool's treasure-bag and the treasures in it, and here is Luchat Mael's head, whom I met and slew this day in fair fight, and I am Cool's youngest son whom the druidesses bore away after the battle, and I am waging war on the Clanna Morna and rending their tyranny, and all Ireland is shaking sad under my feet."

Then the old men all together cried aloud for joy, yea, they screamed together like eagles or the sea-gulls of the cliffs of Erris when they wheel and cry in their multitudes between the gray cliffs and the sea, so the old men cried; and they flung their arms around the youth and kissed his head and his cheeks, and his shoulders, his hands and feet, and wept till their voices were choked with lamentation.

Afterwards they washed their faces in pure water, and laughed as much as before they wept. Then they turned their minds to supper, and skinned and cut up the game, and roasted great steaks of venison on the red embers. Also they cleared out the old disused Fian oven, and stewed and seethed great quantities of flesh in steam, and if they had any bright attire left, or any ornament, it was brought forth, and they ate, and drank, and caroused, and related their many adventures.

BARBARA'S FUGITIVE

E. V. Lucas

ON A bright June morning, early in the Protectorate, Colonel Myddelton, followed by a groom, rode through the gates of the old Hall and turned his horse's head towards London. At the bend in the road, half-way up Sheringham Hill, he stopped a moment and waved his hand in the direction of the house. A white handkerchief fluttered at an upper window in reply.

"My poor, lonely Barbara!" said the Colonel, smiling tenderly as he passed again out of sight of his daughter.

"Dear father!" said Barbara, as the Colonel disappeared from view. She did not, however, at once leave the window, but remained leaning out, with the warm touch of the sun on her head, drinking in the morning sounds.

The village, half a mile distant, was just visible to Barbara through the trees—red-roofed, compact, the cottages gathering about the church like chickens round the mother hen. On a summer day like this any-one listening at the Hall could hear the busy noises, the hum of this little hive of humanity, with perfect clearness; the beat of the hammer on the anvil in Matthew Hale's smithy, the "Gee, whoa!" of the carter on the distant road, the scrunching of the wagon wheels, the crowing cocks, and now and then the shouts of boys and the laughter of children. These audible tokens of active life were a comfort to Barbara. A moment before, on parting with her father, she was aware of a new and disturbing loneliness, but now she felt no longer with the same melancholy that she was solitary, apart from her fellows.

It was the time when the country was divided between the followers of the Throne and the followers of Cromwell; the time when sour

Abridged from a tale in *The Slowcoach*, by E. V. Lucas. Copyright 1910, The Macmillan Company, New York.

visages, who were for the moment in the places of authority, glowered beneath black hats, and the village games were forbidden; the time when Royalist gentlemen dropped a crumb into their wine glasses after dinner, and, looking meaningly at each other, tossed off the red liquor, saying fervently as they did so, "God send this *crumb well* down." But actual fighting was over, and the country on the surface peaceable again, although a word often was sufficient to draw forth steel among the high folks or set an inn full of villagers to fisticuffs. There was not a Royalist in the country but awaited the moment when he could strike another blow to avenge his dead master and reinstate his young Prince. Among these loyal gentlemen Colonel Myddelton was not the least.

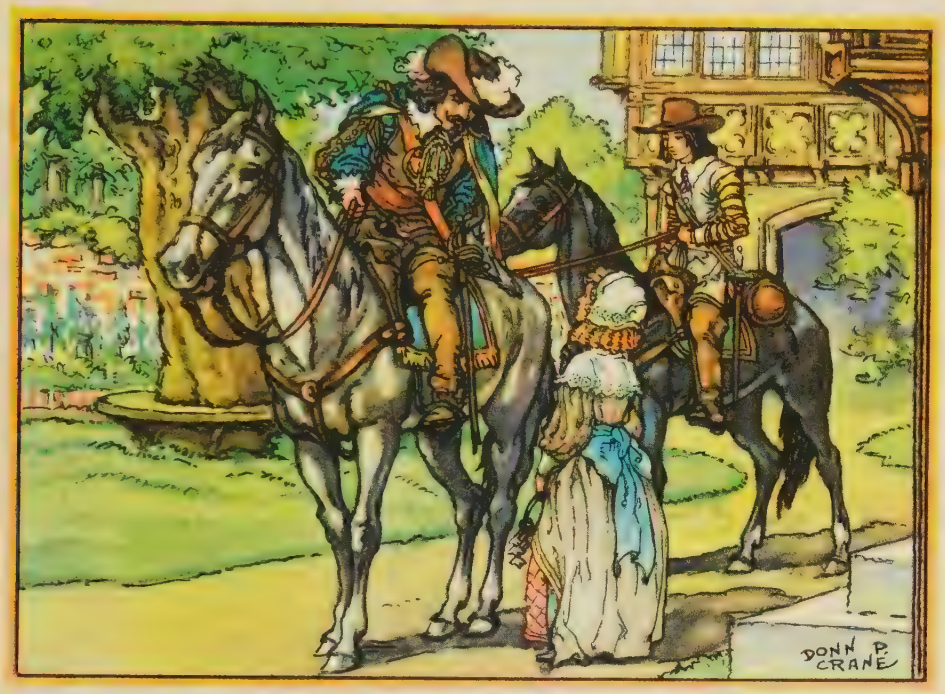
Colonel Myddelton was a widower, and Barbara, young though she was, had long acted as the mistress of the household. Yet, in spite of her good sense and caution, Barbara had been the obstacle to the Colonel's departure. She was, he considered, unfit to be left alone with no more stalwart companions than old Digger, the maids, and the children; but her repeated assurances that she felt no foreboding at last conquered, and that morning, as we have seen, he had ridden off.

"You know, father," she had told him again and again, "Philip is close at hand, and truly I can see no danger. Was not I alone for days and nights together when you were with the King and the Prince?"

"Well, well," the Colonel had responded at last; "but I shall speak a word to Matthew as I pass the forge today, and he will keep his eye on the place." Matthew Hale, the blacksmith, had served under Colonel Myddelton in more than one campaign, and he rang as true as his own anvil.

Thus it was that Barbara was left alone in the great house, with none to bear her company but Jack, who was but twelve, and Marjorie, who was but eight, and little Alys, and old Digger, the odd man, and the maids. There were also, it is true, stablemen and gardeners, but they lived in the village.

The next of age to Barbara was Philip (Philip Sidney Myddelton in



full, so named after that sweet and noble gentleman and soldier who fell at Zutphen). Philip was sixteen, and at this time was still at his lessons with Mr. Fullarton, of Framshott, a village eight miles distant.

The Reverend Jeremy Fullarton was Royalist to the marrow, and only Royalists entrusted their sons to his keeping; hence the house was a home of Cavalier sentiment. The older boys had even constituted themselves into a little corps, and all games had given way before the joys of drilling and military tactics. Here again Philip led, although his sworn allies, Hugh Lorimer and Vernon Hutchinson (a nephew of the great Colonel Hutchinson, whose memoirs were written by his wife Lucy), and Rupert Ommaney shared the command. Not often do you find a bond uniting as many as four schoolboys in devoted friendship, but such was the case with this gallant quartet of youths, Philip and Hugh, Rupert and Vernon.

In the evening Matthew Hale appeared at the Hall bearing a basket of tools, and insisted upon testing all locks and bolts; and Barbara and he explored the house together, making all safe with the exception of a window in the library. This room was on the ground floor, easily accessible, and, try as he would, there was one window which the blacksmith could not secure. The good fellow was for sleeping on the floor all night by way of guard, but Barbara would not hear of it, and, in the end, Bevis, the mastiff, the great dog that had followed Colonel Myddelton into camp in the late war, was chained outside the window. Satisfied with this arrangement, Matthew pulled his forelock and said good night, and Barbara prepared for bed.

Folks kept better hours in those days than we now do. First she peeped in at the sleeping children. Then she talked long and earnestly with the cook concerning the morrow's programme, and at nine o'clock she climbed to her room.

Barbara, however, could not sleep; so, after an hour or two had passed, she rose, lit a candle, threw on a wrap, and descended the broad staircase, intent upon a queer and enthralling Spanish book—the story of a mad knight and his comic, matter-of-fact attendant, which was a favorite of her father's.

The book was wont to stand in a corner of the library close to his hand as he sat writing by the window, and, opening the door, Barbara crossed the floor with her hand outstretched to take it. So familiar was she with the mad knight's position on the shelves that she carried no light.

Her hand was within a yard of the sheepskin cover when she leaped back with frozen blood, for there, a foot from her, in her father's chair, was the figure of a man. Instantly she remembered the open window. A breath from the roses floated in and fanned her face; until her dying day Barbara had but to be conscious of the scent of roses to see again that darkened room, to feel again that tightening of the heart. She could neither scream nor move.

The tension was snapped by the man himself, who suddenly awoke and stretched his arms, and, in doing so, smote Barbara on the shoulder. He sprang to his feet with a cry of astonishment and apology, and at that moment she was herself again.

"A thousand pardons," he said, bowing low before her.

"Who—who are you?" Barbara found words to ask. "And what is your business here? It is no part of a gentleman's behavior to enter houses by the window."

"Nay," said the man, and Barbara noted that his speech was of one gently born—"nay, it is truly no gentleman's conduct, but in these days, when Kings are laid low at the hands of traitors"—and his voice had a bitter ring—"and rebels sit in high places, a gentleman must perforce descend to trickery and meanness now and then."

Barbara repeated her question. "But tell me who you are, and what you want? There is a gate to the place; there are servants to open it. Why did you steal upon us thus? And Bevis?" she added, as a sudden misgiving seized her; "he was chained by the window. Have you killed him? Oh, say you have not hurt Bevis?"

"Nay, I could not hurt an old friend," said the stranger. "Bevis and I are old friends. He remembered me at once."

Barbara's fear diminished somewhat at these words. "Old friends!" she exclaimed, half reassured.

"Yes," said the stranger, "we were together in the West. Colonel Myddelton, whom I have striven hither to talk with, and I went through a campaign together; a futile campaign, I fear, with more of pursuit than pursuing, but for a high cause. I'faith, it seems my lot to be pursued. And you, fair lady (for, dark though it is, I know you are fair), are you Colonel Myddelton's daughter, the mistress Barbara, of whom he has told me?"

"I am Colonel Myddelton's daughter," said Barbara. "But you, sir?"

"Right, right," the stranger replied, more gaily; "you ply me hard, but my name stays secret, none the less. Yet this ring may perhaps

convince you I am no common housebreaker. See, it was the gift of your father, and a passport, so he said, to Myddelton Hall by day or night." And he stretched forth a ring, which Barbara immediately recognized as an old signet of her father's which suddenly he had ceased to wear, he said not why. She was partially satisfied. "And Bevis," added the stranger, "take it, will you not, dear lady, as a good omen that Bevis let me pass almost unchallenged? But your father," he went on, "is he ill, or away? or will you lead me to him? Had I not fallen asleep, I was about to seek his room. As for entering by the gate, you know, young mistress, the danger now run by friends of the late King."

"Ah yes," said Barbara, with a sigh. "My father," she added,

"rode this morning to London, where he will be a week yet; but I can tell you where he is lodged. Will you not follow him?"

"London!" the young man repeated, in disappointed tones, "what does he there? London is no place for a true man."

"He has ridden thither," said Barbara, "on matters touching his property, which the rebels would confiscate."

"Rebels!" cried the stranger excitedly. "Ha! a good word in your mouth, young mistress. I like to hear you say that thus roundly. Zounds!" he added, "it is ill news that your father is away, for I have but a few hours in this country, and I must even return without accomplishing my mission. To London I dare not adventure. But, mistress, will you not bring a light, that we may see if we still doubt each other; and then we must talk of a plan of safety."

"Stay where you are," said Barbara, "and I will fetch a candle."

During her absence the stranger had not moved. As she entered he stepped forward and took the light from her, holding it high and scrutinizing her face narrowly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last, with a sigh, "good as gold! Would that other lands could breed such grace! It is ill to be banished from one's own countrywomen."

Barbara blushed and turned away.

The young man, who was soberly clad, had dark, almost black, hair, and dark eyes. His mouth was perhaps too loose, but he was prepossessing. A certain melancholy, an air of bafflement, seemed to overshadow him. Barbara's sympathy was his at that moment, and he knew it.

"There is a hiding place in the house," he said, after a pause; "your father has told me of it."

Barbara started; but at these words her last suspicion vanished. "There is," she replied simply.

"Then will you lodge me there?" the stranger answered. "The gravest issues depend upon the success with which my visit here is kept

secret. So far, I believe, I have eluded suspicion and pursuit, but these Roundheads are cunning as jackals. And, dear preserver, might I crave some food and drink?"

"Alas!" exclaimed Barbara, "I have delayed hospitality too long. But, you see," she added, smiling, "such visitors are rare at Myddelton Hall. Our gates fly wide to welcome my father's friends when we know of their approach, I assure you, sir."

The stranger bowed, and, smiling in reply, lost for the moment his air of melancholy.

"Your hiding place is close at hand," she said, and looked again at the ring. It was certainly her father's; she had often seen it on his hand. And Bevis, too? No, there could be no longer any doubt as to the stranger's genuineness. At least, if there were, she banished it forthwith, for, moving swiftly to the door, she locked it, and then, crossing the room to the fireplace, held up the light and revealed a portrait of an elderly man in Elizabethan costume.

"My great-grandfather," she said, "with whom, as I will show you, liberties have been taken."

So saying, she climbed on a chair, and, reaching upward, pressed her finger against the portrait's left eye. As she did so, a spring was set in motion, and the picture slid upwards, taking the top line of the heavy oak frame with it, and leaving the remaining three sides in their place, disclosing a cavity in the wall.

"Climb in there," Barbara said, handing the candle to the stranger, "and turn sharp to the right, and then to the left, and you will come to an iron door, which rises and falls like a portcullis. The handle is of no use, but on the ceiling you will see the motto, *Nil desperandum*, which you must take as counsel offered to yourself. Press the space in the center of the D, and the door will open."

The stranger did so.

"Now," Barbara called to him, "wait a little, and I will bring you food and also something to quench your thirst."

She replaced the picture, and sought the kitchen, soon returning with the remains of a pasty and a flask of Rhenish, which, after again touching the spring, she handed up to her guest. He took them, and disappeared into the passage, whither, with the assistance of a chair and a scramble, Barbara followed him.

The room was a minute but very complete retreat. A little bed stood in the corner, and by its side a tiny table and chair, on which were writing materials.

"Tomorrow, sir," said Barbara, "I will come and inquire after you. You want sleep now. I wish you good rest and good fortune." And, so saying, she left him.

Barbara awoke almost with the birds, after two or three hours of fitful sleep, and with a rush came the memory of last night's events. Her first thought was for the quick and safe departure of the stranger, and weariness of head told her it was time to seek advice.

"Oh, if father were here!" was the burden of her thoughts. But he was far away, and the immediate question was whom to ask for help.

She ticked off the neighboring gentlemen, and decided against them one by one. Old Digger was useless. Matthew Hale was sound, but stupid. Everything pointed to her brother Philip.

No sooner had she made up her mind than Barbara turned to her writing table and penned a laborious letter to the Rev. Jeremy. Poor Barbara! Spelling was not her strongest point, nor, indeed, did anyone then mind whether spelling was good or bad. She wrote as follows:

"Deare and Reverend Sir:

"My father had riden to London and I would faine not be without manlie companie in so grate an house (olde Digger being worthie and trustie but a lyttel deaf and stiffe). Therefor I pray you let me have my brother Philip and his friends for this daye that I may be more at mine ease.

"Your servant,

"Barbara Myddelton."

Having sanded and folded the paper, Barbara awakened Jack.

"Jack!" she called, shaking him in his bed. "Jack, I have an errand for you. Jump up quickly and dress, and then saddle Roger, and I will get you some food, and then you must ride at a gallop to Framshott to Mr. Fullarton's, and he will send back Philip with you, and Hugh and Vernon and Rupert."

Having seen the little fellow off, Barbara set the servants to work on a business that would keep them remote from the library, and then visited her guest. She first knocked three times on the chimney—a sign that had been agreed on. After a minute had passed he replied, and, having made certain that no one could enter or see into the library, Barbara removed the picture and waited.

The young man immediately sprang into the room.

"Good morrow, sir," said Barbara simply, with a curtsey.

"Good morrow, fair hostess and preserving angel," said the young man, with a deep and sweeping bow.

"We must come to business at once," said Barbara, and forthwith she told him of her message to her brother. "Philip is very young," she added, "but true as steel, and his head is older than his years."

"Good," said the stranger, and he unfolded his plans. That night he must embark for France. He was expected by the master of the *Antelope,* a schooner lying all ready to weigh anchor at Portallan, the harbor twelve miles distant. She would sail by the night tide, with or without him. It was understood that if he were not there evil had befallen him.

"Everything depends," he explained, "on my departure tonight. The cause hangs upon it. A blight on my evil luck!" he cried. "Were Colonel Myddelton at home, I should not be fleeing from my own country empty-handed. I shall be writing to him most of this day, but a spoken word is worth a volume of pen stuff."

It was arranged at length that as soon as the dusk came, three of the boys, with the stranger wearing the clothes of the fourth, should ride out, ostensibly on the return to the schoolhouse.

Thus, no suspicion would be aroused, and, once in the road, it would be simple to turn the horses' heads toward the sea and gain the harbor.

That settled, Barbara gave breakfast to her guest, and he returned to his hiding place for the rest of the weary day with a store of candles and an armful of books and paper.

Two hours later, the boys rode in, all excitement, and Barbara watched them attack the loaded breakfast table. Philip's friends were, of course, all devoted to this grave, sweet girl, although not bitter rivals.

"Philip dear," said Barbara swiftly, when, after breakfast, she had drawn her brother into her room and locked the door, "there is in the castle at this moment a messenger from the Prince, who has come to see our father on grave business. You can guess what such business would be. He dare not follow him to London, and must leave tonight for the nearest seaport, his errand all unperformed. I sent for you and your friends because the gentleman is our guest, and must be treated

with courtesy and care. He is unattended, and the countryside is alive with traitors. You and your friends will protect him tonight, will you not?"

"To the death," said Philip.

"Ah, I knew!" said his sister proudly.

"Barbara," exclaimed Philip, "it was fine of you to send for us!" And he hugged her mightily. "But where is the gentleman?"

"In hiding," she answered; "but mind, not a word of this to the others. Tell them enough to stop questions. Not a soul knows he is here save you and me. Later they must know, for one of you will have to lend him clothes. Only three of you can ride as his guard."

"But, Barbara," cried Philip in alarm, "it is not I who will stay behind? It could not be. I am his host. And what build of man is he, Barbara? Say he is not my size."

"No, Phil dear; he is taller by a hand's breadth."

"Ah," sighed Philip, with intense relief, "then it must be Rupert! Poor Rupert!"

"Now," said Barbara, "forget all about it, and have a good holiday with the boys. The evening is distant yet."

"I wish it were here!" Phil exclaimed fervently as he ran off.

Philip at once sought out Rupert, and, slipping his hand into his arm, led him away from the others. He wanted to break the news gently.

"I say, Rupert," he said, "you remember that crossbow of mine you wanted so much?"

Rupert remembered.

"Well, it is yours," said Philip. "And I want you to ride Tiger oftener than you do." (Tiger was Philip's most prized horse.)

Rupert was beginning to be mystified, but he could see that all this was but the preamble to something more important.

"And, Rupert," Philip continued, "you know how keen we all are to smash those Roundheads, don't you?"

Rupert knew.

"But it isn't always possible, you understand, for everyone to fight and be in the front, is it? Some have to do quieter work where they are not seen, haven't they?"

Rupert agreed, a little impatiently. "But, Phil," he added, "what does all this mean? What do you want me to do?"

"Well," said Philip, "I can't tell you everything; but tonight it may be necessary for some of us to ride to Portallan, and one to stay behind, and I thought I would try and make it easier for you to be the one to stay behind, that's all. It must be you, I'm afraid, poor old fellow!"

The day wore on slowly. Barbara did her best to go through the household duties naturally, but the tension was severe. She was perpetually conscious of a fear that, after all, in spite of his confidence in his skill, the stranger might have been tracked and pursued.

She had, indeed, in the peace of the afternoon, but just dismissed the suspicion, when the white face of Philip appearing suddenly at the door of the library, where she was sitting, brought back all her tremors.

"Roundheads!" he gasped.

Her heart stood still. "Oh, if father were here!" was all she could murmur moaningly, as the clatter of hoofs rung out in the courtyard.

A minute later old Digger tottered in, shaking like a reed, followed by an officer and three soldiers. Barbara rose to meet them, biting her lips to repress her emotion. "What is it?" she inquired coldly.

"Guard the doors and the windows!" said the Captain to his men, ignoring her. He looked around the room, and then condescended to reply.

"We are seeking a rebel," he said. "He has been traced to this neighborhood, and it would be natural for him to seek hospitality here. The Myddeltons are fond of such dirt."

"This roof shelters no rebels," said Barbara simply.

"Colonel Myddelton, this doddering old fool tells me," said the Captain, indicating Digger, "is away."

"Clearly," said Barbara, "or your language would be more guarded."

"And no one has come seeking refuge?" the Captain pursued, adding, to Barbara's intense relief, "But asking questions is sheer waste of breath. I have not time to talk. We must search the house."

Barbara sank into her chair again. Surely they must hear the beating of her heart, she thought. Oh, anything, anything to appear calm! The risk was double—first, that they might themselves discover the secret place; secondly, that in tapping the walls, as they were even now doing, they might give her signal to the fugitive, and thus cause him to betray himself. She buried her face in her embroidery, but was aware that the Captain's eyes were on her. The soldiers were passing round the room slowly, thoroughly. In the stress of her perturbation Barbara rose and moved to the door, controlling her agitation with a tremendous effort.

"Follow the lady," said the Captain to one of the soldiers. "Don't lose sight of her for a moment." ("The minx knows something," he muttered in his moustache.)

"You brute!" cried Philip, drawing his sword. "Do you dare to order my sister to be dogged? Come on." And he made a lunge at the Roundhead.

"Steady!" said the Captain, parrying the thrust—"steady, young fellow!"

Barbara, catching at the door, screamed and swooned.

Philip thrust at him again.

"Be still," muttered the Captain; "we must have no bloodshed here." And he twitched the weapon from the boy's hand, adding: "Very well, I withdraw the order. Carry your sister to her room, and my soldier shall merely stand sentinel at her door. Another word, you puppy, and I'll have you in irons!"

With an effort Philip obeyed, remembering the duty the night held for him; and he and Digger together carried Barbara to her room, followed by the soldier, who took up his stand at the door.

On resuming their search, the soldiers did no more than thrust their pikes up the chimney, and in a few minutes proceeded to the other rooms.

An hour later the Captain sent for Philip, who sauntered into his presence whistling a country dance.

"I am going at once," said the Captain.

Philip had it in his mind to press him ironically to stay, with a word of regret that his visit was so short; but he stifled the temptation, and simply nodded.

"But I am not in the least satisfied," the Captain continued, "and I mean to leave three soldiers behind to guard the entries and your sister's room. No one leaves the Hall tonight."

Philip's face fell. "But I must," he said. "I am at school at Framshott, and we, my companions and I, must ride back tonight."

"Your companions!" said the Captain.

"Yes," said Philip; "I will call them." And he shouted from the window to the boys playing bowls in the garden.

They came up, and were passed before the scrutinizing eyes of the Roundhead.

"Royalist whelps!" he muttered. "Very well," he said at length, "you may go. But mind, no one else leaves the house."

Then, giving careful instructions to the three men left in charge, he rode off with the others.

News spreads rapidly in villages at all times, and it was, therefore, not surprising that Matthew Hale should hear that there were Roundheads at Myddelton Hall very soon after they had clattered into the courtyard.

"Roundheads at the Hall, are there?" he said. "Then I reckon I'll join them. It won't be the first time I've met a Roundhead—no, nor smashed one, either." So saying, he laid aside his hammer, and, taking instead a bar of iron, he left his boy in charge of the smithy, and set out immediately at a brisk pace for the Hall.

Matthew reached the Hall a few minutes after the Captain and two of the Roundheads had ridden off. The first person he saw was Philip, who with the three boys and little Jack were plotting together in the shrubbery.

"Hullo, Matt!" cried Philip; "come here. We want you."

Matthew turned aside from the carriage way and joined the little group. They all looked profoundly grave and important.

"What is it, young master?" said the blacksmith. "And where's Mistress Barbara? Don't say she's ill."

Then Philip told him the story—omitting all reference to the refugee, whose existence was a secret to the other boys—from the arrival of the Captain to his departure, ending:

"And at this very moment, Matt, there are three Roundhead soldiers on guard in the Hall—two at the doors and one standing—can you believe it?—standing at my sister's door. I've fought him once," Philip continued, "but he's too strong, and now the others are keeping us out of the house, and we've charged them several times, but without doing any good, and there are a thousand reasons why we shouldn't any of us be hurt."

"But where are the grooms and gardeners?" Matthew asked.

"Oh, they all disappeared," said Philip. "I suppose they feared an inquiry might be dangerous. It's bad for the health and reputation to fight a Roundhead."

Matthew laughed grimly. "It's bad for the Roundhead's health if he runs against this," he said, raising the iron bar.

At this moment Jack interrupted. "See, Phil," he cried, "Barbara's waving to you at the window."

It was so. They all glanced up, and at the window Barbara's pale face was visible. A sudden thought came to Philip, and, leading Matthew into the open, he pointed to the blacksmith, and threw an inquiring look to his sister. She hesitated a second or two, and then nodded "yes" with cheery emphasis, so Philip led Matthew away and

supplemented the story he had already told him with the startling announcement that all the time there actually was a fugitive Cavalier in the house.

Matthew Hale whistled; he had no words.

"And he must reach Portallan," said Philip, "to catch the midnight tide. Three of us are going to ride with him, and he takes Rupert's clothes. We should have got him away finely if it hadn't been for these soldiers."

"Then we must smash the soldiers," said Matthew simply. "How many are they? Three, and one of them upstairs. And we are five, not counting Master Jack. Very well. So long as they don't use gunpowder we can beat them."

In a few minutes the old soldier had sketched out a plan of action.

The sentinels were stationed each at one door at the back of the house, twenty or thirty yards apart. The principal entrance they had locked, so that there remained to guard only the two doors into the

courtyard. Their instructions were to permit the boys to pass in and out, and to ride off at evening unmolested, but the attacks made upon them prompted the additional precaution to keep the aggressive four out of the house altogether. The two men walked up and down at their posts, and occasionally exchanged a remark together, and occasionally threw a glance at the shrubbery. They seemed, however, to feel no apprehension.

"Can any one of you climb?" the blacksmith asked suddenly.

"I can," said Jack.

"Famous!" said the blacksmith; "then come with me." So saying, he led the way down the shrubbery until the front of the house was in view. "Now," he added, "you shall climb that pipe. And he pointed to a pipe by the doorway. "The ivy will help you."

"And when I am at the top?" Jack asked.

"When you are at the top," said the blacksmith, "you will loosen a stone and drop it on the head of one of your friends yonder"—indicating the courtyard with a jerk of his head. "That will settle him. At the same moment I'll overwhelm the other. We must prevent them firing at any costs. But don't miss him, whatever you do, or we are worse off than before."

"No," said Jack, "I shall aim very carefully. I will wait till he is exactly underneath, and then, plob! It will get him on his topknot."

Jack managed to reach the roof unobserved and crawling along a coping just over the farther sentry, picked out the mortar from between two big stones with his knife. In five minutes he had it loose, and, grasping it with both hands, he pushed it close to the edge, and then peeped over. The soldier was some yards from the plumb. Jack looked down at the shrubbery for guidance. The smith raised his hand to signify patience. Jack waited.

At last, when he was within a yard of the precise spot, and not one of the attacking party had a grain of patience left, the smith dropped his hand, and Jack toppled the stone over the edge. It fell with a

terrible swiftness; the soldier completed his yard of step, and the block took him, not on the crown, but on the right shoulder. It was, however, enough. Down he fell without a sound.

His companion, glancing up at the instant, saw him fall, and, leaving his matchlock, ran to his assistance. At the same moment the smith and the boys rushed from the shrubbery. The soldier, running towards his friend, observed them approaching, checked himself in bewilderment, and then swung round on his heel and made for his weapon. But Matthew was too quick for him. The smith was quite twenty yards distant, but, gathering himself together, he flung out his arm, and with all his might threw the iron bar at the retreating sentry. The missile sped true; over and over it twisted in the air, and, catching the soldier with a horrid thud in the back, laid him low.

"Hurrah!" cried Philip.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, peering down from the roof as the others bound the two wounded men with ropes. It was quickly done, and they were hauled into the stable and secured safely therein, and old Digger told off to watch them and mind them as well as he might.

"Now we can go ahead," was Matthew's comment, grimly uttered, as he opened the door. Philip was for accompanying him, but Matthew said no. "In a minute or two I will be back with your sister," he added. "I want to settle the other man alone. I have a few scores to pay off."

He sprang up the stairs three at a bound, grasping his iron bar firmly, and at last came to Barbara's landing. There before the door stood the Roundhead, who evidently had heard nothing of the disturbance below.

"Ha, smith," he cried, on spying Matthew, "what are you looking for?"

"I came to have a little talk," said Matthew easily, taking in his man with a quick glance.

"Well, then, you had best descend those stairs again," replied the soldier; "I'm in no mood for talking."

"Now, that's curious," said Matthew genially, leaning against the wall, "because I am. I never felt more disposed to conversation in my life."

The soldier scowled and fingered his matchlock.

"But perhaps," Matthew continued, darting forward suddenly, and with a blow of the iron bar knocking the gun from the man's hand—"perhaps a little tussle would be more to your liking. I have a mind to smash your face. What do you say?"

The soldier drew his sword.

"No," said Matthew, striking it down with the bar; "I don't want iron. It's so noisy. I have the sound of iron all day in my smithy. Give me a little change." He kicked the sword along the passage, and threw his bar after it.

"Now," said he, "we are equal. Come!"

So saying, the blacksmith tapped the Roundhead on the chin. The soldier made an attempt to defend himself, but fisticuffs were out of his line, and Matthew had a series of easy openings. The smith punished him badly for a while, and then, remarking that he had set his heart on spoiling one or two more Roundheads before he died, followed the words with a blow on the soldier's nose that laid him low.

The blacksmith pulled himself together, and then, opening a cupboard door near by, pushed the sentry into it and turned the key.

The next thing was to liberate Barbara, who, when she heard what had happened, asked with nice tact if Matthew did not think that they could talk more comfortably in the kitchen, and Matthew replied that his brain was always more fertile in the presence of cold pasty and ale than at any other time.

Once in the kitchen, Barbara and Philip and the blacksmith took rapid counsel together as to the best course of action. It was now late in the afternoon; the Captain might be back with another bodyguard at any time, and, once he returned, there would be no chance of getting the stranger away. It was therefore important to furnish him with the

disguise—Rupert's clothes—and spirit him out of the house at once. On the other hand, as he did not count upon being at sea till midnight, this would simply mean exchanging one hiding place for another; but, all things considered, it was imperative that he should stay no longer at the Hall.

This decided, Rupert was called in to divest himself of his clothes, and soon afterwards he sent down the bundle, and with it Barbara sought the stranger, while Matthew, feeling very well satisfied with the day's work, sauntered to the stables to examine the wounds of the Roundhead soldiers. He found them groaning, but in a way to recover, and then, calling the boys, he set them to prepare the horses against their journey. It was approaching evening, but the month being June, there was no chance of a dark departure, even if they waited as late as half-past eight, so that one hour of leaving was almost as safe as another.

Barbara found her prisoner very tired of his confinement, and very hungry. She explained the cause of her delay, and leaving him to change into the clothes as quickly as he might, she hurried off for food. When she came back, the young man, looking for all the world like a darker Rupert, was standing in the library with his own clothes in his hand ready to be conveyed to the waiting Rupert.

"My brother will tell you what has been devised," Barbara said.

"Thank you," he replied, putting out his hand. "Thank you, sweet preserver. I shall see you again, I know; but it may be long, very long. Will you keep this ring? Show it to your father when he returns, and guard it carefully till we meet in the future. Then you shall give it me once more." He slipped the ring on her finger and kissed it.

A moment later he stood in the courtyard beside Rupert's horse, where the others were waiting.

"Heavens!" said Hugh to Philip; "what's happened to Rupe?"

"Yes," echoed Vernon, "who's that in old Rupe's clothes?"

"Shut up!" Philip hissed, fixing them with a meaning glance. "Say another word, and I'll flay you! That's Rupert Ommaney, and no one else, and I warn you to remember it."

"Come along, Rupert," he cried cheerily aloud to the stranger. "It's time we were off."

With that they swung into the saddle, and rattled out of the courtyard, the stranger in the midst. As he rounded the corner of the house he looked back and smiled farewell to Barbara and the smith and Jack, who stood together watching the departure. Barbara waved her hand, and a moment later her fugitive was out of sight.

The boys and their companion had not been gone an hour when in rode the Captain and his two soldiers with a terrible clatter. The Captain leaped from his horse and strode into the house, roaring for the men he had left on guard. Barbara, who was in the library with Rupert, heard the noise and divined its meaning.

"Rupert," she said swiftly, on a sudden inspiration, "will you add one more kindness to your long list? Will you hide in here for a few minutes?" So saying, she showed him the secret chamber.

Rupert hesitated not a moment, but swung himself up and was lost to view. The picture hardly descended when the Captain entered.

"Ha!" he cried, casting a quick glance at Barbara. "So you have escaped my soldiers' vigilance. A nice story of traitorous mutiny I

shall have to report to London! Three of the Parliament's men beaten and bound, and rebels here in hiding. For there is a hiding place here, I will lay my life, and by the look in your eyes, mistress, the bird is still in it."

So saying, he set his men once more to work on the walls, and himself attacked the portrait. Barbara stood by watching them. After five minutes' fumbling the spring was touched. The Captain leaped into the cavity, and they heard him utter a cry of triumph. A moment later he came forth, leading Rupert. But his expression of joy vanished when he gained the light, dim though it was, and found that his captive was but a schoolboy, and a laughing one at that.

"Tricked again!" he cried, as he flung the lad off and dashed from the room.

His men followed, and in a moment they were all in the saddle.

Barbara turned to Rupert with a smile. "Thank you," she said.

"You are splendid!" was all he could say in reply.

"If you will bring me a candle," said Barbara, "I will look at the little room again."

Bidding Rupert remain exactly where he was, she entered the secret room. "The Captain was too impetuous," she remarked, picking up a letter addressed to herself; "he ought to have gone on after discovering Rupert." "To Mistress Myddelton," the superscription ran, and she opened it with trembling fingers.

"Thank you," was all it said, but the signature struck her dizzy. It was the signature of the exiled Prince.

At three in the morning, when the sun was rising, and the air was sweet and cool, and songs of birds made music all around him, Philip rode into the yard of the schoolhouse. He found Rupert waiting for him.

"Hugh and Vernon are in the kitchen making a famine," said Master Ommaney. "Old Full's down there with them, and he's as pleased as a Merry Andrew about it all! He keeps shaking hands with us."

"It's been grand," said Philip, as he shut the stable door on his horse. "I'm so sorry you couldn't come, too, Rupe, old boy."

At about the same time the Captain thundered on the Hall door. The blacksmith very deliberately descended the stairs to unlock it. Barbara followed.

"You must give me lodging tonight," the Captain said curtly. "My men will be here soon, and there are three good fellows to be cared for to whom your servants have done serious mischief."

Barbara, looking contrite, told the Captain that a room was at his service, and there was food in the kitchen. He attended first to his horse, and then she set a brave supper before him and the smith.

"Well, young lady," said the Captain at length, "I must compliment you on your cleverness. You nested your bird well, and you saw to it that he flew well, too. All we have to show for it is a broken nose, a broken shoulder, and a broken back. It is a sad business for us all; bad for you, when headquarters come to hear of it, and bad for me,

in not being sharper. But it might have been worse," he added; "why, the fugitive might have been the Prince himself, instead of this two-penny-halfpenny spy!"

Barbara smiled.

. . . . . .

In conclusion it may be said that, as it turned out, no more was heard of the matter by Colonel Myddelton. The Roundhead Captain felt that the day's work did not sufficiently redound to his credit, and he shrank from the chaff that would follow when it was known that a girl and some schoolboys had outwitted him. He therefore kept silence.

Some years had to pass before Barbara and Philip received their reward; but one of the first acts of the Merry Monarch on ascending the throne was to make Philip a knight and to send Barbara a pair of very beautiful horses and a carriage.

THE CAVALIER

WHILE the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,
My True Love has mounted his steed and away,
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale and o'er down;
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down—
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;
His watchword is honor, his pay is renown—
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From *Rokeby*, a poem.

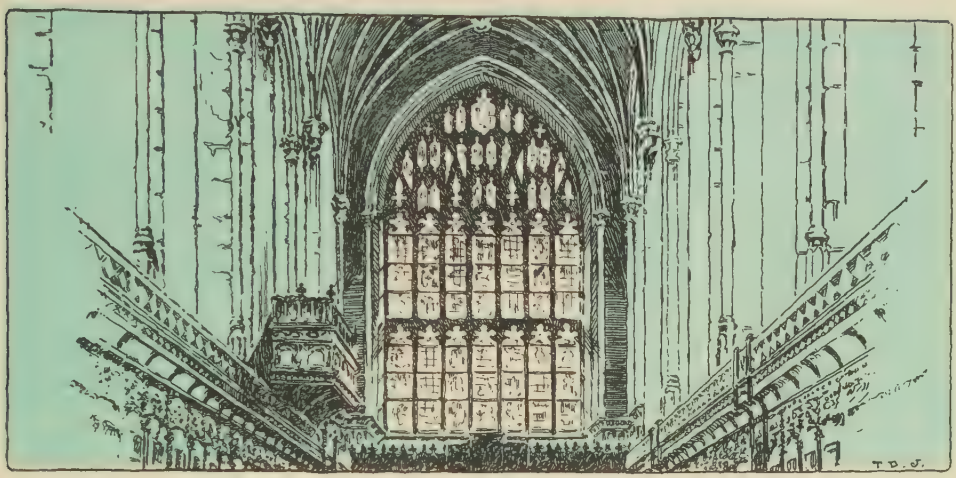
CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the master of all;
No palace too great, and no cottage too small.

PHILLIPS BROOKS



BIBLES MADE OF STONE AND GLASS

V. M. Hillyer

HOW often do you go to church? Probably not more than once a week—on Sundays.

But in the Middle Ages people usually went to church every day and often several times a day. They did not go only when there was a church service. They went to say their prayers by themselves; they went to tell their troubles to the priest, to get advice from him, to burn a candle to the Virgin Mary, or simply to chat with their friends.

All during the Crusades and immediately after the Crusades the chief thing that people thought about was their church.

There was only one church in a neighborhood, and everyone went to the same church, for there were no Baptists, nor Episcopalians, nor Methodists; all were just Christians.

The church was everyone's meeting-house, and so people naturally gave as much money and time and labor as they could to make their church the best that could be built. That is why there were built in France and other parts of Europe at this time many of the finest

From *A Child's History of the World*. New York: The Century Co.

churches and cathedrals in the world. These churches and cathedrals are still standing, and, because they are so beautiful, people go long distances to see them.

Do you know what a cathedral is? A cathedral is not just a large church. It is the church of a bishop. In the chancel of this church there is a special chair for the bishop. This bishop's chair is called in Latin a "cathedra," and so his church is named a cathedral after this chair.

These churches and cathedrals were nothing like the old Greek and Roman temples; they were not like anything that had ever been built before.

If you have ever built a house out of blocks, you probably did it this way: first you stood two blocks upright, and then you laid another block across the top of these for a roof. This is the way the Greeks and Romans built.

But the Christians throughout Europe at that time did not build in this way at all.

When you were building toy houses, instead of laying a single block across the two standing ones you may perhaps have tried leaning two blocks together like the sides of a letter A for a roof? If you did, you know what happened: the two leaning blocks pushed over the sides, and *crash!* everything tumbled. Well, these churches were built somewhat in this way, with stones arched across the standing stone columns. But to keep the stone arches from pushing over the standing stone columns the builders put up props or braces. These props or braces were made of stone, too, and these props of stone were called *flying buttresses.*

The people in Italy thought this a crazy way of building. They thought such buildings must be shaky and might easily topple over—like a house of cards. The Goths who had conquered Italy in 476 were wild and ignorant, and after that, people called anything wild and ignorant "Gothic." So people called all buildings such as I have just

described Gothic, although the Goths had nothing to do with the buildings, for they had all died long years before.

Indeed, from my description you, too, may think such buildings propped up by flying buttresses must have been tottering and ugly, but they were neither. They were not rickety, for though occasionally one that was not carefully built did collapse, the largest and best are still standing today. And although there were old-fashioned people who thought no building was beautiful that was not built in the Roman or Greek style, we have come to admire the great beauty of these so-called Gothic buildings.

But there were other ways in which the Gothic churches were different from the Greek and Roman temples. Before a Gothic church was started, a very large cross was first drawn on the ground with its head towards the east, because that is the direction of Jerusalem. On this cross-shaped plan, the church was built so that if you looked down from above on the finished building, it was shaped like a cross with the altar always toward the east.

Gothic churches had beautiful spires or *arrows,* which have been likened to *fingers pointing to heaven.* The doorways and windows were not square or round at the top, but pointed, like hands placed together in prayer.

Nearly the whole side of a Gothic church was made of glass. These large windows were not, however, plain white glass, but beautiful pictures made of colored glass. Small pieces of different colors were joined together at their edges with lead to make what looked like wonderful paintings. But these pictures were much finer than ordinary paintings, for the light shone through the stained glass and made the colors brilliant as jewels—blue like the clear sky, yellow like sunlight, red like a ruby. These pictures in glass told stories from the Bible. They were like colored illustrations in a book. So the people who could not read, and very few could read, were able to know the Bible stories just by looking at these beautiful illustrations.

Statues of saints and angels and characters in the Bible were carved in the stonework of the church. So the churches were like Bibles of stone and glass.

Besides these holy beings, strange, grotesque beasts were also made in stone—monsters like no animal that has ever been seen in nature. These creatures were usually put on the outside edge or corner of the roof or they were used for waterspouts and called *gargoyles*. They were supposed to scare away evil spirits from the holy place.

No one now knows who were the architects or the builders of these Gothic churches or who were the sculptors or artists. Almost everyone did some work on the church, for it was *his* church. Instead of giving money he gave his time and labor. If he had any skill, he carved stone or made stained glass. If he had no skill he did the work of a common laborer.

Some of these Gothic churches took hundreds of years to build, so that the workmen who started them never lived to see them finished.

Some of the most famous cathedrals are Canterbury Cathedral in England, Notre Dame in Paris, and Cologne Cathedral in Germany.

Cologne Cathedral took the longest of all to build, as it was not entirely finished until about seven hundred years after it was begun! The beautiful Cathedral of Rheims in France was almost destroyed by the gun-fire of the Germans in the World War.

Gothic churches were built, with loving care, of stone and jeweled glass. Nothing but the best was thought good enough. Today almost all churches are still built with spires, pointed doors and some stained glass windows, and often the altar is toward the east. But although they imitate the Gothic style in these things, they seldom have stone ceilings, as Gothic churches had, nor flying buttresses, nor walls of stained glass. The ceilings are usually of wood, the spire often of wood, also, and even the whole building of wood or some cheap material. Real Gothic was enormously expensive and difficult, and nowadays people haven't the time, the money, nor the interest to build in such a way.

And that is the story of Gothic churches that the Goths had nothing to do with.

A FOREST HYMN

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

RAGNAR SHAGGY-BREECHES

PHILIP SCHUYLER ALLEN

ENDLONG down the great hall at Hledra fires were kindled. It was evening, and sounds of merriment filled the palace. Ragnar the King sat enthroned under a golden canopy, while his warriors feasted in groups near the blazing logs. Maidens waited upon the men and filled their drinking horns with sparkling wine. Then a hush fell upon the assembly as the King's scald, or bard, arose and took his place before the King.

The scald sang of the warlike deeds of Ragnar, the boy king, famous in Denmark. How he had led the Danes in many a battle on foreign shores and always gained the day. Once had the Danes set forth in ships along the sea, where the wind raised mighty billows and drove them at last against the coast of Norway. In Norway, sang the scald, had the mighty Ragnar fought against an army single-handed, and by his valor saved a warrior queen.

When the old man's song was done, his hearers were silent, remembering the battles they had seen. Then it was that a certain man entered the hall, unknown of aspect to the warriors there. To them he said he was a merchant from the East. A great pack he had, filled with wares from strange lands, and he asked permission to show these before the King.

Then the man showed the King a magic mirror, and, looking into the glass, Ragnar beheld an exceeding fair woman, like a burning flame to look upon, and he yearned above all things for her.

"The chieftain who possesses such a treasure," said the King, "must be the happiest man in all the North."

"Truly, O King," replied the stranger, "thou sayest well. The maiden in the mirror is a king's daughter. Herrod, of East Gothland, is her father. No woman fairer than she is may be found in all the

world. So wise is she that her father seeks her counsel when setting out to war; and no man yet has conquered him in battle. But now she and her father are in great distress."

Then Ragnar asked the man how that might be, and the merchant told this tale:

Two warriors, returning to East Gothland rich in plunder, had made a present to the king's daughter of a griffin's egg, which they had won in war. At King Herrod's command the egg was hatched by a swan and out of it a winged serpent came. The Princess put the little creature in a golden cage and fed it with her own hands. But so quickly it grew that soon the monster was too large for the cage, and even for the room, and now it surrounded the whole house in which the Princess lived. The monster guarded her with a jealous eye, nor would he allow her to leave the house. No one dared touch him, for his eyes were like unto flaming fire, his breath was deadly poison, and with his tail he could break the strongest oak tree as easily as if it were a reed. To rid the land of this curse Herrod had promised the hand of his daughter to the warrior who should succeed in slaying the evil monster.

Such was the stranger's tale. And having finished, the unknown man departed from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went.

No sooner had Ragnar heard the tale to its end than he determined to slay the serpent himself. He ordered a garment of thick wool and oxhide, and this he dipped in tar; for well he knew that through such a garment neither poison nor venom could penetrate.

Then the King bade his men make ready the ships for the journey to East Gothland. At dawn they set sail and had wind at will. And Ragnar himself steered the greatest of the dragon-keels. Richly wrought were their sails and glorious to look upon. But when a few days were past, there arose a great storm on the sea, and the waves were dark to behold. Now there fell on the Danes so fierce a storm and so huge a sea, that the beat of the waves against the prows sounded like high hills clashing together. But Ragnar bade his men fear naught nor take

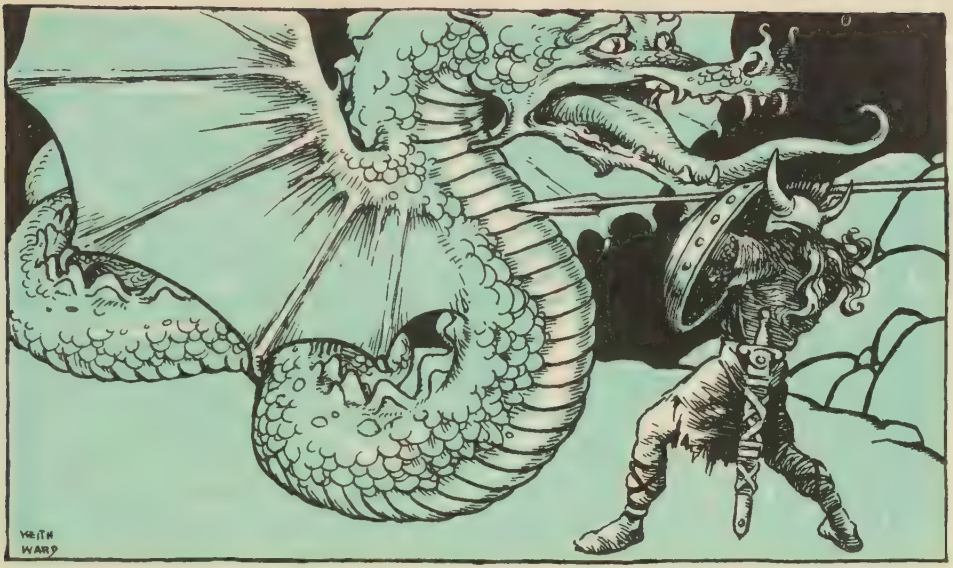
in any sail, but rather hoist every sheet higher than heretofore. So at last they came to the coast of East Gothland.

It was night when Ragnar reached the shore, but wrapped in his garment of tar, and armed with a mighty spear, he set out at once for the house of Herrod the King.

Soon he came to the palace and there beheld a huge monster asleep. Then did Ragnar lift his spear and three times attempt to stab the serpent, but in vain; his spear could not pierce the worm's heavy scales which were as hard as steel. After he had been disturbed for the third time, the monster raised up its huge body and hurled itself at Ragnar, snorting forth fire and venom. It lashed with its tail so that the earth shook all about them. But Ragnar neither trembled nor was afraid at its roaring. As the great snake coiled itself about, Ragnar perceived an exposed spot under its throat, where the scales were soft, and at this point the hero thrust his spear with all his might. The serpent writhed and turned in agony, so that the great palace trembled, and trees, uprooted, crashed upon the ground. Then suddenly the monstrous worm sank to earth—dead.

The Princess, awakened by the shaking of the palace, crept to her chamber window, terrified. In the darkness below she beheld the victor, in shaggy garments, but ere she could see his visage, he disappeared.

Now as no one could tell what man had killed the monster, King Herrod sent his heralds throughout the land, calling the people together in an assembly, in order to find the man who deserved the prize. On the appointed day a great throng gathered without the palace doors. A stranger came among them clothed in shaggy garments covered with tar. The heralds carried about among the people the spear point, taken from the monster's body, in order to find the man whose shaft it fitted. But none of the people possessed a broken spear which matched the point. The haughty heralds passed the stranger by, but he stepped forth, holding a broken weapon which fitted their splintered spear point without flaw. There could be no question that he was the victor.



Herrod looked upon the ragged stranger, amazed and disappointed. "Ha, thou Shaggy-breeches," he exclaimed, "and who taught thee that clever thrust?"

At these words Ragnar dropped his disguise and stood before the assembled people clad in a byrnie[1] as white as snow, with a gold-rimmed shield hanging before him. His hair was red-gold of hue, falling down in great locks. His shoulders were as broad to look on as the shoulders of two men, and so bright and eager were his eyes that few durst gaze up under the brows of him.

Then the multitude cried as in one voice, "Ragnar, Ragnar, it is King Ragnar himself."

Herrod stepped down from his throne and embraced the hero. Laughing, the King said, "In the future thou shalt be called Shaggy-breeches, in remembrance of this day, and I will give thee the hand of my daughter in marriage."

The King kept his promise, and soon was Ragnar Shaggy-breeches wedded to the Princess Thora. And it is told that each day of the

[1] A coat of linked mail.

wedding feast was more glorious than the day before it. But ere a month had passed Ragnar brought his fair wife home to Hledra.

Now was there peace and happiness throughout the North, for the hero loved his young wife so much that for three years he gave up thought of warfare to remain at the side of his queen. But three years passed quickly and ere long the young queen died in the arms of her sorrowing lord.

And now no sounds of merriment were to be heard in the hall at Hledra. All was hushed and sad, and the King sat stern and silent on the throne. Thus Ragnar mourned for Thora and no man could comfort him.

At length one of the bravest of his warriors stepped before him, and said, "O King, it is a sin for thee to waste thy glorious youth in mourning for thy departed queen—thou, who are deemed the champion of the North."

The warrior's words aroused the sleeping ardor of the King, and soon Ragnar was once more tossing in his ship on the billowy ocean. Oft he landed upon foreign shores, where the Danes harried far and wide. In battle, Ragnar was ever the foremost of his men; no shield or byrnie might hold against him. None can tell over the tale of those who fell before the hero. Whereby Ragnar became honored and renowned above all men of his time.

Now the tale tells that while the young King was increasing in wealth and fame in Denmark, across the sea in Norway, Heimar, an aged scald, was fleeing through the forest. On his back a great harp hung, and oft the old man stopped and played to a throng of woodcutters in return for a night's lodging. For Heimar had been exiled from his native land. Sigurd had been his master, and when that hero was foully murdered by his enemies, and the Lady Brynhild, in despair at Sigurd's death had plunged the sword in her own side, then did Sigurd's enemies drive the scald forth from the country, so that he took refuge across the sea in Norway where he might live in peace and safety.

One evening towards sunset Heimar was playing on his harp in a glen of the mighty forest. A goodly throng of listeners had gathered from a hamlet in the woods. Some lay upon the ground, while others, standing, formed a ring around. Clear and sweet to the accompaniment of the harp rose the voice of the white-haired scald, for he sang the heart-stirring lay of the death of his master, Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer. Then did the woodcutters look at each other in wonder; for as the old man related in song the unhappy story, they thought the very harp responded with sobs and stifled cries to the piteous tale.

At length the sobbing of the harp ceased, and then the old man left the wondering group, and strapping his instrument upon his back, turned into a lonely path which led towards the sea.

No sooner was he alone than the scald knelt down and opened a little door concealed in the bottom of his great harp. He spoke softly into the opening and out crawled a little girl who had been hidden within the harp while the scald had been playing. It was the sobbing of the child which had made the scald's listeners think the harp bewitched.

Then the scald spake softly to the child and said:

"Little Aslog, art not thou the daughter of brave Sigurd, the Snake-Killer, and of Brynhild, the warrior queen who met an unhappy death? The daughter of a hero should not weep. For have not I, thy father's friend, protected thee from his enemies who were seeking to slay thee? To the land of Norway have I carried thee, hidden in my harp, where no evil men may find thee. Peace, little one, I see a light. Yonder stands a hut where mayhap we will find lodging for the night."

When the little girl, hidden within the harp, had heard the scald sing of her father's fate, she had wept with longing. But now that Heimar reminded the child of her brave parents, the small one wiped away her tears on the scald's white beard, and at length crept back into her hiding place. Then Heimar took up the harp once more and approached the hut.

There a surly fisherman and his wife offered Heimar lodging for the

night, and the scald set down his harp and stretched himself before the fire, where he was soon asleep. But now the envious pair espied a bit of silk hanging from a crack within the harp. They thought the scald had hidden treasure there and planned how they might kill Heimar and take his silks and riches for themselves.

Then did the fisherman take up a knife and stab the sleeping scald as he lay upon the hearth. But when his wife opened the door of the harp to steal the treasure, she found naught but a little maid asleep inside. So innocent and helpless looked the child that the wicked bondsmen were afraid to kill her. And so they housed and fed the little one, telling the neighbors that Aslog was their daughter. The little girl grew up to maidenhood in the forest, cared for by the wicked woman, and all folk thought she was a bondsman's child.

Now the tale tells that Ragnar, the hero of the North, at a time set sail across the sea from Denmark and landed on the coast of Norway, near unto the hut where Aslog stayed. Forthwith he sent his men on shore to bake some bread.

The men, looking about, espied the bondsman's hut. Within it an old and hideous woman sat before a fire. The Danes bade the hag help them make the bread, but she would not on account of her great age. A young bond maiden entered the cottage, and the men, beholding her, stared open-mouthed. Nor could they find any words to address to her, for never before had they seen so fair a woman. Aslog it was, whom the hag had raised as her daughter and given the name of Kraka.

"This is my daughter," croaked the woman. "Kraka, see, these men would make some bread and know not how."

The maiden answered naught, but prepared the dough, and when the bread was in the oven, bade them watch the loaves as she herself had other work to do. But the eyes of the men followed the beautiful maiden, as she swept the cottage floor. Watching her, the Danes forgot the loaves that were in the oven, so that they burned.

Full of wrath was Ragnar when his men returned on board the ship with blackened bread. He ordered that they be punished for their carelessness. Then the Danes sought to excuse themselves, and said: "O King, even thou wouldst not have remembered the loaves hadst thou been in yonder hut and beheld the maid."

Their words aroused the wonder of the King. He told the men to bring the maiden thither, and should she prove as handsome as they said, he would not have them punished. But the King, to test the wisdom of the maiden, said that she should come before him unattended, yet not alone; fasting, and yet full.

This strange command of Ragnar's was repeated to the maid, who came on board the ship with a shepherd's dog. Thus was she not alone, yet unattended. She had eaten the juice of a leek, so that she was

fasting and yet full. In this way had the wise and beautiful maiden faithfully carried out the King's command.

Ragnar marveled greatly at her wisdom and beauty. For Kraka told him nothing of her story, that she was Aslog, daughter of a king; and much the Viking wondered that a bondmaid could be so fair.

Then Ragnar said to her that she might never more return to the hut of the bondsman, but should go with him in his ship back to Hledra. And she agreed.

So the King sat by the tiller, and the maiden abode in the forecastle. And the wind raised mighty billows and drove them forth along the sea, until they came at last to the land of Denmark. There Ragnar took Kraka for his bride, and in the hall at Hledra a marriage feast was held.

Then the loving pair for many winters dwelt in happiness, and in this time five sons were born to them. But the freemen of Denmark never ceased complaining that a bondswoman had been set above them on the throne. And the King's warriors, who were filled with envy, repeated these murmurings to the King. Greatly displeased was their master.

Now in the springtime Ragnar set sail for Swithiod to pay a visit to his friend, King Gunnar. At the court of Swithiod the Viking had great welcome, and the daughter of the mighty king herself waited upon him, filling his horn with wine and sitting beside him at the board.

Then did the Danish warriors speak to Ragnar, saying it were fitting for the hero to wed the daughter of a mighty king, like unto Gunnar, who would aid the Danes in war. At last Ragnar gave ear unto his comrades and asked Gunnar for his daughter's hand. His friend consented, and so it was arranged that as soon as their betrothal had been celebrated, Ragnar should sail home, and under some excuse, divorce his lowborn wife.

When he arrived at Hledra, Kraka welcomed Ragnar with a smile. She took no notice of her lord's cold greeting, but asked if he had

brought her any news. He felt ashamed and said that he had none. Then Kraka told him she had heard strange news about a friend of his; that this one had wished to divorce his rightful spouse, in order to marry a king's daughter, and that the betrothal had already been solemnized.

"What knave informed thee of that?" cried Ragnar, angrily.

"My chattering magpies," replied Kraka quietly. "Thou knowest them, for they were present at King Gunnar's court during thy stay. Full of anxiety for thy safety, I sent them after thee, and they brought back this news. If thou dost indeed intend to carry out thy plan, I will return to the bondsmen who are said to be my parents. They murdered my foster-father, Heimar, and now thou wilt destroy the happiness of my life. But before thou doest this evil, listen to me and I will tell thee my secret. My name is Aslog, for I am the daughter of Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer, who ranks as high over the northern kings as the sun ranks above the stars. Brynhild was my mother. Here is a token in proof of my story," and Kraka drew from her finger the hero Sigurd's ring.

His wife ceased speaking, and laid aside her jewels and turned to go. But Ragnar stood abashed before the woman whose noble rank he now recognized. Eagerly the hero besought her to stay, and such was her love for him that she could not oppose him. So Aslog remained at Hledra with her husband whose fame and honor increased with every year. For Aslog wove the King a magic garment which weapons could not pierce. Ragnar led the Danes in countless battles and ever won the day, so that in his time the Viking was renowned above all heroes, and men called Ragnar "Champion of the North."

PAUL BUNYAN, BABE, AND THE BLUE SNOW

Renée B. Stern

FOR several generations men have told tales of Paul Bunyon, or Bunyan, the hero of the logging camps. According to the loggers (and who would question the veracity of any logger?), there has never been another like Paul Bunyan, the super-logger, the actual inventor of the lumber industry, who was so tall that other men were as pygmies beside him, who plucked up a sapling to use as a brush for his mustache, and who could carry five hundred pounds on portage. The French-

From several versions of the Paul Bunyan legends, that are still to be heard in the logging camps when the men gather together to see who can invent the most extravagant story of their mythical hero. These tales are good examples of one type of American humor.

Canadians first told of the prowess of Paul, but he seems to have crossed the international border early in his career, and the tales of his later feats did nothing to show any waning of power. In fact, with the passing of time, more and more wonderful grew the reports of Paul's achievements. Paul Bunyan became the true hero of camp nights' tales.

Nothing was too astounding to happen to Paul. If we take the word of the lumbermen, Nature herself displayed unusual wonders when she played a part in Paul Bunyan's life. You doubt me? Listen then to the story of the Winter of the Blue Snow. That tale must be true, for it has more than once appeared in print, and that should be proof enough for the veriest doubter.

It was one of the worst winters Paul Bunyan had ever known, cold —bitter cold. It was so cold that the words froze as they came out of the men's mouths. One man didn't have sense enough to stop talking and the words froze so thick about him that if Paul hadn't picked up an ax and chopped some of the words away the man would surely have smothered in his own talk. It was terrible, I tell you. Why, it was so cold that the coffee froze in the cans before the men could carry it from the stove to the tables. But the worst of all was the morning that the coffee-pot was found tightly frozen to the back of the stove. Yes, it was pretty cold that winter.

And then came the snow. Nobody noticed it much at first for it did not begin until evening, when the setting sun often made snow look many-colored. All night long the snow fell, gently, steadily. When the men came out of their bunkhouses at daybreak, they saw the hard ground buried under a blanket of soft, feathery blue. The trees bent their boughs beneath the weight of their burden of delicate blue snow, and the northern side of the massive trunks were blue as the waters of Lake Superior.

And still the snow fell. Heavy flakes glided down silently, like great veils of blue floating from the sky. Clouds of blue snow moved across the sky and then came down, until a man could scarce tell where sky

ended and earth began. Blue, blue—above, below, and all about. The vast herds of moose, that lived in the forest beyond where the men were cutting timber, at first paid no attention to the falling snow but kept on contentedly eating the moss that grew in abundance in the forests where man had seldom entered. You must understand that this was in the early days of Paul's logging, when he had only a small camp of a few hundred men, so the wild animals were not much disturbed by them. The herd of moose were quiet while darkness hid the blue snow from sight and they rested content all the night long.

But with the sunrise conditions changed. Then the great moose looked at their companions and saw them all with bright blue blankets on their backs. Antlers shone blue in the sun's rays. The moose began to tremble and wonder what had happened to make them look so peculiar. Then a mass of snow, overheavy for its lodgment on stalk or branch fell on the back of a timid moose and startled him so that he dashed away in an effort to escape this oddly-colored burden. One after another the moose were frightened by falling masses of blue snow until the whole herd was in full flight. A bough broke and dropped its blue burden directly on the back of a great elk. With a frightened bellow he dashed forward, followed by all his herd. The stampede was on!

Crashing boughs, the sound of many running feet, the roaring of the great elk woke the forest to unwonted uproar, and from their winter sleep the bears were roused. With protesting growls they thrust their muzzles out from their snug winter hiding places. They sniffed the air uneasily and their half-opened eyes started wide at sight of the cover of bright blue that enwrapped the ground and made earth, sky, and the air between seem all one mass of blue. Then from their caves they came and stood swaying, held between sleep and fear, until one great bruin made up his mind and fled after the moose. His fellows followed his lead. And so they ran on, the lesser animals following the bear, even as the bear went northward after the moose.

Many of the moose perished from fright and weariness, and only small herds reached the polar fields. Even today they roam that land in herds that are as nothing compared with the great herds that lived near the camps of Paul Bunyan. The bears fared even worse, for many of them turned white with fear and fled into the Arctic lands; others, less frightened, grew gray, but they were content with taking refuge within the timber line of the northern woods; still others, being too young to know great fear, were merely frightened out of their growth and their families to this day are little bears no bigger than their cubs used to be before the Winter of the Blue Snow.

A sad day it was for the loggers when the blue snow fell, for it drove off all the game and had they not had a wonderful camp cook who invented pancakes and doughnuts, and thus provided them with satisfactory food, it might have gone hard with the men. But one good came from the panic in the wildwood on the day of the blue snow. Let me tell you about it.

Paul Bunyan had slept later than usual that morning. It may be that the blue light had quieted him, for it is said that blue is a most restful color. Be that as it may, the men had all gone off to their logging, wondering whether they would know the ground from the sky, and the cooks were making a great noise at their work in the cook-house, so it chanced that only Paul Bunyan himself heard a terrific roar and a crash. Then came silence. Paul started up and had scarce drawn on his boots when a loud booming sound was heard from the direction of the lake, and the earth shook as if an earthquake were in progress.

As Paul reached the door he saw a great wave of water roll up on the beach. It was indeed fortunate that Lake Superior happened to freeze from the bottom as well as the top that year, for had it been its usual depth of water it would have gone hard with the animal that Paul saw struggling in the waters. The creature had broken through six feet of ice and around it great cakes of ice were dashing. Masses of blue snow also were being tossed about on the water's surface. The animal sank

out of sight but as Paul reached the shore two great ears, as large as his hands, showed above the water. With a couple of strides that carried him a half mile into the water, Paul reached the struggling creature and dragged it ashore.

What was his surprise to find he had rescued a baby calf. But such a calf! It was as large as many a full-grown ox. And in color it exactly matched the new-fallen snow. Blue it was, a heavenly blue, with baby-blue eyes, the most surprising ox calf that Paul Bunyan had ever seen. A blue baby ox calf!

As Paul lifted it from the water, its eyes were closed, its legs hung limp, but a shiver shook the poor beast and Paul was glad of this sign of life. He carried the poor baby to his shack and all that morning he worked over the animal. At last it began to show signs of life. It breathed regularly, opened its blue, blue eyes and gazed about the shack. The moment it saw Paul, its tongue went out in a damp, albeit affectionate, caress. Such fearless, trusting affection went straight to Paul's heart. From that moment Babe was Paul's dearest possession.

As milk was not to be had, he fed Babe on moose moss, and when the animal slept, Paul went on a search for its parents. Back he went to where he had found Babe. Gazing around, he noted a great cliff broken sheer in two. Evidently Babe had fallen into the water at this point, carrying with him the overhanging rocks that could not bear his weight. Paul saw that leading up to the cliff were the tracks of two animals, evidently those of Babe following his mother. From that point the tracks of the mother went onward alone, but soon these were lost in the mass of moose and elk, bear and timber wolf tracks, and those of other denizens of the wild, all making for the northland, frightened into a stampede by the blue snow.

And so Babe was an orphan, dependent on Paul's charity. Never did animal fall into better hands, and never did one grow faster and larger and stronger than did Babe, the blue ox. Within a few days Babe was walking about on his rather wobbly legs. Soon he could run a bit and

if Paul was not on the watch, Babe might charge at him from the rear. So strong was Babe before a week had passed, that a couple of times he had caught Paul unawares and knocked him down. Instead of being annoyed, Paul was deeply impressed with the strength of his new pet, and talked calmly with Babe upon the proper conduct for a young ox. He soon impressed Babe with the idea that butting was done by goats but not by a self-respecting ox.

Babe grew rapidly as the days went by. His voice became a bass bellow that could be heard for miles. His rather bulging baby blue eyes showed a sense of humor and he looked positively roguish when he took an occasional bite out of the edge of the iron dish in which his food was served, or quietly ate a chair or stool if he felt that his rations were a bit short. In fact, by the time he was three months old it took most of the time and energy of one assistant camp cook to gather and cook enough food to satisfy Babe's healthy appetite. It was a great relief when he grew old enough to be turned out to graze and forage for himself. The men had many more hours of leisure.

And how Babe's strength increased under the care given him!

By the time the blue snows had melted away into streams of bright blue water that ran off into river and lake, Babe had the strength of an ordinary ox a dozen times his age. But though the unnatural blue snow disappeared, Babe remained as a perpetual reminder of the Winter of the Blue Snow, for he had been born in that snow and partaken of the color of his surroundings, so that all his life long his glossy coat was a rich cerulean shade that matched his eyes, the sameness of color being relieved only by his shiny, white horns.

Then Paul decided that it was time that Babe be set to work, and a wonderful helper the blue ox proved to be. He could carry a bundle of logs on either side, moving a dozen trees at once with the ease that most oxen would feel with but half a tree to carry. The men made yokes for him, so they took his measurements and thus knew just how large he was by the time he was full grown. Any one of them will tell you that he measured forty-two axhandles between the eyes—and a tobacco box—the men always had to use a Star tobacco box to measure the extra inches. Nobody knew what he weighed, for no scales were big enough to weigh him. Every time he was shod they had to open up a new iron mine on Lake Superior. He wore out a log-chain every two or three months, and as it took about four carloads of iron every time he needed a new chain, you can readily see that keeping Babe outfitted was a man-sized job. It is even said by some, though there may be those who doubt this tale, that Babe was so long in the body that Paul had to carry a pair of field-glasses around with him so that if he stood at Babe's head, he could see what the ox was doing with his hind feet.

But the tale about the big griddle seems to bear the earmarks of fact. Why, they even tell you the name of the plow-works in Moline, Illinois, where Paul went to have a griddle made that was big enough to cook griddle cakes for all his men at once. The griddle measured over two hundred feet across and took as much steel as would be used for three hundred plows. After it was done the men at the plow works didn't see how they could ship such a big griddle. They were out in the yards

planning to build three or four parallel lines of track from Illinois to Minnesota, where Paul Bunyan happened to be logging at the time. They thought if they could run three or four flat cars side by side they might lay the griddle across these and get it to the camp. Luckily, Paul happened to come down to see if his griddle was finished, and he had Babe with him. Paul took the matter in his own hands and as soon as the men could get the griddle raised on edge he hitched Babe to it and the griddle rolled right along up to Minnesota. The next night the men enjoyed all the griddle cakes they could eat—the first time the cook could satisfy them. There was a donkey engine to lift off the cakes as soon as they were done, for they were too big for any man to handle alone. My, you ought to have seen Babe enjoy a griddle cake, folded over and filled with alfalfa the way you'd fill a sandwich. He could eat half a dozen and beg for more. It seemed impossible to give him enough to satisfy an ox of his size.

But it was the donkey engines, like the one they used on the pancakes, that finally put Babe out of the logging business, for when machinery came in, Babe was no longer in demand. It broke his heart. Paul, too, felt that the good old days of the logging business had gone and that there was no romance left in the logging camp. So he and Babe wandered off, and they have disappeared like the blue snow. Only the older men remember the good old days and tell of them over the camp fires at night, up in the great woods of the Northwest and in Canadian forests.

DE BIG WURRUM

A Bahama Folk Tale

IN THE days when dragons roamed the world they were sometimes called "big worms" or "wurrums." Now it came to pass that a man who had two sons came home one night to find his fire out and not one ember wherewith to relight it. So he said to his elder son, "Go forth and find fire, else must we eat our potatoes raw." The boy went forth and he walked, and he walked. At last he saw smoke, and he walked and he walked until he came to the fire. But the smoke came from the mouth of a great wurrum. Then said the boy, "Give me some fan (fire)."

The wurrum answered, "Come a little closer." *Good!* As soon as the boy came closer, and went to reach for the fire, the wurrum swallowed him down. The boy went down and down in the wurrum until he stopped. And there he met a lot of other people that the wurrum had swallowed.

After he had waited a long time the man said to his other son, "I wonder where my older son has gone?" Then the younger boy answered, "I am going to look for him." So he walked and he walked and he walked until he came to the big wurrum that had the fire in his mouth. "Give me some fan," said the boy. "Come and get it," answered the wurrum. "No, give me some fan," repeated the boy. "Come a little closer," said the wurrum. "It is getting time to go home, so give me the fire," persisted the boy. "Come and get the fire," again said the wurrum, and the boy, impatient to get home, stepped nearer. Then the wurrum swallowed him down. The boy went down and down in the wurrum until he met his brother.

Retold from a story by Charles L. Edwards in a collection of Bahama folk lore. These tales are probably descendants of African folk lore.

After he had waited a long time the father said, "My two sons have gone and I might as well go too." So he took up his lance, which fairly glistened, so sharp was it.

When the man reached the place where the wurrum stood with the fire in his mouth, the man said, "Give me some fan?"

The wurrum answered, "You're too much for me. Come and get the fire." But when the man went to get the fire, the wurrum went to swallow him down. But the man took his lance along and as he went down he cut the wurrum, and he cut the wurrum, and he cut the wurrum right open, and all the people came walking out. There were so many that they started a big city right on the spot.

And that is the end of this story.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

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Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
  Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
  He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
  Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La Illàh illa Allàh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes,
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
  Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
  Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
  O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
  Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
  Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped, as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on the shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan, the Arab, held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GERAINT, THE SON OF ERBIN

ONE day when King Arthur had gone to hunt the stag in the forest beyond Caerleon on the Usk, it happened that Queen Guinevere and one of her maidens followed after to watch the sport. And as they rode through the woods they were joined by one of Arthur's knights, Sir Geraint, and together rode on to the edge of the forest.

Thereupon they saw approaching a strange knight, and with him a lady fair to look upon, and she was clothed in gold brocade. Before them, on a prancing, foaming white horse rode a dwarf, bearing a whip in his hand.

"Geraint," said Guinevere, "knowst thou the name of that tall knight yonder?" "I know him not," said he, "and the strange armor that he wears prevents my either seeing his face or his features."

"Go, maiden," said Guinevere, "and ask the dwarf who the knight is." Then the maiden went up to the dwarf; and the dwarf waited for the maiden when he saw her coming towards him. But he answered her query rudely, and when she essayed to speak unto the lord himself, the dwarf struck her with the whip across her face, so that she turned her steed and rode back to her queen complaining of the pain. Then went Sir Geraint, but him also the dwarf hit across the face when asked the name of the strange knight. Now Geraint being unarmed had naught to do but turn his horse and return to the queen. "But I will follow him," said Geraint, "until we come to some inhabited place where I may have arms loaned me, so that I may encounter that knight."

Then rode he after the strange knight and his lady across the ford of the Usk and until they came to a town at the far end of which lay a

Retold from *The Mabinogion*, translated by Lady Charlotte E. Guest (Schreiber), 1849. A Mabinog was a Welsh bard, much like the troubadour of France. The tales told by the Mabinog were the Mabinogi, and Lady Charlotte Guest used a plural form as title for her twelve tales, translated from the ancient Welsh version of some of the Arthurian romances.

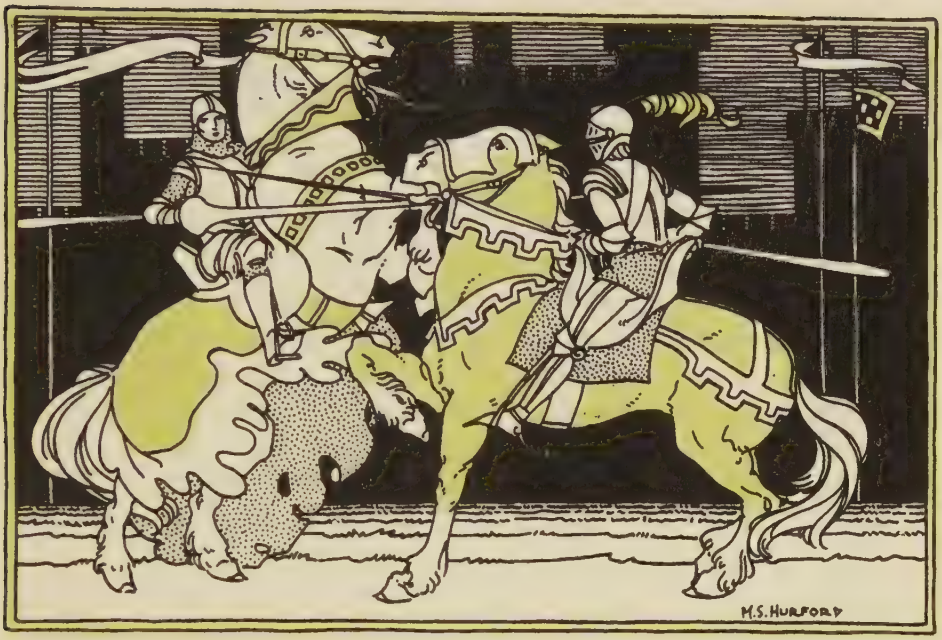
fortress and a castle. When Geraint came into the town he found that every house was full of men, and arms, and horses, and all the men were preparing for a tourney. And the knight and his lady rode up to the castle and entered there, while from battlements and gates men greeted them and showed their joy. When that Geraint was certain that they would remain in the castle, he sought shelter, but none could he find until he saw, at a little distance from the town, an old palace in ruins, wherein was a hall that was falling to decay. And when he came near to the palace he saw an old man seated upon the bridge leading to the ruined building. The hoary-headed man made Geraint welcome and in the hall he dismounted and left his horse. Then he went on to the upper chamber with his guide and there sat an aged woman, with old, tattered garments of satin upon her, and Geraint deemed that in her youth she must have been wondrous fair to look upon. And beside her stood a maiden in a worn gown, and truly, he never saw a maiden more full of comeliness, and grace, and beauty than she.

Then, since there was no servitor in that poor house, the maiden did care for the horse, and then go forth into the town to obtain food and drink for their evening meal. When the meat was cooked, Geraint was seated between the hoary-headed man and his wife, and the maiden served them. After they had finished eating, Geraint asked to whom belonged the palace he was in.

"Truly," answered the old man, "it was I that built it, and to me also belonged the city and the castle which thou sawest."

"Alas!" said Geraint, "how is it that thou hast lost them now?"

"I lost a great earldom as well as these," said he, "and this is how I lost them. I had a nephew, the son of my brother, and he it is who wrested my lands from me. Of that, enough. Tomorrow the young earl holds tournament. In the midst of a meadow two tall forks will be set up and on the forks a silver rod and upon the silver rod will sit a sparrow-hawk. And for this sparrow-hawk will be the tournament, and no man can joust for the sparrow-hawk unless the lady he loves best



be with him. To the tournament will go all the array you did see in the city, and the knight that thou sawest with his lady has gained the sparrow-hawk these two years. And if he gains it the third year they will, from that time, send it every year to him, and he himself will come here no more."

Then Geraint related to the old man the insult received by the maiden of Guinevere, wife of Arthur, and took counsel concerning how that he should come at the knight. The ancient one offered him arms. "But it is not easy to counsel thee," he said, "inasmuch as thou hast neither dame nor maiden belonging to thee for whom thou canst joust." Then Geraint made answer, "If, when the appointed time shall come tomorrow, thou wilt permit me, Sir, to challenge for yonder maiden that is thy daughter, I will engage, if I escape from the tournament, to love the maiden as long as I live; and if I do not escape, she will remain with you as before." "Gladly will I permit thee," replied the hoary-headed man.

"On the morrow the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk will tell his lady to take the prize, since she is fairest of women, and he will offer to defend his saying against any who may deny his lady's right. Therefore it is needful to be on the field at daybreak," concluded the old man, "and we three will be with thee." Thus it was settled.

And at night, lo! they went to sleep; and before the dawn they arose, and arrayed themselves; and by the time that it was day, they were all four in the meadow. And there was the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk making the proclamation, and asking his lady-love to fetch the sparrow-hawk. "Fetch it not," said Geraint, "for there is here a maiden who is fairer, and more noble, and more comely, and who has a better claim to it than thou." "If thou maintainest the sparrow-hawk to be due to her, come forward, and do battle with me," the knight replied. And Geraint went forward to the top of the meadow, having upon himself and upon his horse armor which was heavy, and rusty, and worthless, and of uncouth shape. Then they encountered each other, and they broke a set of lances, and they broke a second set, and a third. And thus they did at every onset, and they broke as many lances as were brought to them. And when the Earl and his company saw the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk gaining the mastery, there was shouting, and joy, and mirth amongst them. And the hoary-headed man, and his wife, and his daughter were sorrowful. And the hoary-headed man served Geraint lances as often as he broke them, and the dwarf served the Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk. Then the hoary-headed man came to Geraint. "Oh! chieftain," said he, "since no other will hold with thee, behold, here is the lance which was in my hand on the day when I received the honor of knighthood; and from that time to this I never broke it. And it has an excellent point." Then Geraint took the lance, thanking the hoary-headed man. And thereupon the dwarf also brought a lance to his lord. "Behold, here is a lance for thee, not less good than his," said the dwarf. "And bethink thee, that no knight ever withstood thee before so long as this one has done."

"I declare to Heaven," said Geraint "that unless death takes me quickly hence, he shall fare never the better for thy service." And Geraint pricked his horse towards him from afar, and warning him, he rushed upon him, and gave him a blow so severe, and furious, and fierce, upon the face of his shield, that he cleft it in two, and broke his armor, and burst his girths, so that both he and his saddle were borne to the ground over the horse's crupper. And Geraint dismounted quickly. And he was wroth, and he drew his sword, and rushed fiercely upon him. Then the knight also arose, and drew his sword against Geraint. And they fought on foot with their swords until their arms struck sparks of fire like stars from one another: and thus they continued fighting until the blood and sweat obscured the light from their eyes. And when Geraint prevailed, the hoary-headed man, and his wife, and his daughter were glad; and when the knight prevailed, it rejoiced the Earl and his party. Then the hoary-headed man saw Geraint receive a severe stroke, and he went up to him quickly, and said to him, "Oh, chieftain, remember the treatment which thou hadst from the dwarf; and wilt thou not seek vengeance for the insult to thyself and for the insult to Guinevere the wife of Arthur!" And Geraint was roused by what he said to him, and he called to him all his strength, and lifted up his sword, and struck the knight upon the crown of his head, so that he broke all his head-armor, and cut through all the flesh and skin, even to the skull, until he wounded the bone.

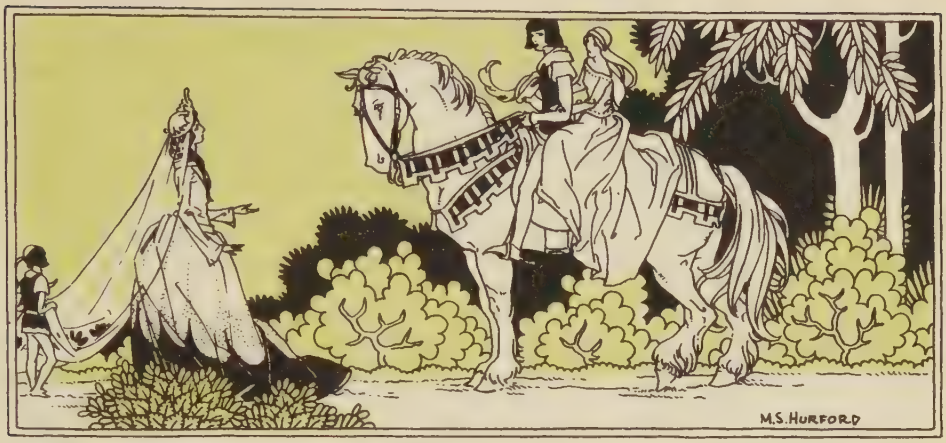
Then the knight fell upon his knees, and cast his sword from his hand, and besought mercy of Geraint. "Of a truth," said he, "I relinquish my overdaring and my pride in craving thy mercy; and unless I have time to commit myself to Heaven for my sins, and to talk with a priest, thy mercy will avail me little." "I will grant thee grace upon this condition," said Geraint, "that thou wilt go to Guinevere the wife of Arthur, to do her satisfaction for the insult which her maiden received from thy dwarf. As to myself, for the insult which I received from thee and thy dwarf, I am content with that which I have done unto thee.

Dismount not from the time thou goest hence until thou comest into the presence of Guinevere, to make her what atonement shall be adjudged at the Court of Arthur."

"This will I do gladly. And who art thou?" said he. "I am Geraint the son of Erbin. And declare thou also who thou art." "I am Edeyrn the son of Nudd." Then he threw himself upon his horse, and went forward to Arthur's Court, and his lady went before him and the dwarf, with much lamentation. And thus far this story up to that time.

Then came the little Earl and his hosts to Geraint, and saluted him, and bade him to his castle. "I may not go," said Geraint, "but where I was last night, there will I be tonight also." "Since thou wilt none of my inviting, thou shalt have abundance of all that I can command for thee, in the place thou wast last night. And I will order ointment for thee, to recover thee from thy fatigues, and from the weariness that is upon thee." "Heaven reward thee," said Geraint, "and I will go to my lodging." And thus went Geraint, and Earl Ynywl, and his wife, and his daughter. And when they reached the chamber, the household servants and attendants of the young Earl had arrived at the Court, and they arranged all the houses, dressing them with straw and with fire; and in a short time the ointment was ready, and Geraint came there and they washed his head. Then came the young Earl, with forty honorable knights from among his attendants, and those who were bidden to the tournament. And Geraint came from the anointing. And the Earl asked him to go to the hall to eat. "Where is the Earl Ynywl," said Geraint, "and his wife, and his daughter?" They are in the chamber yonder," said the Earl's chamberlain, "arraying themselves in garments which the Earl has caused to be brought for them." "Let not the damsel array herself," said he, "except in her robe and her veil, until she come to the Court of Arthur, to be clad by Guinevere in such garments as she may choose." So the maiden did not array herself.

Then they all entered the hall, and they washed, and went, and sat down to meat. And thus were they seated. On one side of Geraint sat



the young Earl, and Earl Ynywl beyond him; and on the other side of Geraint were the maiden and her mother. And after these all sat according to their precedence in honor. And they ate. And they were served abundantly, and they received a profusion of divers kinds of gifts. Then they conversed together. And the young Earl invited Geraint to visit him next day. "I will not, by Heaven," said Geraint. "To the Court of Arthur will I go with this maiden tomorrow. And it is enough for me, as long as Earl Ynywl is in poverty and trouble; and I go chiefly to seek to add to his maintenance."

"Ah, chieftain," said the young Earl, "it is not by my fault that Earl Ynywl is without his possessions." "By my faith," said Geraint, "he shall not remain without them, unless death quickly takes me hence." "Oh, chieftain," said he, "with regard to the disagreement between me and Ynywl, I will gladly abide by thy counsel, and agree to what thou mayest judge right between us." "I but ask thee," said Geraint, "to restore to him what is his, and what he should have received from the time he lost his possessions, even until this day." "That I will do gladly, for thee," answered he. "Then," said Geraint, "whosoever is here who owes homage to Ynywl, let him come forward, and perform it on the spot." And all the men did so. And by that treaty they abided. And

his castle, and his town, and all his possessions were restored to Ynywl. And he received back all that he had lost, even to the smallest jewel.

Then spoke Earl Ynywl to Geraint. "Chieftain," said he, "behold the maiden, Enid, for whom thou didst challenge at the tournament, I bestow her upon thee." "She shall go with me," said Geraint, "to the Court of Arthur; and Arthur and Guinevere they shall dispose of her as they will." And on the morrow they proceeded to Arthur's Court.

The next day came Geraint towards the Court; and there was a watch set on the ramparts by Guinevere, lest he should arrive unawares. And one of the watch came to the place where Guinevere was. "Lady," said he, "methinks that I see Geraint, and the maiden with him. He is on horseback, but he has his walking gear upon him, and the maiden appears to be in white, seeming to be clad in a garment of linen." "Assemble all the women," said Guinevere, "and come to meet Geraint, to welcome him, and wish him joy." And Guinevere went to meet Geraint and the maiden. And when Geraint came to the place where Guinevere was, he saluted her. "Heaven prosper thee," said she, "and welcome to thee. And thy career has been successful, and fortunate, and resistless, and glorious. And Heaven reward thee, and thou hast so proudly caused me to have retribution." "Lady," said he, "I earnestly desired to obtain thee satisfaction according to thy will; and, behold, here is the maiden through whom thou hadst thy revenge." "Verily," said Guinevere, "the welcome of Heaven be unto her; and it is fitting that we should receive her joyfully."

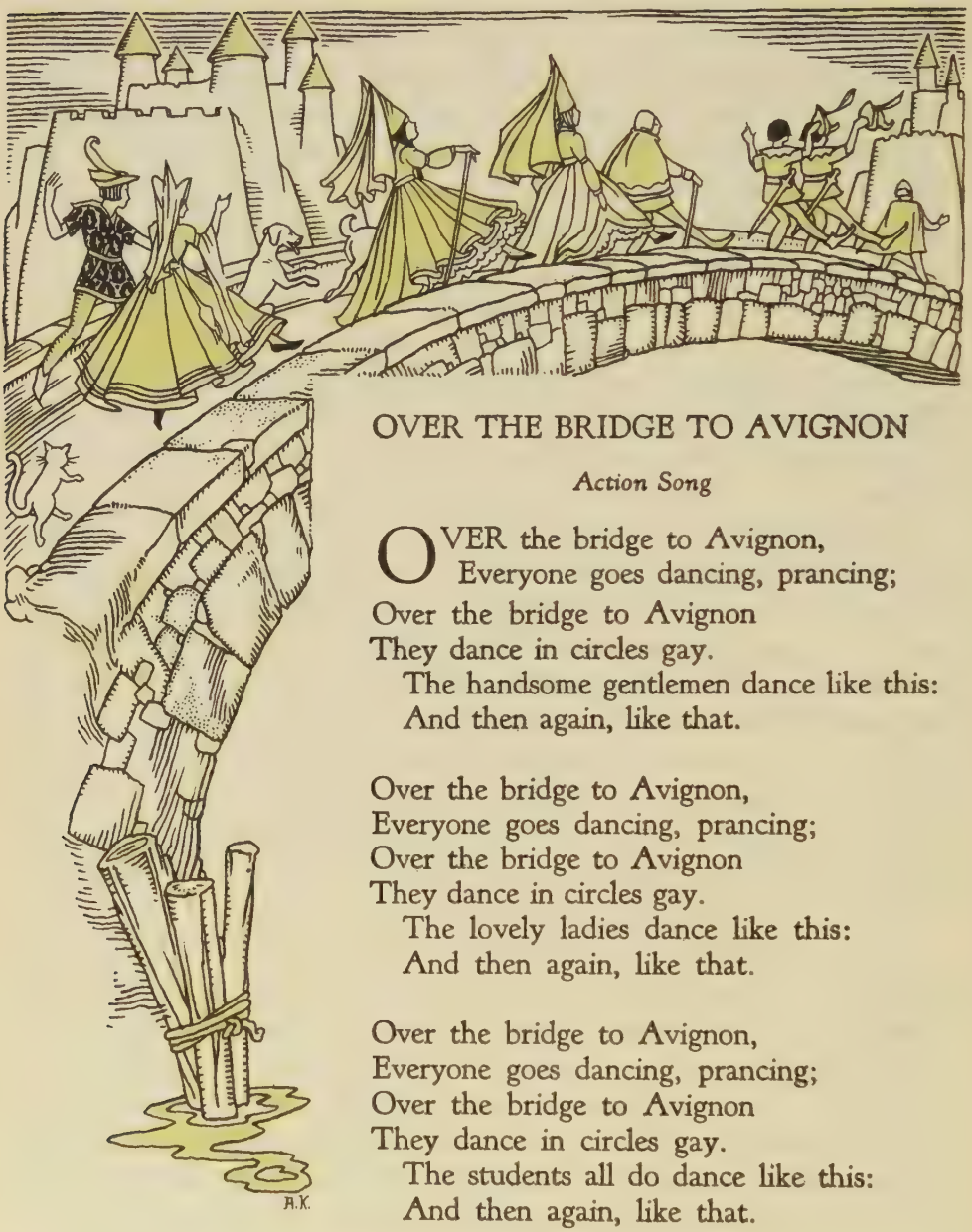
Then they went in, and dismounted. And Geraint came to where Arthur was, and saluted him. "Heaven protect thee," said Arthur, "and the welcome of Heaven be unto thee. And since Edeyrn the son of Nudd has received his overthrow and wounds from thy hands, thou hast had a prosperous career." "Not upon me be the blame," said Geraint; "it was through the arrogance of Edeyrn the son of Nudd himself that we were not friends. I would not quit him until

I knew who he was, and until the one had vanquished the other." "Now," said Arthur, "where is the maiden for whom I heard thou didst give challenge?" "She is gone with Guinevere to her chamber."

Then went Arthur to see the maiden. And Arthur, and all his companions, and his whole Court, were glad concerning the maiden. And certain were they all, that had her array been suitable to her beauty, they had never seen a maid fairer than she. And Arthur gave away the maiden to Geraint. And the usual bond made between two persons was made between Geraint and the maiden, and the choicest of all Guinevere's apparel was given to the maiden; and thus arrayed, she appeared comely and graceful to all who beheld her. And that day and that night were spent in abundance of minstrelsy, and a multitude of games.

And when came the time that Erbin, father of Geraint, waxed old, he did send for his son, whose fame had spread over all the kingdom. And many there were of his doughty companions-at-arms who accompanied Geraint and they set forth; and never was there seen a fairer host journeying towards the River Severn. And on the other side of the Severn were the nobles of Erbin to welcome Geraint with gladness. And many of the women of the court, with his mother, came to receive Enid, the daughter of Ynywl, his wife, and joyfully bid her welcome. And when that Geraint had come unto him, Erbin declared that old age was upon him and bade Geraint take over his possessions and govern the land of Cornwall for him.

Then Geraint received homage from the lords in his dominion and abode with his wife in the land of his fathers. And, as he had been used to do when he was at Arthur's Court, he frequented tournaments. And he became acquainted with valiant and mighty men, until he had gained as much fame there as he had formerly done elsewhere. He enriched his court, and his companions, and his nobles, with the best horses and the best arms, and with the best and most valuable jewels, and he ceased not until his fame had flown over the whole kingdom.



OVER THE BRIDGE TO AVIGNON

Action Song

OVER the bridge to Avignon,
Everyone goes dancing, prancing;
Over the bridge to Avignon
They dance in circles gay.
The handsome gentlemen dance like this:
And then again, like that.

Over the bridge to Avignon,
Everyone goes dancing, prancing;
Over the bridge to Avignon
They dance in circles gay.
The lovely ladies dance like this:
And then again, like that.

Over the bridge to Avignon,
Everyone goes dancing, prancing;
Over the bridge to Avignon
They dance in circles gay.
The students all do dance like this:
And then again, like that.

THE POPE'S MULE

ALPHONSE DAUDET

OF ALL the phrases with which our peasants of Provence adorn their remarks, I know none more picturesque than one heard for miles around the mill where I live. When they speak of a spiteful or vindictive person, they say, "That man? Distrust him. He is like the Pope's mule, who kept her kick for seven years!"

I tried for a long time to find the origin of that proverb, the tale of the Pope's mule and the kick that waited seven years. But nobody could enlighten me. Not even in the old chronicles of Avignon could I discover it. So I went to the Grasshopper's Library, which is open to poets both day and night, and where I spent happy days in a horizontal position, served by little librarians with cymbals who make music all the time. And here is the tale of the Pope's mule, as I finally read it in a sky-blue manuscript which smelt of dried lavender and had threads of delicate and shining gossamer for bookmarks:

Abridged. The Popes lived in Avignon, in southern France, during the early part of the fourteenth century.

He who never saw Avignon in the days of the Popes, never saw anything worth seeing. For gaiety, fun, and feasting, never was there a city like it. Above all, there was the sound of bells chiming from the high belfry, and the rolling of drums down near the bridge. For with us when the people are happy, they dance and they dance, and as in those days the streets were too narrow for dancing the farandole, the fifes and drums were posted on the bridge of Avignon, where the cool breeze blew off the Rhone. Day and night they danced and danced. Oh, happy days! Oh, happy city! Never famine, never war. Thus the Popes of Avignon ruled their people, and that is why their people so bitterly mourned their departure.

There was one especially kind old Pope, named Boniface. How he was mourned in Avignon when he died! He was such an amiable, engaging prince! He smiled at people in such kindly fashion as he rode by on his mule. And if you passed close to him—whether you were poor or rich—he gave you his blessing so courteously! He had a little vineyard that he visited each Sunday, and as he rode over the bridge of Avignon in the midst of the drums and dancing, his mule, excited by the music, ambled with little dancing leaps, and Pope Boniface beat time to the music with his hands. This greatly shocked the cardinals, but it made the people cry, "What a good prince! Ah, the kind Pope!"

Next to his vineyard the Pope loved his mule better than anything on earth. The good man was deeply attached to her. Each night, before going to bed, he went to see that her stable was properly closed and her manger full. He never left the table before supervising the filling of a large bowl with the spiced and sweetened juice of his precious grapes. This he carried to her himself, despite the comments of his cardinals.

It must be said that the animal deserved it. She was a beautiful black mule, dappled with red, with a shining coat, broad hind quarters, and sure-footed. Her little delicate head she carried proudly, for it was decorated with tassels, ribbons, silver bells, and bows. With all

this she was mild as an angel, with soft eyes, and two long ears that she kept shaking in a good-tempered manner. All Avignon respected her and when she passed through the streets there was no end to the attentions they showered upon her, for everyone knew this was the way to get on at the Pope's court. The Pope's mule had made more than one man's fortune, despite her innocent look. To prove this statement there was Tistet Védène and his wonderful adventure.

This Tistet Védène was an impudent scamp, whom his father the goldsmith, Guy Védène, had been forced to turn out of his home because he himself would not work and he also made the apprentices idle.

For six months Tistet loafed about Avignon, but mostly near the papal palace, for the rascal had long had designs on the Pope's mule. You will soon comprehend what a cunning idea his was. One day when His Holiness was riding on his mule along the ramparts, Tistet came by. Clasping his hands in admiration he cried: "Good gracious, Holy Father, what a fine mule you have there! Permit me to look at her. Ah, my Lord Pope, what a beautiful mule! The Emperor of Germany has none to equal her."

He petted her, talking softly as to a lady, "Come then, my jewel, my treasure, my perfect pearl."

The Pope, quite touched, said to himself, "What a good little lad. How gentle he is with my mule!"

And do you know what happened next day? Tistet Védène exchanged his old yellow coat for a fine lace alb, a violet silk cloak, and buckled shoes, and he entered the service of the Pope, where never before any had entered save the sons of nobles and the nephews of cardinals. Such was the reward of cunning! But Tistet did not stop there.

Once entered into the service of the Pope, the young rascal continued the game that he had practiced so successfully. Insolent to all, he showed courtesy only to the mule, and he was constantly to be seen in the courts of the palace with a handful of oats or a small bundle

of clover, whose rosy heads he waved gently towards the Holy Father's balcony, as if to say, "Guess who this is for!"

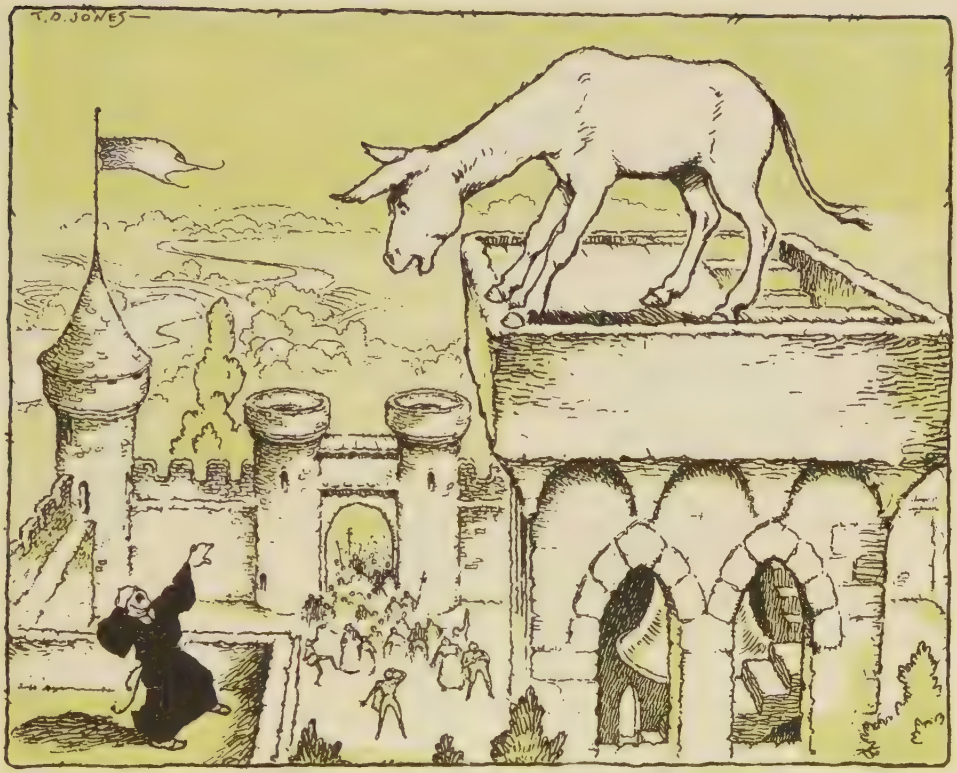
Little by little, the Pope, who felt himself getting old, began to leave the supervision of his stable to Tistet, and allowed him to carry the warm drink each evening to the mule, much to the displeasure of the cardinals.

What is more, it did not please the mule either, for now when it came time for her evening treat, she saw five or six little boys who assisted in the church services, called acolytes, come in first. They hid themselves in the straw and then in a few minutes the odor of good burnt sugar and spices filled the stable, and Tistet Védène appeared, carrying carefully the steaming, spicy bowl. Then began the martyrdom of the poor animal.

This tempting drink of which she was so fond—which warmed her and made her feel light as if she had wings—this they had the cruelty to carry to her very manger, let her smell it, and then when her nostrils were filled with the delicious odor, ah then! the sweet rose-scented mixture disappeared down the throats of these young scamps.

What is more, it did not satisfy them to deprive her of her drink, for they acted like imps, these young acolytes, when they had emptied the bowl. One pulled her ears, another her tail, Quinquet climbed on her back, Béluguet put his cap on her, and not one of those rascals stopped to think that the good mule could have sent them all to the polar star with one kick. No, indeed! She was not the Pope's mule for nothing, the mule of blessings and indulgences. Whatever the children did she would not harm them. It was only against Tistet Védène she bore malice. When she felt he was behind her, she longed to let her hoofs fly at him. And she was justified, for the wicked Tistet played her such cruel tricks.

One day he took it into his head to make the mule climb into the belfry tower, the highest point of the palace. And this is no idle tale I tell you, for two hundred thousand Provençals saw it take place.



Imagine the terror of that poor mule when, after climbing a dark winding staircase for an hour, she suddenly found herself on an open platform, in brilliant sunshine, with all Avignon a thousand feet below her. The market stalls looked no larger than nuts, the soldiers of the Pope in front of their barracks seemed like little red ants, and farther over, spanning a thread of silver, was a tiny bridge where people were dancing. Ah, the poor creature, what a panic she was in! She brayed with fright, so that all the windows of the palace rattled.

"What is it? What are they doing to her?" cried the Pope, rushing out on his balcony.

Tistet Védène was in the courtyard by this time, pretending to cry and tear his hair, as he answered, "Ah, Holy Father, what is the matter!

It is your mule. Good gracious, what will become of us? Your mule has climbed up to the very top of the belfry tower."

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all by herself. Look! Look up there! Do you see the tips of her ears that look like swallows in flight?"

"Mercy on me!" cried the poor Pope, lifting his eyes. "She has gone mad. She will kill herself. Come down at once, you unfortunate creature."

Alas, she asked nothing better than to come down, but how was she to do it? It was useless to think of the staircase, for while a mule could get up the thing, she would break her legs a hundred times in trying to get down it. The poor mule was in despair, and as her great eyes rolled round with dizziness, she thought of Tistet Védène.

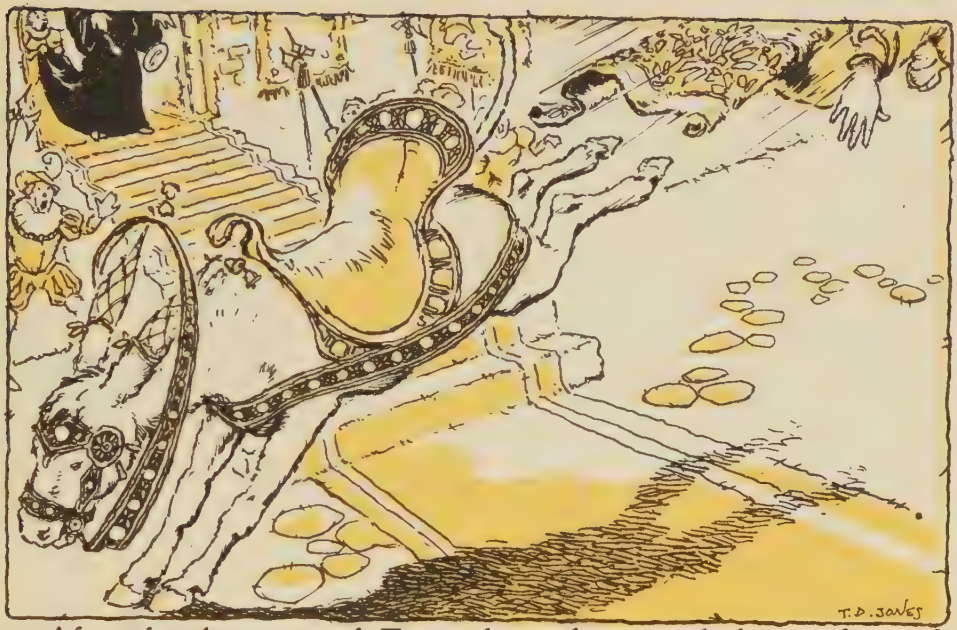
"Ah, you villain, if I escape, how I will kick you tomorrow morning!"

The thought of this kick gave her a little more courage. Without that she could not have kept herself from fainting. At last they got her down by putting her in a sling and using a crane and pulley. What humiliation for a Pope's mule to hang thus in space, with her hoofs swimming about in the air like May beetles at the end of a string. And all Avignon looking on amused!

In her sleep that night the mule seemed to be turning about on the top of the belfrey. Her only comfort was the thought of that kick she would give Tistet Védène when morning came. But while she was preparing this reception for him, what do you think Tistet Védène was doing? He was going down the Rhone on a papal barge, bound for the court of Naples, sent by the Pope as a reward for the care he had shown the mule, and his activity in her rescue. You can imagine how disappointed the mule was in the morning!

"Ah, the wretch," she thought. "He suspected something. But never mind, you bad one, when you return you will find that kick waiting for you. I will keep it for you."

And she kept it.



After the departure of Tistet the mule enjoyed the comforts of former days, with her spiced drinks, her good temper, her little dancing steps over the bridge of Avignon. Still, she was not trusted as formerly, for the people glanced at the belfry as she passed and the Pope feared to doze when riding her, lest he find himself carried to the high platform before he wakened. The mule understood, and her feelings were hurt, though she made no sign except that when the name of Tistet Védène was mentioned she stamped her iron shoes on the pavement and her long ears quivered.

Thus passed seven years. Then at the end of the seven years Tistet Védène came back from the court of Naples because he had heard that the position of Chief Mustard-Bearer to the Pope was vacant. He had grown so that the Pope did not recognize him, and besides the Pope, too, was older and did not see well without his spectacles.

Unabashed, Tistet cried, "Do you not know me, Holy Father? I used to carry spiced drinks to your mule. I am Tistet Védène."

"Ah, yes, yes. I remember. A good lad, that Tistet Védène. And what do you wish now?"

"Oh, a small thing, Your Holiness. I came to ask—but how is your mule? Well, I hope. That is good! I came to ask for the position of Chief Mustard-Bearer."

"First Mustard-Bearer! But you are too young! How old are you?"

"Twenty years and two months, just five years younger than your mule. Ah, the noble animal! If you but knew how I missed her while I was in Naples. You will let me see her again, won't you?"

"Yes, my child, you shall see her. And since you love her so well, tomorrow I will make you Chief Mustard-Bearer, that you may stay here and not be separated from her."

I need not tell you that Tistet was happy, nor with what impatience he awaited the morrow. But no less impatient was the Pope's mule, who kept lunging out with her heels in her stable, preparing herself also for the ceremony.

Next day after vespers had been sung the solemn ceremony took place in the presence of the whole court. The new Chief Mustard-Bearer, handsomely attired, went toward the flight of steps where the Pope was to invest him with the yellow boxwood spoon and saffron robe of his office. The mule was stationed at the bottom of the steps, saddled and ready for the Pope's evening ride. Tistet Védène smiled sweetly and stopped to pet her gently on the hind quarters, glancing up to see if the Pope noticed.

Conditions were perfect. The mule made a little spring and then—"There, take that, you rascal! For seven years have I kept that kick for you!"

And she gave a kick so terrible that the dust of it was seen as far as Pampérigouste. A cloud of golden dust was all that was left of the miserable Tistet Védène! A mule's kick is not often so annihilating, but you must remember that this was a papal mule, and, what is more, she had kept that kick waiting for seven years!

HOW MARKO OF SERBIA WON AN ARCHERY CONTEST

Serbian Folk Tale

THERE lived in southern Europe, in the country of Serbia, just before the fifteenth century began, a royal prince. Legend tells us that he was the son of King Voukashin of Serbia and his queen, the lovely Helen. So beautiful was this queen that many were the songs composed and sung in her honor, and often was she likened to another lovely queen named Helen, she of Troy, the wife of Menelaus. Still other tales have it that this Prince Királyevitch Marko was the son of a fearful dragon and a *vila,* or *veela,* one of the beautiful Serbian water sprites who dwelt in the mountains and haunted the forest streams.

Be that as it may, many are the tales told over the country-side of Marko, hero of Serbia. Wondrous indeed are the stories of his daring exploits on his piebald horse, called Sharatz, or as the most ancient ballads have it, Dapple, because of his dappled coat. Almost as wonderful as Marko was this horse, so strong and swift was he. High into the air could he leap, and cross the widest chasms in safety.[1]

All that a royal prince ought to be was Marko: strong and courageous, calm when disaster threatened, and sympathetic with those in trouble. Ever willing to aid all who called upon him for help, he was the scourge of Turk and Moor who dared mistreat the Serb.

One morning Prince Marko was riding with Kostádin the Bey[2] through the streets of Tsárigrad, the old name of Constantinople, meaning *tsar's city.* The two men had taken the Serbian vow of brotherhood, that vow more binding even than blood relationship. This custom is the literal application of the Christian principle of "brotherhood," and

[1]Marko was the Serbian Robin Hood, and his famous horse may have been the inspiration for Longfellow's poem, *The Leap of Roushan Beg.*

[2]A bey was the governor of a small Turkish province.

grew out of the troublous times when Serbia was sore oppressed by her enemies.

"Bey Kostádin," said Marko to his adopted brother, "I have a feeling that something unpleasant may happen to me while we are in Tsárigrad. It might be well if I feigned illness so that the Turks will not summon me to their lists to fight. I have it! I shall be ill with the heartache, which is said to cause a severe pain."

Kostádin laughed at Marko's words, but said he would not betray to the Turks that Marko was as healthy as himself. So Marko leaned far forward on Dapple, his horse, and rode through Tsárigrad as if he were very ill indeed. Suddenly in front of his horse there strode a Turk, Alil Aga, the right-hand man of the tsar, with his retinue of thirty janissaries, or servants, behind him.

"Greetings, Prince Marko," said the Turk in a loud voice. "Let us go now to the lists and shoot. Surely the hero of Serbia will deign to fight with a Turk. If it be that thou dost shoot beyond me today, thou shalt have all mine heritage; my white houses, my lands, and even my faithful wife. But if it be that I shalt shoot beyond thee, then will I seize thee and hang thee from the tallest tree, and thy steed, Dapple, shalt be mine. For thy lands and thy wife I care not. I hope only to avenge my nation of the many times when thou hast conquered us. Let us to the lists!"

But Marko hung still lower on Dapple and said: "Leave thou me alone, accursed Turk. How can I shoot with thee when I have the heart-ache? Thou canst see I scarce can hold myself on my horse."

But the Turk persisted. He seized hold of Marko's tunic and tried to pull him off Dapple. From his belt then Marko drew his knife and cut away his skirt and Alil Aga found in his hand but a bit of the tunic torn from Marko's costume.

"Go thy way, Turk!" growled Marko, feigning great anger. "I will have none of thee."

Yet again Alil Aga laid hold of the left skirt of Marko's tunic, and

again Marko drew his knife and cut away his dress, leaving the Turk holding only a piece of his robe.

"Wilt thou leave me alone?" Marko demanded. "I tell thee, I will not shoot."

The aga[1] then grasped Dapple's rein with his right hand, whereat Marko rose like lightning in his stirrups, pulling the reins taut. Dapple at once reared on his hind legs and pranced around the street as if suddenly gone mad, and bolted to the end of the road.

Then Marko turned to his friend, Kostádin Bey. "Kostádin, my brother," he said, "go now to the cloth market and bring me a Tatar arrow with nine white hawk-feathers. I will go before the cadi[2] with this aga here. The cadi will judge between us, and we will shoot."

So the bey hied himself to the cloth market and purchased for Marko a Tatar arrow which would fly swift and fast. Meanwhile Prince Marko and the aga proceeded to the cadi. The aga removed both his slippers, as was the Turkish custom, sat himself down at the side of the cadi,

[1]A commander, or chief officer. In this case, an officer of the tsar.
[2]A judge or magistrate of a Turkish town or village.

and laid twelve ducats on the knees of the judge.

"Most honorable cadi," said the aga in Turkish, "I pray thee trouble not to be just to Marko but do thou give me justice. See, here are twelve ducats for thee. Now I beg of thee, rule in my favor."

But Prince Marko was not to be tricked thus. The Turkish tongue he knew as well as his own native Serbian, and although he had not twelve ducats with him, nor even two, he drew from his robe his heavy club that had served him well in many battles.

"How now, master cadi, harken unto this," and Marko waved his mace at the terrified cadi. "See that thou dealest justly with me, also, or there will be payment other than in ducats for thee. My club here, as thou canst see, has six spikes of gold. If even one thou feelest thou wilt not want the ducats of thy friend, the aga."

With hands trembling for very fear, the cadi wrote out the terms of the shooting contest, and justly he dealt by both men. Glad was he to see them depart from his courtroom, for cold fear assailed him at the very thought of Marko's great war club with its six spikes of gold.

Then Alil Aga and Prince Marko sped to the field to shoot. With the aga went his thirty janissaries, and with Marko a crowd of Greeks and Bulgars, for these were men who hated the Turks as cordially as even the Serbians. When they arrived at the field, the two men prepared to shoot, and the aga said: "Shoot, O Prince. Thou sayest of thyself that thou art a great man of war. I have heard thee brag in the tsar's council that thou canst shoot an eagle as it speeds to its rocky crag above the clouds. Let us now see what thy skill can accomplish."

But Marko refused to become angry at the taunt. Well he knew his own powers, and he replied: "True, O Alil Aga, I have done mighty deeds. Yet I am in thy land and thou art lord here. Further, thy years number more than mine, so thine is the right to the first shot. Do thou therefore shoot!"

The Turk drew back his great bow and shot his first white arrow. Full a hundred and twenty yards it sped. Marko remained silent and

unmoved as he swung his bow to position and shot his first arrow, also a white one. Eighty yards farther than that of the Turk's did Marko's arrow fly, a clean two hundred yards. The onlookers held their breath. Not a word was spoken save only those of the measurers who kept the tally.

Again the Turk shot, bettering Marko's first arrow by a hundred yards. But Marko, still scornfully silent, let fly his second arrow, and it sped full five hundred yards. Then those who stood on Marko's side burst into cheers. But the Turk had not yet done. Again he drew his mighty bow. Far flew his arrow so that the measurers cried out that it had sped six hundred yards. This time it was the Turks who shouted for Alil Aga.

Galloping from the cloth market came Kostádin Bey. He had bought the Tatar arrow with nine white hawk-feathers for Marko, and this he gave to him. Then for the third time Marko raised his bow to shoot and loosed the Tatar arrow. Into the hot dusty air it sped and was lost to sight. So far it flew that the measurers sought in vain. The arrow had vanished!

Then Alil Aga wept loudly and the tears ran down his cheeks. He thought of his many lands, of his great castle, and of his faithful wife, all of which were now forfeit to Marko. They had been won in fair trial of skill and strength. Voicing his despair he turned to the prince and spoke: "Marko, thou art my brother sworn by the law of the land, and in the name of God and St. John. All that I have is thine, but I pray thee, brother, do not hang me in the sight of these my friends!"

"If thou art my brother, aga," said Marko gently, "why art thou offering me thy wife?"

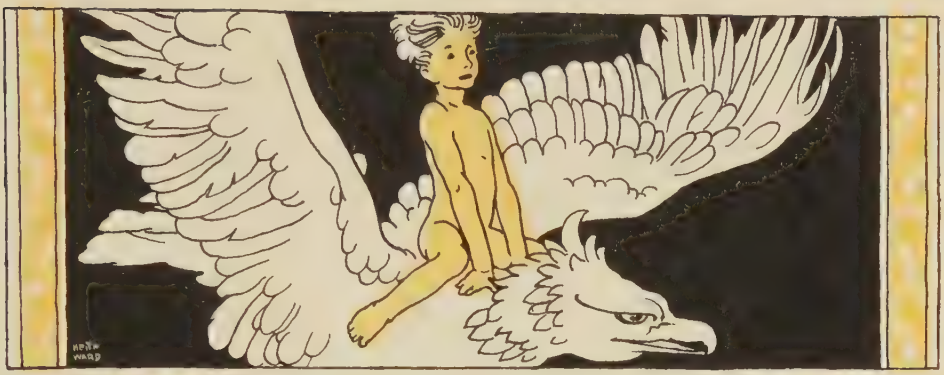
Well Prince Marko knew that the Turk's last appeal was to address him as brother. Once called brother in public made the bond a binding one, even though the men were of alien nations.

"I have a faithful wife at home," went on Marko, "my Yélitsa, of noble lineage, and other do I not desire. Gladly would I forgive thee

everything, but see, thou hast torn my tunic on both sides. Give me, therefore, three bags of money wherewith I may find means to patch my skirt!"

Then was the Turk glad indeed and he leaped up and kissed Prince Marko on both cheeks. For three days was Marko entertained in the castle of Alil Aga, and the aga's wife gave to the prince a shirt wondrously wrought with a thread of gold, and also a silver towel. When time came to depart, the aga gave to Marko three loads of money and he provided also three hundred horsemen as escort to his home. All through their lives did Marko and Alil Aga cherish their friendship and together they guarded the land for the tsar. When the enemy invaded the land, together the Turk and the Serb held the fortresses and beat back the foe.

To many another adventure did Marko ride on his horse Dapple, for the one hundred and sixty years they were together, but of these none was nobler than when he shot with Alil Aga and they became friends.



ZAL OF THE WHITE HAIR

PHILIP SCHUYLER ALLEN

IN THE days of the good King Minuchir there dwelt in Persia a mighty hero called Saum the Unconquered. Now the chief foes of the Persians were the cat-headed Deevs[1], who were much feared because they understood magic and could make war with whirlwind and fire. Indeed it was almost impossible to conquer these monsters, for their entire army could vanish at will. Many times had the hero saved his country from the hand of these enemies; therefore he was loved by all the people. So honored was Saum that he would have spent his days in great contentment except for one fact: that now for many years he had been childless.

At last, however, it happened that a son was born to Saum, an infant beautiful in all respects save that his hair was white. For in the land of Persia where men were dark of skin, it was considered a misfortune to have light hair or blue eyes, and for a baby to have white hair, like unto an old man, was thought to be an evil omen indeed. The women of the household were afraid to tell Saum of the child's birth lest he be angry. Eight days went by, in fact, before anyone dared to approach the hero.

Adapted from the Persian, *Shah Nameh* or *The Book of Kings*, by Firdusi.

[1]The Deevs, or demons, were supernatural beings and could assume any shape.

Then the child's nurse, who had the courage of a lion, ventured into his presence. She bowed herself to the dust, and spake, saying:

"May the days of Saum, the hero, be happy! May all his enemies be destroyed. O my glorious master, Heaven has granted your desire. Behind the curtains of your palace a child is born, fit for a great warrior. Beautiful is thy son and without blemish, save that his hair is white."

At the words of the nurse, Saum sprang from his throne and, passing behind the curtains, entered the apartments of the women. There in a cradle lay the babe, whom his mother had named Zal, because he had the head of an old man. The father looked down at his son and felt ashamed. For would not the whole world laugh at him behind his back on account of the silver-haired infant?

In anger Saum lifted his face to heaven.

"How have I sinned," he cried, "that this misfortune should come upon me? Men will say the boy is the child of a Deev, who will bring evil to Persia if I do not rid the land of him."

Then did the valiant Saum do a cowardly thing. Allowing his fear of men to get the better of him, he ordered his servants to take away the child. The hero bade them carry his son to some far mountain side and there abandon him a prey to wild beasts.

Far from the haunts of men stood Mount Alberz, whose head touched the stars, and never had mortal foot been planted upon its crest. A bird of marvel, the simurgh, had builded her nest on the peak. To the foot of this mount was Saum's child brought, where he lay for a night and a day, crying with hunger.

The little ones in the nest of the simurgh called out for food. Then the mother bird rose from her nest in search of meat for her young. Far below on the ground she espied the child of Saum. He lay on a bed of thorn, the cold earth was his nurse; no clothes he wore, and he was sucking his thumb for very hunger. The great bird dropped to earth, seized Zal in her talons, and flew with him back to the mountain top where her young ones waited with open mouths to devour the babe.

But God had not forgotten the son abandoned by his father. The heavens grew dark and a voice commanded the bird to have pity on the child.

Then the simurgh's heart was filled with compassion for the strange mortal. She called out to her young ones to move over and make room in the nest for the little stranger. Away she flew and presently came back bearing in her talons deer meat which she tore into small pieces and fed to Zal in her beak. And the baby, who had never tasted anything but milk throve on the new diet. Thus did the bird of marvel feed and care for the child, nor ever weary till many moons and years had rolled away, and the babe was grown to be a youth full of strength and beauty.

Zal became a young man, and still he did not know that the simurgh was not his mother. Happy he was in the nest so near the stars. When the simurgh flew in search of food, he rode upon her back. Often they passed above the dwellings of men, and looking down Zal heard their strange speech. After a time he learned to understand their language. In this way did he visit many countries. Sometimes the great bird mounted toward the stars, and Zal learned things that mortal man had never known before. The youth became as wise as he was beautiful to look upon.

The people of the earth looked up and oft beheld the handsome stranger riding upon the broad back of the bird. Men were amazed at the sight, and it was not long ere news of this marvel reached the lonely father. And still he did not know that the youth was his son.

Then in a dream the father beheld a young man with a beautiful countenance at the head of an immense army, with a banner flying before him. And in his dream a voice reproached Saum, saying:

"Unfeeling mortal, dost thou believe that to have silvery tresses is a crime? Has not thine own hair turned white with remorse for thy wickedness? Thou wert cruel to thy boy, but behold Heaven has shielded him from harm."

Saum screamed aloud in his sleep, and awoke in terror. Without delay he went himself to Mount Alberz, but when he tried to climb the mountain he could not, for its sides were smooth as glass. Then the hero of Persia groaned aloud.

Now as he stood at the foot of the mountain, the simurgh in her nest heard Saum's lamentations and knew that the time had come when she must part with her foster son. She called Zal to her, saying:

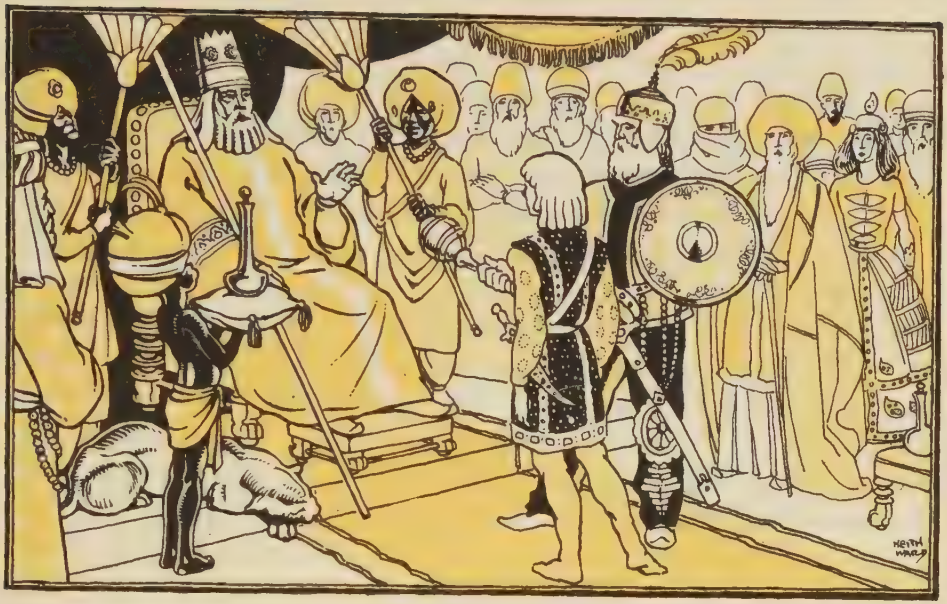
"The hour is at hand when I must send thee back to the world of men. For thy father is Saum, the hero, greatest among the great, and he is come hither to seek his son. Glory awaiteth thee beside him, and we must part."

The white-haired youth wept when he heard these words of his foster mother, but the bird of marvel soothed him by assuring him that she was not sending him away to a life of misfortune, but to greater happiness. With her beak she plucked a feather from her wing and gave it to the youth.

"Whenever thou art in danger," said the simurgh, "put this feather on the fire, and I will fly to help thee instantly. My son, do not forget me."

Then Zal climbed on the great bird's back and the simurgh stretched her wings and flew down to the foot of the mountain. There lay the unhappy father bowed to the dust in grief. The bird spake to him and joyfully Saum sprang up, embracing his son and begging forgiveness for ever having abandoned him. Saum took Zal back to his palace and there he clothed him in rich robes. Then he showed the youth unto the army, and they, beholding his noble visage, shouted for joy. The trumpets brayed, and the cymbals clashed, and the elephants stamped up the dust. Sounds of rejoicing filled the land because Saum had found his son, and Zal was a hero among men.

The news spread even to the King of Persia that the hero Saum had returned from the mountains bringing with him his son. And the King sent messengers to bid them to his court. When Zal was brought into



the royal presence, the monarch was amazed at the noble aspect of this youth. He turned unto Saum and bade him instruct his son in the arts of war, so that he might become a great champion and fight the enemies of Persia.

"For how should one that hath been reared in a nest be familiar with our ways?" argued the King.

He sent the father and son away with rich gifts: Arab horses with golden saddles, carpets of Ind, and rubies and pearls past the numbering. Then Saum and Zal went back to their home, where the youth, taught by the Mubids—the wise men—daily increased in wisdom and in strength. And when Saum went forth to fight the battles of Persia, he left his lands under the care of his son, and these the youth administered with judgment and virtue.

Now while Saum was away subduing the Deev army in the hostile Persian province Mazinderan, Zal, who was left to rule in his father's absence, felt a desire to see more of the world. So the white-haired

youth set forth, with a goodly train, and when he had journeyed as far as Kabul, he pitched his tents and rested.

At this time Kabul was ruled by Mirab, a wise and good man, who came of the line of Zohak, the wicked Serpent King. Minuchir, monarch of Persia, had hated the wicked Zohak during his lifetime, nor had the death of his enemy softened the monarch's anger; for now Minuchir looked with ill favor on all the descendants of Zohak—even the gentle Mirab.

Not long had the tents of Zal been pitched without the palace when the ruler, Mirab, riding forth with a goodly train, paid him a visit. Mirab invited the son of Saum to a feast in his palace. The white-haired youth was pleased with gentle Mirab and wished to visit him, but well he knew that the King of Persia would be wroth if he entered the house of the Serpent King. Therefore Zal refused and the gentle Mirab went sorrowfully away.

Much there was that Zal heard in praise of the daughter of Mirab, Rudabeh, a maiden famed for her beauty. People said of her:

"She is like unto the slender cypress, her face is brighter than the sun, her mouth is a pomegranate flower."

When Zal heard these words he was filled with longing, and sleep came not to his eyelids for thinking of her beauty.

Now it happened that the Princess overheard her father, Mirab, speaking to her mother in praise of the white-haired youth.

"Zal is a hero among men," Mirab was saying. "His heart is like unto a lion's, his strength is as an elephant's. Even his white hair, which would be a blemish in others, adds to his distinction."

When Rudabeh heard these words her heart burned with love for Zal, so that she could neither eat nor rest. After a while she could bear the secret no longer, and told her slaves, begging them to help her. The women were frightened, but because they loved the Princess, at last they promised that they would not rest until the man she loved had become as the footstool to Rudabeh's feet.

The women planned how they might keep their promise. Well they knew that only by craft could they bring it about; for while there was a stranger outside the palace no women were allowed without the gates. But waiting their chance, when the gate-keeper was away, they slipped through the garden door and walked toward the tents of Zal, pretending they had come to gather flowers in the woods nearby.

At this time Zal, wandering in the woods with a companion, met the slaves and asked them who they were. The women answered that they had been sent by the Princess, the Moon of Kabul, to gather roses. Zal gave them gifts of jewels and questioned them how he might see the Princess. And the wily slaves, who were here for this very purpose, answered:

"We will go back and fill the ears of Rudabeh with thy praises, O Son of Saum. Thus will we entangle the lamb in the meshes of our net, and the wishes of Zal, the lion, will be accomplished."

So the women parted from Zal and returned to the palace. When they were come to the gates the keeper chid them for having gone outside, and they feared for their secret. But they made excuses, and ran to where Rudabeh awaited them. Then they exulted, saying:

"The lion entereth the snare spread forth by the lamb to entrap him, and the wishes of Rudabeh will be accomplished."

When the sun was sunk and the doors of the palace were locked, a slave went forth unto Zal, the son of Saum, and spake in a low voice:

"Come now, for all is ready."

And Zal followed after her. When they were come to the house of the women, Zal looked up and beheld Rudabeh standing upon the roof, and her beauty was like unto a cypress on which the full moon shineth. And Rudabeh unfastened her glorious hair, which was of such length that it flowed down from the roof, reaching the ground. The upper part she fastened to a ring, and bade the son of Saum to take hold of the other end and mount up. He ardently kissed the tresses, and by them quickly ascended to the roof.

Then Zal swore to the beautiful Rudabeh that he would take none other for his bride, though well he knew that Saum and the King of Persia would be angry on account of the Serpent King. For a little while the lovers talked together, vowing to be faithful to each other, and then with fond adieus Zal softly descended from the roof and hastened to his tent.

But alas for the lovers. Word came to the King of Persia that Zal intended to wed the daughter of Mirab, who was descended from the wicked Serpent King. Then was King Minuchir a prey to fury. He ordered Saum back from his battles with the hostile Deevs in the far province of Mazinderan, and bade him march with the army to Kabul and there destroy the kin of the Serpent King and all the people.

When Saum heard this order, he knew that speech would avail him naught, since the King of Persia was angry. So he gathered his army and departed from the city, and the earth trembled under the tramping feet of the soldiers and horses, and the air was darkened with spears.

Now the news of the army's approach was brought to Kabul, and weeping filled the land. Great fear seized upon the people in the palace. Then Mirab threatened to kill his daughter, Rudabeh, in order to save Kabul and appease the anger of the Persian King.

"For Minuchir is wroth with me on account of my daughter," said Mirab, "and since my armies are not strong enough to fight him, I will lead Rudabeh unto his court and kill her before the King's eyes. Then perhaps will his anger be forgotten."

Wroth was Zal as he hastened forth to meet his father. And when he arrived at the place where his father's army lay encamped, he accused the hero of being unjust to him from the day of his birth. The son reminded the father of his promise to fulfill his every wish. Now Saum was greatly troubled, but he promised to help his son, offering to delay making war on Mirab while Zal went forth with a message unto Minuchir. Perchance the King of Persia would take pity on the youth when he looked upon his face and heard his story.

So Zal rode forth to the court of King Minuchir. He kissed the ground at the monarch's feet and lay before him prostrate in the dust. And when Minuchir saw the youth his heart was softened and he bade his servants raise the son of Saum and pour musk before him. Then Zal drew near the throne and gave to the King the letter written by Saum. And when Minuchir had read the message in which Saum begged the King to spare Kabul for the sake of his son, the monarch pondered for a time. Then he addressed Zal, saying:

"Abide with me awhile and I will give you my answer."

Now Zal's heart was full of troubled thoughts and his spirit of unrest, but he needs must wait the pleasure of the King to learn the fate of the maiden whom he loved. For the King wished to delay Zal in order to test him. So he summoned seven Mubids, bidding them sit in a circle and question the son of Saum.

The first Wise Man opened his mouth and thus he said:

Thirty knights before the King
Pass along. Regard the thing
Closely; one is gone. Again
Look—the thirty are in train.

And Zal thought awhile and then said: "The thirty knights are the days of the month; when one month is gone, lo, another thirty days are at hand."

Then the second Wise Man questioned him and said:

See a green garden full of springs;
A strong man with a sickle keen
Enters, and reaps both dry and green;
No word thine utmost anguish wrings.

And Zal bethought him and replied: "The people of the world are as grass in a garden. Old and young alike (the dry grass and the green) are cut down by Time, the strong man with the sickle, who knows no pity."

Then the other Wise Men questioned Zal, and to all of them Zal gave the correct replies, so that the King was delighted, and all the assembly were amazed. Then Zal hoped that Minuchir would give him his answer, but the King said, "Abide with me yet another day."

On the morrow Minuchir bade the drums be beaten to call together his heroes; for he wished to test Zal in feats of arms. Zal shot his arrow farther than any of the other warriors; with his spear he pierced all shields, and in wrestling he overthrew the strongest champion.

But Minuchir still would not give the restless hero his answer. The King called his Wise Men privily and bade them question the stars whether ill would come if Zal were permitted to marry into the house of the Serpent King. And the Wise Men cast the horoscope of Zal and of Rudabeh for three days and three nights without ceasing, and on the fourth day they brought glad tidings to the King. For the stars foretold that to Zal and the daughter of Mirab a son should be born

whose strength should be like unto that of a war elephant; who should raise the glory of Persia even unto the skies. At last Minuchir was satisfied, and gave the son of Saum his permission to wed Rudabeh.

Then Zal in all haste returned unto Kabul where he married Rudabeh amid great rejoicing. They feasted for seven days and seven nights And when Mirab read out the list of gifts, it was so long that the ear did not suffice to hear them. And when a month had passed Zal and Rudabeh returned to Zabulistan to dwell in a palace all their own.

But happiness in this world does not last forever. Some time after Rudabeh came to live in her husband's palace, she fell ill and all the Wise Men in the kingdom despaired of Rudabeh's life. A cry went up from the palace; the slaves in the women's apartments tore their hair. Then in his grief Zal remembered the golden feather that the simurgh had given him.

He thrust the golden plume into the fire. At once the air became darkened and the great bird flew into the room.

"O my son," said the simurgh, "what has grieved you? Why are the eyes of the lion wet with tears?"

Then Zal embraced the simurgh, his foster mother, and told her of his grief, and the bird of marvel gave comfort to the youth. She promised that Rudabeh would be cured if Zal but did her bidding. Then his foster mother lowered her beak and whispered in his ear what he should do, and, turning, flew again unto her nest. Zal made haste to carry out her bidding, and soon there was rejoicing in the land, for the life of fair Rudabeh had been saved. And another joy came to Zal and Rudabeh, for the bird of marvel brought them a glorious son. And when the Wise Men searched the stars to foretell his future, it was found that never had Persia possessed a hero as great as this babe was to be, one who would always hold in check their fearsome enemies, the cat-headed Deevs. For he was the great Rustam and father, in his turn, to Sohrab, whose deeds the poets sing. So Zal and Rudabeh lived in happiness and were grateful to the simurgh to the end of their days.

THE CID

Translated by ROBERT SOUTHEY

IN THOSE days arose Rodrigo of Bivar, who was a youth strong in arms and of good custom; and the people rejoiced in him, for he bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors.

In the year of the Incarnation 1026 was Rodrigo born, of noble lineage, in the city of Burgos, and in the street of St. Martin, hard by the palace of the Counts of Castille, where his father Diego Laynez, kinsman of the king, had his dwelling. In the church of St. Martin was Rodrigo baptized, a good priest of Burgos, whose name was Don Pedro de Pernegas, being his godfather: and to this church Rodrigo was always greatly affectionate, and he built the belfrey tower thereof.

Abridged from the translation made from the Spanish by Robert Southey in 1808.

At this time it came to pass that there was strife between Count Don Gomez, the Lord of Gormaz, and Diego Laynez, the father of Rodrigo; and the Count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. Now Diego was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonor.

Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortes, and was held to be the best in the war, and so powerful that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Yet Rodrigo took his father's cause upon himself and fought the Count. And he slew him, so that the honor of Diego was avenged.

After this, Diego being full of years fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. And the Moors entered Castille in great power, for there came with them five Kings, and they passed above Burgos, and crossed the mountains of Oca, and plundered Carrion, and Vilforado, and Saint Domingo de la Calzada, and Logroño, and Najara, and all that land; and they carried away many captives both male and female, and brood mares, and flocks of all kinds. But as they were returning with all speed, Rodrigo of Bivar raised the country, and came up with them in the mountains of Oca, and fell upon them and discomfited them, and won back all their booty, and took all the five Kings prisoners.

Then he went back to his mother, taking the Kings with him, and there he divided the whole spoil with the hidalgos and his other companions, both the Moorish captives and all the spoil of whatever kind, so that they departed right joyfully, being well pleased with what he had done. And he gave thanks to God for the grace which had been vouchsafed to him, and said to his mother that he did not think it good to keep the Kings in captivity, but to let them go freely; and he set them at liberty and bade them depart. So they returned each to his own country, blessing him for their deliverance, and magnifying his great bounty, sent him tribute and acknowledged themselves his vassals.

King Don Ferrando was going through Leon, putting the Kingdom in order, when tidings reached him of the good speed which Rodrigo had had against the Moors. And at the same time there came before him Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count, who fell on her knees before him and said: "Sir, I am the daughter of Count Don Gomez of Gormaz, and Rodrigo of Bivar has slain the Count my father, and of three daughters whom he has left I am the youngest. And Sir, I come to crave of you a boon, that you will give me Rodrigo of Bivar to be my husband, with whom I shall hold myself well married, and greatly honored; for certain I am that his possessions will one day be greater than those of any man in your dominions. Certes, Sir, it behooves you to do this, because it is for God's service, and because I may pardon Rodrigo with a good will."

The King held it good to accomplish her desire; and forthwith ordered letters to be drawn up to Rodrigo of Bivar, wherein he enjoined and commanded him that he should come incontinently to Palencia, for he had much to communicate to him, upon an affair which was greatly to God's service, and his own welfare and great honor.

When Rodrigo saw the letters of his Lord the King he greatly rejoiced in them, and said to the messengers that he would fulfill the King's pleasure, and go incontinently at his command. And he clothed himself full gallantly and well, and took with him many knights, both his own and of his kindred and of his friends, and he took also many new arms, and came to Palencia to the King with two hundred of his peers in arms, in festival guise; and the King went out to meet him, and received him right well, and did him honor; and at this were all the Counts displeased. And when the King thought it a fit season, he spake to him and said, that Doña Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count whom he had slain, had come to ask him for her husband, and would forgive him her father's death; wherefore he besought him to think it good to take her to be his wife, in which case he would show him great favor. When Rodrigo heard this it pleased him well, and he said to the King that

he would do his bidding in this, and in all other things which he might command; and the King thanked him much. And he sent for the Bishop of Palencia, and took their vows and made them plight themselves each to the other according as the law directs. And when they were espoused the King did them great honor, and gave them many noble gifts, and added to Rodrigo's lands more than he had till then possessed; and he loved him greatly in his heart, because he saw that he was obedient to his commands, and for all that he had heard him say.

So Rodrigo departed from the King, and took his spouse with him to the house of his mother, and gave her to his mother's keeping. And forthwith he made a vow in her hands that he would never live with her, neither in the desert nor in the inhabited place, till he had won five battles in the field. And he besought his mother that she would love her even as she loved him himself, and that she would do good to her and show her great honor, for which he should ever serve her with the better good will. And his mother promised him so to do; and then he departed from them and went out against the frontier of the Moors.

In the following years the Cid[1] did battle with many knights, both Moorish and Christian, and in these years his fame waxed great, and he returned rich to Castille, and with great honor. Now King Don Alfonso had succeeded to these lands on the death of Don Ferrando, his father, and he was well pleased with the good fortune of the Cid in all his feats; but there were many who wished ill to him, and sought to set the King against him.

After this King Don Alfonso assembled together all his power and went against the Moors. And the Cid should have gone with him, but he fell sick and perforce therefore abode at home. And while the King was going through Andalusia, having the land at his mercy, a great power of the Moors assembled together on the other side, and entered the land, and besieged the castle of Gormaz, and did much evil. At this time the Cid was gathering strength; and when he heard that the

[1]Chief or Lord; El Cid Campeador, a title often used for the Cid, is said by Sandoval to mean "the chief who chooses the place of encampment for the army."

Moors were in the country, laying waste before them, he gathered together what force he could, and went after them; and the Moors, when they heard this, dared not abide his coming, but began to fly. And the Cid followed them to Atienza and beyond through the whole land of St. Esteban, as far as Toledo, slaying and burning, and plundering and destroying, and laying hands on all whom he found, so that he brought back seven thousand prisoners, men and women; and he and all his people returned rich and with great honor. But when the King of Toledo heard of the hurt which he had received at the hands of the Cid, he sent to King Don Alfonso to complain thereof; and the King was greatly troubled. And then the Ricos-omes, who wished ill to the Cid, had the way open to do him evil with the King, and they said to the King, "Sir, Ruy Diaz hath broken your faith, and the oath and promise which you made to the King of Toledo: and he hath done this for no other reason but that the Moors of Toledo may fall upon us here, and slay both you and us." And the King believed what they said, and was wroth against the Cid. And he went with all speed to Burgos, and sent from thence to bid the Cid come unto him.

Now the Cid knew the evil disposition of the King towards him, and when he received his bidding, he made answer that he would meet him between Burgos and Bivar. And the King went out from Burgos and came nigh unto Bivar; and the Cid came up to him and would have kissed his hand, but the King withheld it, and said angrily unto him, "Ruy Diaz, quit my land." Then the Cid clapt spurs to the mule upon which he rode, and vaulted into a piece of ground which was his own inheritance, and answered, "Sir, I am not in your land, but in my own." And the King replied full wrathfully, "Go out of my kingdoms without any delay." And the Cid made answer, "Give me then thirty days time, as is the right of the hidalgos." And the King said he would not, but that if he were not gone in nine days he would come and look for him. The Counts were well pleased at this; but all the people of the land were sorrowful. And then the King and the Cid parted.

And the Cid sent for all his friends and his kinsmen and vassals, and told them how King Don Alfonso had banished him from the land, and asked of them who would follow him into banishment, and who would remain at home. Then Alvar Fañez, who was his cousin-german, came forward and said, "Cid, we will go with you, through desert and through peopled country, and never fail you. In your service will we spend our mules and horses, our wealth and our garments, and ever while we live be unto you loyal friends and vassals." And they all confirmed what Alvar Fañez had said; and the Cid thanked them for their love, and said that there might come a time in which he should guerdon them.

And as he was about to depart he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw his hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "My enemies have done this. . . . God be praised for all things."

When he had come to the monastery of St. Peter, beyond Burgos, he found there his wife, Doña Ximena and his two young daughters. He then gave into the Abbot's keeping a sum of money for the care of

his wife and children and their waiting-women, and a smaller sum for the monastery. The next morning he left them, sad and sorrowful at the parting, and he wept and continued to look round after them until Alvar Fañez chided his lack of courage.

When that the Cid had crossed the wild Sierra he entered upon the country of the Moors. There he besieged Alcocer, and he lay before the city for fifteen weeks, and when he saw that the town did not surrender, he broke up camp and appeared to flee. Then the Moors opened their gates and pursued the army of the Cid until, on a sudden, he bid his banner turn, and he spurred toward the Moors, followed by his host. And he did overcome them, but once they had yielded, he took them prisoners. His banner he planted upon the castle and took up his abode there.

The Cid remained awhile in Alcocer, and the Moors of the border waited to see what he would do. And in this time King Fariz got well of his wound, and the Cid sent to him and to the Moors, saying, that if they would give him three thousand marks of silver, he would leave Alcocer and go elsewhere. And King Fariz and the Moors of Techa, and Teruel, and of Calatayud were right glad of this, and the covenant was put in writing, and they sent him the three thousand marks. And the Cid divided it among his company, and he made them all rich, both knights and esquires and footmen, so that they said to one another, "He who serves a good Lord, happy man is his dole." But the Moors of Alcocer were full sorry to see him depart, because he had been to them a kind master and a bountiful; and they said unto him, "Wherever you go, Cid, our prayers will go before you." And they wept, both men and women, when the Cid went his way. So the Campeador raised his banner and departed, and he went down the Salon, and crossed it; and as he crossed the river they saw good birds, and signs of good fortune.

The Cid rode on till he came to the knoll above Monte-Real. It is a high hill and strong, and there he pitched his tents, being safe on all

sides. And from thence he did much harm to the Moors of Medina and of the country round about; and he made Daroca pay tribute, and Molina also, which is on the other side, and Teruel also, and Celfa de Canal, and all the country along the river Martin. And the news went to the King of Zaragoza, and it neither pleased the King nor his people.

Ever after was that knoll called the Knoll of the Cid.

Thereafter the Cid battled many Moors, yet ofttimes did he give back castles and treasure after he had gained them, and even to the King who had banished him, he sent a portion of the spoils. Yet the King forgave not the Cid.

But it came to pass when but a year had gone, that the King was sore beset, and he did send for the Cid and desire to take him again into favor that he might have the aid of Ruy Diaz. But before the Cid would come, he did make the King promise that never again should a nobleman be banished without he had thirty days to prepare, nor should a noble citizen be exiled without fair hearing, nor should a town be unlawfully taxed, nor its charter violated.

All these things the King did promise so that Ruy Diaz came again to Castille where seven castles, gifts from the King's hand, awaited him, and where his wife and daughters once again joined with him. Many were the battles he fought against the Moors and much glory did they bring upon his King and the land of Castille, so that even unto this day the name of the Cid stands in the legends of chivalry as that of a knight brave and generous, and honest withal.

THE KNIGHT'S COAT OF ARMS

"CLAD in mail from head to foot and with visor down the strange knight rode along the woodland path. Yet men needed give but one glance to recognize him, since on the surcoat of silk that he wore above his armor was embroidered his emblem, and this appeared also upon his shield."

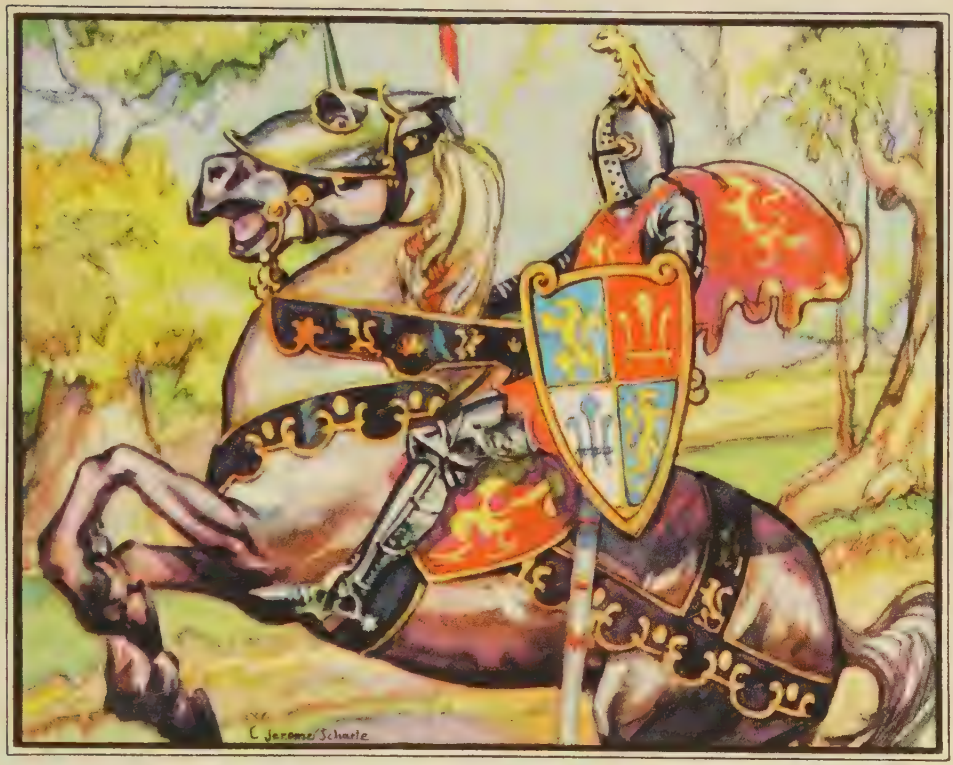
Thus, in days of chivalry, when many noble knights knew not the art of reading the printed word, right readily did they read the language of heraldry by a glance at shield or surcoat.

Sometimes a man's "device" or "cognizance," as his heraldic bearing was called, might serve as a protection. The Earl of Gloucester, slain at the Battle of Bannockburn, might have been saved had he worn his surcoat, for the Scotch would have spared him for the sake of ransom had they but known who he was.

Most of the terms used in heraldry are French because that was the language of polite society in the days when that science was being created, but some words are of far earlier origin. The word "shield" comes from a Saxon word meaning "to protect," while "escutcheon" is derived from the Greek word for "skin," since in early times warriors used skins of wild animals to cover the frames of their shields.

The most usual place to find a man's coat of arms was on the escutcheon or shield, and here was emblazoned the history of a family, a city, or even of an empire, told in the sign language of heraldry. Every detail has its meaning, every color has a reason for its use.

Several coats of arms are often arranged on different parts of one escutcheon to show the owner's descent, marriage, or other family alliance. To accomplish this the shield is divided by diagonal, vertical, or horizontal lines. The "pale" extends from top to bottom; "fess" is a



horizontal band across the middle; the "bend" crosses from upper left *(dexter chief)* to lower right *(sinister base)* corner; the "bend sinister" from upper right to lower left corner, while the "chief" is a band across the upper third of the shield.

The colors or "tinctures" are called *or* (gold), *argent* (silver), *gules* (red), *azure* (blue), *vert* (green), *purpure* (purple), *sable* or *noir* (black). Two other colors, orange and blood-color, used at one time, later were discarded. In the seventeenth century a system of indicating color by dots and dashes came into use as shown here. Then the furs made another type of tinctures, the most important being ermine and vair. It is said that Cinderella's slipper was fur, but the French *vaire* (fur) was misread *verre* (glass), and so the legend has come down.

THE STORY OF ROLAND

PHILIP SCHUYLER ALLEN

IN ALL the world there was not such another emperor as Charlemagne, who ruled fair France. Many were the lands he had conquered, reaching from sea to sea; and strong were his armies; none could stand against them. Now for seven long years the Emperor had marched through heathen Spain, from the high lands down to the sea. He had conquered from the Moors every Spanish castle and city, save Saragossa, a town whose walls rose high upon the mountain side. There reigned Marsilius, the Moorish king, still worshipping his idols and dreading the day when Charlemagne would force him to become a Christian.

One day the Emperor Charlemagne sat on a throne of beaten gold in an orchard in a conquered part of Spain. Attending him were fifteen thousand knights. Cloths of white silk were spread upon the grass, where older warriors sat at their games of chess, while nearby younger knights practised the sword play. Into their midst came messengers from Saragossa, riding on mules. They dismounted before the throne and greeted the Emperor, saying that they had been sent by King Marsilius to sue for peace with Charlemagne.

"What will your liege-lord offer me for peace?" inquired the Emperor.

The heathen knights replied that if Charlemagne would end the war, Marsilius would surrender, and adopt the Christian faith. And of his treasure he would send the Emperor carloads of gold and silver.

Charlemagne was not a man of hasty speech. Awhile he pondered with bent head, stroking his long white beard and thumbing his mustache. Then he called the Twelve Peers to council. There came the twelve heroes, chief of them Roland and his loyal comrade-in-arms, Oliver; there came Archbishop Turpin; and among a thousand loyal

Franks came Ganelon, the jealous count. When all were seated in due order, Charlemagne addressed them.

"My lords," said he, "what answer shall I send Marsilius?"

Then stepped forth Roland, the Emperor's nephew, the companion of Charlemagne in all great enterprises. Many noble deeds of arms had Roland done for the honor of France and Christendom, so that his fame was heralded throughout the world. The young knight, ever haughty and impetuous, now stood before the throne and cried:

"Fair uncle and sire, Marsilius is a traitor. Trust him not; his lips speak only lies."

The hero reminded the Emperor that once before the false Marsilius had made peace with them, only to turn later against the Franks, and slay their messengers.

"Let us avenge our messengers," cried Roland, "and never cease fighting until Saragossa is ours."

Charlemagne frowned but said no word. He was weary of war and wished to return to France. The other knights were silent.

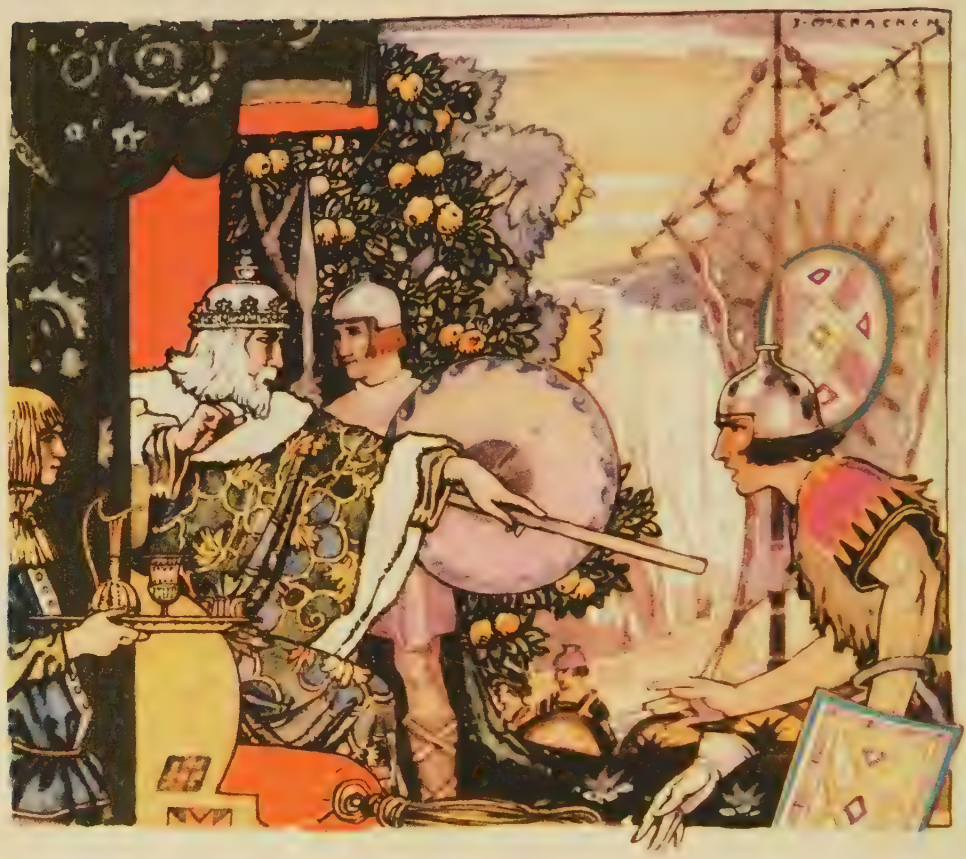
Then old Ganelon of Mayence arose and came before the throne. A mocking smile rested on his thin lips and his eyes twinkled with an evil light. He was Roland's stepfather, and he envied the hero's fame.

"Heed not the words of the braggart, Roland," said Ganelon. "He cares more for his own glory than for our lives. This war has lasted too long. The pagans promise submission. Let us accept their terms of peace."

And all the knights, save Roland, cried out, "Ganelon hath spoken wisely. Let us have peace."

"So it shall be," answered the Emperor, "but whom shall I send with a message to Marsilius to receive his tribute?"

At once Roland and his comrade Oliver besought the Emperor to let them carry the message, but Charlemagne was unwilling to part with any of his Peers. He bid them choose instead one of the barons to do the errand. At first, nobody ventured a choice.



At length Roland spoke. "My stepfather, Ganelon, was the man who urged this peace," said he. "Send Ganelon."

The assembled knights applauded this suggestion. "Yes, send Ganelon," they cried.

Count Ganelon rose from his seat, hate and rage in his face. He tore the sable cloak from his shoulders, and turned upon Roland.

"What have I done to thee," he cried, "that thou shouldst send me on this dangerous errand? If I come back alive, I will make thee sorry."

"Men know that I care naught for threats," answered Roland, "but I am willing to go if thou art afraid."

So red became Ganelon's face that he seemed well nigh bursting with wrath. His body trembled, and for a moment he could not speak.

"Thou art too timid," said the Emperor. "I bid thee go and have no fear of thy success."

Charlemagne held out to him the staff and glove, which messengers of the King were accustomed to carry, but Ganelon's hand trembled so that the glove dropped to the ground.

Seeing it the knights cried out, " 'Tis an omen. Alas, this errand will bring misfortune to us all."

Therewith the Count set forth and rode on his way. But he said to himself, "Roland has done this to me, and as long as I live I shall hate him. And I shall hate Oliver, his comrade, and all of the Twelve Peers."

When the Count arrived at Saragossa, he found Marsilius sitting in a garden, surrounded by twenty thousand pagan warriors.

"What answer sends the King of France?" inquired the pagan.

The Count had well bethought him what he should say, and he began to speak with great cunning. In threatening words he delivered Charlemagne's message, for he did not wish Marsilius to hold to the peace. The pagan King waxed red with wrath and shook the javelin in his hand as if he meant to hurl it at Ganelon. But the Frank merely set his back against a pine tree and brandished his sword, prepared to defend himself.

Then the King's councilors cried out, "Make an end of this quarrel."

They drew the King to one side and whispered that Ganelon looked like a man who would betray his cause. "Offer him gold," they urged, "and buy his friendship."

So Marsilius took Ganelon with him into the orchard. And there the two men plotted foul treason.

"Methinks," said the pagan King, "that Charlemagne is more than two hundred years old. When will he weary of fighting?"

"Never," answered Ganelon slyly, "while his nephew Roland lives. Roland alone is worth many thousands of soldiers."

"Fair Sir Ganelon," said Marsilius, "tell me how I can slay this Roland?"

Ganelon smiled. The opportunity which he had hoped for was at hand. Now he could take vengeance upon his stepson. Eagerly he unfolded his plans to Marsilius.

"Send hostages and rich gifts back with me to Charlemagne," said Ganelon, "and promise to come to France at Michaelmas and be baptized. Charlemagne will be pleased with your promises, and return to France with the army. But he will leave Roland and twenty thousand soldiers behind him to guard the rear as the army marches through the mountains. They will be stationed at Roncesvalles, the mountain pass. There if you attack Roland with a great host of warriors, he may in nowise escape. If Roland dies, the great pride of Charlemagne shall come to its fall, and thenceforth he will have no desire to wage war upon thee."

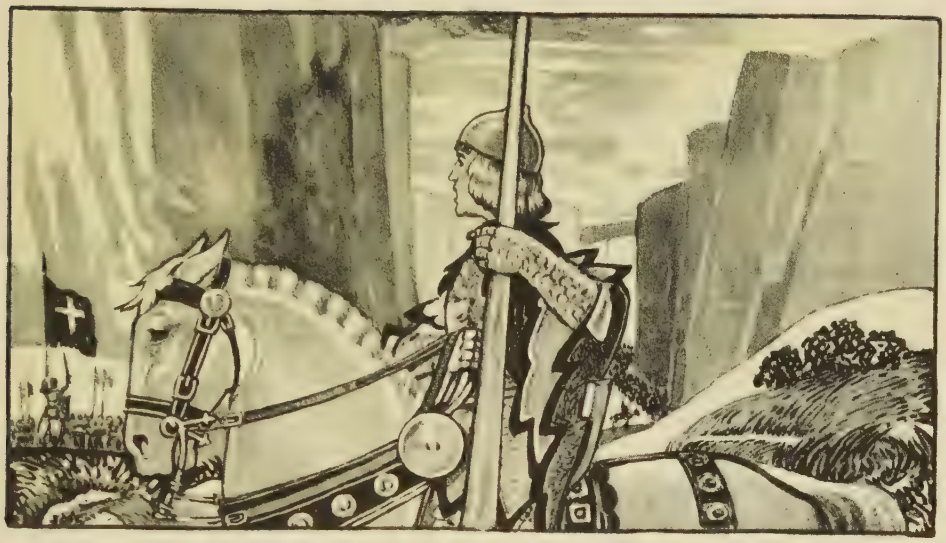
When Marsilius heard this, he kissed Ganelon upon the neck. Then he began to open his treasures.

The traitor rode back to Charlemagne, bringing hostages and rich treasures from Marsilius. He told the Emperor that the pagan would abide by the terms of peace. Joyful was Charlemagne to hear that peace was at hand and that now the Franks could return to their native land. He let a thousand trumpets be sounded throughout the host, and the Franks began to break up camp. They loaded their baggage on the mules and set forth together towards fair France. Alas, they did not know the treacherous pagans were following them through the valleys, clad in hauberks, shields on their shoulders, and lances in their hands.

At last Charlemagne's army came to the mountains; fair France lay just beyond.

"Lords, barons," said Charlemagne, "nigh is the narrow pass through which we must march. Whom shall we leave here to guard our rear?"

And Ganelon answered quickly, "Let it be Roland, my stepson. None is so brave as he or so well fitted for this honor."



When Roland heard he was chosen, he spoke out in knightly wise. "It shall be my part," he said, "to see that no harm shall come to the Franks while marching through the pass."

Oliver said that he would stay with Roland. And the good Archbishop Turpin came to the hero's side. Long had he waged strong war against the pagans, both by his mighty battling and his goodly sermons. The rest of the twelve Peers remained with Roland, too. Twenty thousand men were adjudged to him and these stood guard while the great army of Franks rode through the narrow defile toward the land of France. High were the hills and dark the valleys. The noise of the marching army might be heard fifteen leagues away.

Meantime the pagans were riding down the valley toward Roncesvalles, where Roland guarded the mountain pass. Behind on a hill was stationed King Marsilius with half the pagan host, while his nephew rode on ahead with a hundred thousand warriors to surprise the little rear guard Roland kept. As the Moors rode forward their armor glistened; their pennons, blue and white and scarlet, waved in the breeze.

They sounded a thousand trumpets; so great was the noise that the Franks heard it.

"What was that?" cried Oliver. Quickly he climbed to the top of a high cliff and looked away to the right, all down a grassy valley, and saw the host of the heathen coming on.

"From the side of Spain," he called to Roland, "I see thousands of white hauberks and thousands of gleaming helms. They will fall upon our Franks with great slaughter. Ganelon, the traitor, has done this. For this reason he urged Charlemagne to give thee the rear guard."

"Peace, Oliver," said Roland. "Ganelon is my mother's husband. Call him not a traitor."

Oliver hastened down the hill and gave the Franks tidings of what he had seen.

"Never was there so great a number of soldiers," he cried. "They cover the hills and valleys, the heaths and the plains. We shall have such a battle as never before was seen." Then he turned to Roland and cried, "Blow your horn of ivory, that Charlemagne may return and give us succor."

"Now God forbid," said Roland, "that any living man shall say of me that I am afraid of the pagans. Rather will I stay here and strike good blows with my sword to deliver the Franks."

Again and again Oliver besought him to blow his horn, but Roland would not yield. Roland was brave and Oliver was wise and both were loyal knights; once armed and a-horseback, they would die rather than flee the battle. Now they saw that the pagan ranks were close upon them. They ceased their dispute and rode forward fiercer than two lions.

The good Archbishop Turpin was close at hand. He spurred his horse to the hilltop and called to the eager Franks. The soldiers, dismounting, knelt upon the ground and the Archbishop blessed them. Then, encouraged and eager, they formed in battle line. At their head rode Roland, laughing and brandishing his spear. His body was well

fashioned and his face was fair to look upon. Behind him in close ranks rode his comrades.

"Alas, you would not blow your horn," said Oliver again, "and now it is too late. Let us have at the enemy." With that he galloped to meet the advancing host.

The nephew of King Marsilius, called Adelroth, led the pagans. As he rode forward he shouted out taunting words to the Franks, saying that this day fair France would lose her fame. Roland heard him and spurring his horse as fast as it would run, smote Adelroth with all his might, so that the Moor fell to the ground.

"Ha, coward!" Roland cried, "France shall lose none of her fame."

Then the brother of King Marsilius rode forward, shouting foul words to the Franks. But Oliver met him and hurled him from his saddle.

Now the battle grew fierce on both sides. All had joined the fighting, and great was the valor displayed. Every Frank fought heroically against the fierce enemy. Yet still the heathen host came on. Wherever the struggle was fiercest, there Roland spurred to the aid of his men, brandishing his sword Durendal. Wherever the danger was greatest and help was most needed, he fell on the pagans like a thunderbolt, turning the tide of battle ever and again.

Meantime in France a terrible storm broke forth, with wind and lightning, rain and hail out of all measure. Bolts of lightning struck ever and again; the earth quaked and houses were torn asunder. The land was enveloped in darkness and the people of France whispered, "This is the end of the world." They did not know that in the mountains of Spain, Roland's life was in danger, and that all nature mourned for the hero.

Far away in the mountain pass the Franks were fighting more fiercely than ever. Of the hundred thousand pagans only one was left, and he was wounded. Back he fled towards Spain and met Marsilius on the hill. Then Marsilius rode down with a fresh hundred thousand knights.

Meantime the victorious Franks remained upon the field. They were weary and had lost a good half of their men. Suddenly down the valley trumpets sounded and the spent Franks beheld galloping toward them King Marsilius at the head of a great host of fresh warriors.

Valiant and steadfast, Roland spoke to his weary men with encouraging words. Once more he led them forward to the encounter. And now the battle raged anew. Again and again the little band of Franks drove back the pagans, but ever fresh regiments swept down upon them. It seemed as if there was no end to the heathen host. Now of all the Frankish knights only sixty remained. And Roland knew that doom awaited them.

"How shall I send the tidings to Charlemagne?" said Roland. "I will sound my horn so that the Emperor will hear it as he passes through the mountains. Then will he return and give us succor."

"Nay," answered Oliver, "it is too late. Shameful is it to ask for help now that the battle is turning against us."

The Archbishop, hearing them dispute, spurred his horse toward them and said: "Little help shall we have now of thy horn; and yet it is better to sound it. If Charlemagne returns, he will punish the pagans for their treachery."

Therewith Roland set his ivory horn to his lips and blew it with all his might. High were the hills and the sound echoed afar. Thirty leagues away Charlemagne and his host heard it.

"Hark, that is Roland's horn," said the Emperor. "The pagans are attacking our men."

But Ganelon laughed and answered, "You are mistaken; there is no battle. Roland is only out hunting for pastime."

Thrice did Roland sound his horn. He was wounded and spent, and the effort cost him much pain. From cliff to cliff and from valley to valley the notes of the horn resounded until even the sky seemed to ring.

The Emperor and the Franks listened.

"Long drawn is the blast," cried the knights; "sore must be Roland's

need. Ganelon is deceiving us; he hath betrayed the Franks."

The Emperor in wrath ordered his cooks to seize Count Ganelon. And a hundred fellows of the kitchen set a watch about the traitor. In derision, Ganelon was bound to the back of a mule.

Charlemagne and the Franks armed themselves in haste. They got then to horse and spurred through the valleys.

"If only Roland lives till we arrive," they whispered.

Clear was the evening and all their armor glistened in the setting sun. Charlemagne rode on in wrath, and the Franks were full of foreboding. Not a man but had great fear for Roland.

Meanwhile at Roncesvalles, Roland and his sixty comrades were fighting heroically, as men fight who expect no mercy from the foe. King Marsilius was wounded. He dropped his shield to earth and fled away toward Spain, and all the pagan host fled after him. A second time the nephew of Charlemagne had won the field. But alas, it availed him naught; for though the Moors had fled, there still remained their ally, the Ethiopian King with fifty thousand warriors whom he had brought to help Marsilius. The faces of the Ethiopians were black, with flat noses and large ears. Now they rode up in pride and wrath. When they saw how few were the Franks, their joy was great and they

shouted the pagan war cry. The little remnant of Franks met the great onrush with mighty courage, and checked it for a time. At length Oliver was wounded, but he clung to his horse and smote bravely about him with his sword. Then his sight failed him, and meeting Roland, Oliver struck him blindly, splitting Roland's helmet but not piercing his head.

"Comrade," said the hero gently, "thou hast not struck me wittingly. I am Roland who loves thee."

"Ah, Roland," said Oliver, "I can hear thy voice, but I cannot see thy face. Forgive me if I smote thee."

"Thou didst me no harm," answered Roland; "there is naught to forgive."

The two comrades embraced tenderly and parted for the last time.

Now of all the Franks there survived but Roland and the good Archbishop. The hero was sorely wounded, but he would fain know whether or not the Emperor was coming. So he drew his ivory horn and blew it feebly.

Some leagues away Charlemagne halted his horse to listen.

"Lords," he said, "I wot from the blast of his horn that Roland is nigh unto his end."

The Emperor's knights galloped fast.

"Now sound your trumpets," ordered Charlemagne, "that Roland may know help is on the way."

Immediately sixty thousand bugles were blown so that the mountains resounded and the valleys gave answer. The Ethiopians heard it and realizing that Charlemagne was returning, they attacked Roland and the Archbishop desperately. At length the good Archbishop fell to the ground. Roland, left alone, found himself surrounded by ten thousand of the enemy. Still he did not yield. They split his shield in twain and shattered his breastplate. Again the trumpets of Charlemagne's host sounded and the enemy fled away toward Spain, leaving Roland alone surviving of all the Franks upon the battlefield.

And now the hero felt that his strength was ebbing. He took the horn of ivory in one hand, and Durendal, his sword, in the other, and mounted to the crest of a hill that looked toward Spain. And he cast himself down upon the green grass. Beside him lay his sword.

"Ah, Durendal," he said aloud, "how many countries have I conquered with thy help. Soon I shall have no more need of thee. And it is not meet that the false pagans should have thee."

He rose to his feet and tried to destroy his sword by smiting it against a great stone that lay nearby. Ten mighty blows struck Roland, but although the rock lay shattered in pieces, Durendal was not splintered.

Roland, realizing that he could not destroy his beloved sword, threw himself upon the ground once more, but under him he laid Durendal, together with his horn of ivory. He turned his face toward the pagan folk, so that Charlemagne should know he had been a conqueror.

At length, Charlemagne and his army came to Roncesvalles. Their grief was out of all measure when they knew that they had arrived too late. Roland was found lying dead upon the grass. The Emperor held him in his arms and wept for pity.

"Never shall the day dawn," said he, "that I shall not mourn for Roland, the bravest of my knights."

Charlemagne and his host pursued the fleeing pagans and in a battle at the River Ebro revenged their treachery. Nor did the Franks turn back toward their native land until they had destroyed Saragossa. On their sad homeward march, they carried Roland back with them that he might lie in his own fair France.

Charlemagne and the French people never ceased to mourn for Roland. For centuries his deeds of arms were heralded in France and throughout all Europe. Wherever soldiers were gathered together on the eve of battle, there would the song of Roland's valor be sung, to give the soldiers courage. He was known as the greatest hero of his time, the knight who had stood firm against great odds and had fought for his country even at the cost of his life.

THE MAIDEN KNIGHT OF VOICES

BASIL MATHEWS

IN A LITTLE village, near a small gray church by a slow, softly flowing river, there lived, five hundred years ago, a little girl who could run faster than any of the boys. And, as we shall see, she was braver than any boy in the world. The village was called Domremy, in Eastern France, on the banks of the Meuse. The girl, whose name was Joan, had a sweet sunburnt face, a slim, lithe body, and black hair. She loved to sit in the porch, with her sister and her mother, Isabeau d'Arc, listening to stories or learning how to spin, until her father, Jacques, and her three brothers came home from the fields for their evening meal.

When Jacques, who came home very hungry from his work, had eaten his meal, he would tell the mother and children of the dreadful things that were happening in France.

From *The Splendid Quest*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

"It was bad enough," he would say, "in the old days when Edward of England crushed our soldiers at Crecy and Poitiers. But this new English king, Henry, is more terrible as a warrior. Since we lost at Agincourt, and in those years when we lived under our old mad King Charles; yes, and even more now, under his wicked Queen and her foolish son, the Dauphin, France has sunk deeper and deeper. Even the men of Burgundy fight for England against their own land. There is great pity for France."

As Jacques said these things, and told how cruel the English soldiers were, little Joan's eyes filled with tears for very pity of the country that she loved. The next day, when other children were playing, they called out, "Where is Joan, swift-running Joan?" But they could not find her. She had gone away into a lonely place, and was kneeling in the cool, green grass, with some wild flowers at her knees, praying to God to raise up someone to lead her poor country into freedom.

It was midsummer, and Joan was twelve and a half years old. She stood next day in her father's garden, which was close to the church. A great light shone in the garden, and a Voice spoke to her gently, saying, "Joan, be a good child." Joan was a little frightened, but she did not tell any one then about her Vision and Voice. Some time after the Voice came again, and she saw a Figure, with manly open face and kingly bearing, having wings and a crown, telling her of "the pity that was in heaven for the fair realm of France, and that she must help the King and restore to him his kingdom."

"Sir," said little Joan, "I am only a poor girl that cannot even ride, much less lead soldiers on a battlefield."

"God will help you," the Figure answered, and faded from her sight.

Thus for four years the Visions and the Voices came to Joan, and at last, when she was sixteen years old, she could not keep quiet any longer, for she felt that God was indeed calling her. So she got an uncle to ask a French commander, Robert de Baudricourt, to take her to the Dauphin to tell him that she would help to save France. Rough Baudricourt said

at first that she ought to have her ears boxed and be sent home, but later he was convinced that she was right. Her father was angry, and said that she would bring disgrace on the family by going among rough, rude soldiers.

Joan cut her black hair short, and decided to wear the costume of a boy, a gray doublet and black hose. She rode a horse which was given her—and rode it well from the very beginning. Lastly, she wrote a letter to her father and mother asking them to forgive her for obeying the Voices. Then she started for the castle of Chinon on her black horse.

Joan had never seen such great walls and huge towers and ramparts as loomed out of the dusk as she approached Chinon, where the Dauphin held court. But she crossed the swift river Vienne, and—although they kept her waiting for two days—Joan was at length led, in her poor gray clothes, into the brightly lighted royal hall, where gorgeously dressed ladies and swaggering lords stared at the little peasant girl.

Charles, the Dauphin, had disguised himself, but Joan, though she had never seen him before, went straight to him and said, "The King of Heaven sends you word by me that you shall be crowned at Rheims, lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the King of France." But for six weeks they delayed, while learned men tried to discover whether she was a sorceress or not. She lost patience at last, saying, "This is not a time to talk, but to act." Therefore an army was gathered with Joan at the head on her black charger in shining white armor, carrying a banner of white linen with the figure of Jesus embroidered on it. So they marched along the bank of the Loire to Orleans, which was besieged by their enemies, the English, and finally gained entrance to the city.

Some days after she had entered Orleans with her army, the Maid rose and told the generals that they must attack the English, who had taken a tower across the bridge on the other side of the Loire. They tried to stop her. She replied, "You have been to your Council, and I have been to mine," meaning that the Voices had again guided her. And, in the end, her decision prevailed.

The French army attacked the English in their tower, putting scaling ladders against the walls. Arrows and shot showered down upon them, while they were thrust from the ladders by lances and axes. After six hours of fighting the men grew weary. An iron bolt from a crossbow wounded Joan above the breast. She wept in pain, and was carried to a meadow, where she was faint. But when someone told her that her troops were about to withdraw, she leapt to her feet, mounted her horse, and cried out:

"Watch my banner! when it reaches the walls the place will be ours."

The men fought like furies. A girl's clear voice shouted above the hoarse din and clash:

"All is yours—now enter in."

The day was won, and tired, wounded Joan went straight off to bed and to sleep.

By much persuading she made the lazy Dauphin undertake the ride to Rheims to be crowned. Leading eight thousand men, she attacked Jargeau, a town with great walls, stout towers, and many cannon, whither the English had gone on fleeing from Orleans. As Joan mounted a ladder with her banner, a stone smote her helmet and knocked her into the moat. But she leapt up crying, "Friends, friends, come on! come on!" and the town was taken.

Without stopping for rest, she pressed on to Meun and Beaugency, taking both of them, and then attacking the main army of the English, who fled at Patay under the sudden charge of the French. In the evening, as the Maid rode over the battlefield, she saw some French soldiers ill-treating a wounded English prisoner. She leapt from the saddle, sat down beside the English soldier, took his head in her lap, and stayed with him till he died.

Soon after these wonderful victories, the Maid's great hope was realized. Charles was crowned King of France at Rheims, Joan kneeling beside him with her banner and weeping tears of joy.

"Now," she said, "would to God that I might take off my armor and

go home to my father and mother, and tend the sheep with my sister and brothers, who would greatly rejoice to see me once more."

Seventeen-year-old Joan loved playing with children far better than riding at the head of a victorious army. And the common people followed her with love and devotion. They asked her to touch objects which they brought to her, so that they might become holy. "Touch them yourselves," she said simply; "your touch will do them as much good as mine."

The Voices called her to go on with her task. But Charles, who was as great an idiot when crowned King of France as he had been when Dauphin, delayed the army when she urged him to march straight on to Paris. At last she set out without the King, but the English had had time to pour forces into Paris and to strengthen its walls, deepen its ditches and prepare ammunition. The King, half-ashamed, came lagging slowly and uselessly behind.

The Maid led the attack on Paris, passed the first ditch, and amid a sweeping hail of arrows, stood on the edge of the second ditch, calling to her men, when a shaft pierced her thigh. "Come on!" she still shouted to her soldiers in the gathering twilight. The French bugles sounded a retreat, but Joan stayed on till midnight, when the King of France, who had reached the camp, sent soldiers to fetch her back. The next day she was riding against Paris again when the King sent orders to turn back. The Maid was broken-hearted. She laid down her suit of white armor in the old chapel of St. Denis, since she was no longer permitted to fight.

Joan, during the next winter, was forced to stay in the Court amid its lazy pleasure-seekers. This she hated above all things. Then she slipped away to the army and to the help of Compiègne. She charged out from the town and made the enemy flee before her, but her men lost heart when attacked again from behind, and they fled back into Compiegne. Joan would not retreat, but one of her leaders seized her bridle and led the horse back. Just before they reached the bridge into

the town the portcullis was dropped and the drawbridge lifted. Her own traitorous, cowardly people had left Joan to her enemies. The sun was sinking, and its light shone on the flowing banner which Joan carried high. A score of soldiers threw themselves against her, tore her crimson skirt from her, wrenched her from her saddle, and made her prisoner. But she would not surrender. She said:

"I have given my allegiance to Another than you, and I will keep my oath to Him."

The Duke of Luxembourg carried her away. He would have sold her to her friends, if her friends would have raised a ransom. But the

craven, coward King of France and his foul Court never raised a finger to save Joan or to ransom her from her enemies. From her prison she dropped sixty feet to the ground in an effort to escape. The fall nearly killed her, and she was unconscious for a long time. This was the only time when she had disobeyed her Voices, and she was recaptured. As the French would not ransom her, at length she was handed over to the English. At Rouen she was kept in an iron cage, chained by her neck, hands, and feet; the men removing her, when her trial began, to a truckle-bed, where they chained her to a wooden beam. The rough soldiers insulted and ill-treated her.

At last she came before the court of theologians for trial—not as a prisoner of war, but as an unbeliever! In vain they tried to entrap her. Her simplicity and honesty were so clear, and her quickness and wit so brilliant, that every now and then even her judges could not help exclaiming, "Well spoken, Joan."

Her courage in prison was even more wonderful than her daring in battle. She signed with a cross on a paper. She did not know that the writing on the paper said that her Voices were false. When she found this out she was full of sorrow, and said, "I never meant to deny my Voices."

Now they declared more than ever that she was an unbeliever and must be burned. Her last thought was for the safety of the man who stood holding the Cross up for her to see. She told him not to stand too near to the flames. Then with a loud cry of JESUS her head fell on her breast.

A noble Englishman left the square crying, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint." She was but nineteen when she died.

Since that day France has never been subject to another king. By the irresistible power of daring courage and flaming faith the Maid had won more wonderful battles than the greatest generals of France. She won them without any magic except that which every one may use—the magic of utter obedience to the Voice that speaks in us all.

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG

IT WAS the good King Konrad with all his army lay
Before the town of Weinsberg full many a weary day;
The Guelph at last was vanquished, but still the town held out;
The bold and fearless burghers they fought with courage stout.

But then came hunger! hunger, that was a grievous guest;
They went to ask for favor, but anger met their quest.
"Through you the dust hath bitten full many a worthy knight,
And if your gates you open, the sword shall you requite!"

Then came the women, praying: "Let be as thou hast said,
Yet give us women quarter, for we no blood have shed!"
At sight of these poor wretches the hero's anger failed,
And soft compassion entered and in his heart prevailed.

"The women shall be pardoned, and each with her shall bear
As much as she can carry of her most precious ware;
The women with their burdens unhindered forth shall go,
Such is our royal judgment—we swear it shall be so!"

At early dawn next morning, ere yet the east was bright,
The soldiers saw advancing a strange and wondrous sight;
The gates swung slowly open, and from the vanquished town
Forth swayed a long procession of women weighted down;

For perched upon her shoulders each did her husband bear—
That was the thing most precious of all her household ware.
"We'll stop the treacherous women!" cried all with one intent;
The chancellor he shouted: "This was not what we meant!"

But when they told King Konrad, the good King laughed aloud;
"If this was not our meaning, they've made it so," he vowed;
"A promise is a promise, our loyal word was pledge;
It stands, and no Lord Chancellor may quibble or may hedge."

Thus was the royal scutcheon kept free from stain or blot!
The story has descended from days now half forgot;
'Twas eleven hundred and forty this happened, as I've heard,
The flower of German princes thought shame to break his word.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

IN THE old days of King Arthur, of which the Britons speak with great honor, all the land was full of fairies, and the elf-queen, with her merry company danced in the green meadows where now you will see not one of them. But that was many hundreds of years ago, for now that the friars have spread over the land as thick as motes in a sunbeam, no fairies can survive, and where once the elves were wont to go, there now are the friars themselves, passing up and down the world.

It so befell that in King Arthur's court abode a young knight who was in the full vigor and pride of his strength. One day, when he was riding in a lonely spot, he came upon a maiden walking alone. She was very beautiful, and the sight of her made him so forget his knightly vows that he tried to carry her off with him by force. Help came, and the knight was borne before the king for judgment. King Arthur sentenced him to die, as was the law, but the queen and her ladies so pleaded for him that the king finally relented and granted him his life, leaving it to the queen to say what punishment should be given him.

The queen thanked the king, and then turning to the knight said, "You still stand in danger of losing your life, but if you can tell me what thing it is that women most desire I will spare you. If you cannot answer now, you shall have a year and a day to search and learn a satisfactory answer to this question. But before you go I must be given surety of your return."

Sorrowful indeed was the knight at this sentence, for he could think of no good answer to the queen's question. Therefore he chose to depart after having given his promise to return at the time appointed. Then he rode forth and sought everywhere for the answer to the queen's question, but nowhere could he find what it was that women

Retold from *The Canterbury Tales.*

most desired. No two persons agreed, for some said riches, other suggested honor, fine clothing, or flattery, and still others said women best loved freedom and the right to do as they pleased. None of these replies seemed to the knight to be what the queen might have in mind as the right answer. He therefore wandered far and wide in his mournful search for someone wise enough to help him. At last came the day that he had to turn his horse's head homeward. Wearily riding along through a forest he saw more than four and twenty dainty little ladies dancing gaily in an open space. He drew near, hoping to learn from them the answer to the question that troubled him, but when he approached, the dancers vanished, he knew not whither. No creature was visible save only one old woman, uglier than man had ever seen before.

"Sir Knight," said she, rising and coming towards him, "this road leads nowhere. Tell me what you seek and where you are going, and perchance I can help you, for we old folk have knowledge of many things."

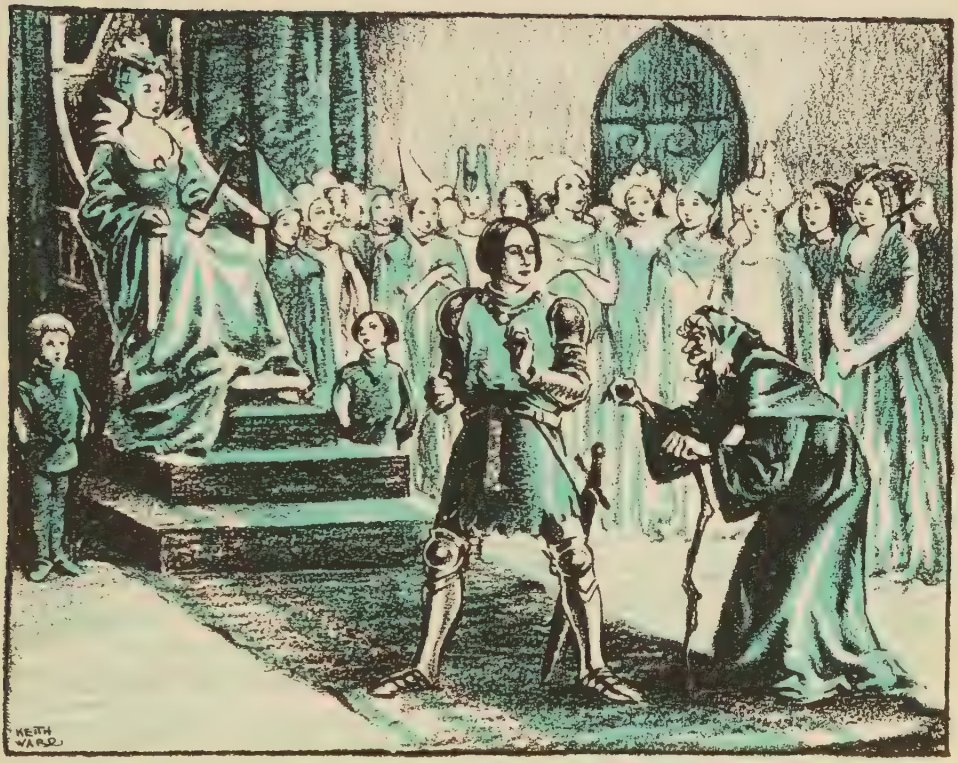
"Mother," he made answer, "I am as good as dead if I cannot learn what it is that women most desire. If you can tell me, I will reward you well."

"Give me your promise that the next thing I ask of you shall be granted me, if it lie in your power, and I will tell you the answer," replied the old woman.

"Have here the promise that I grant," the knight rejoined, offering his hand in pledge.

"Then," quoth she, "your life is safe, for I promise that the answer will be the one the queen desires. Not the proudest or the least important of her court ladies will gainsay it. Let us now journey onward without more talk."

She then whispered a few words to him, and bade him have no further fear. Together they rode to the court. When they came there the knight went at once before the queen, announcing that he was



ready to give his answer. A great company of noble ladies was immediately assembled, the queen sitting as justice over all. Then silence was proclaimed and the knight was called to give his answer.

"My liege Lady," he declared, "women desire most of all to have power, or sovereignty, both over their homes and their husbands or lovers. If this is not the right answer, do with me as seems best to you."

In all that court was none who failed to agree that his answer had saved his life; but scarce was this verdict reached than up started the old woman whom the knight had found in the wood.

"Do me justice, My Lady Queen," cried she. "I taught this answer to the knight and in return he promised that he would grant to me the first request that I should make of him if it were within his power.

Therefore, before this assemblage, Sir Knight, I pray you to make me your wife, for it is to me, as well you know, that you owe your life."

"Alas, well I know that that was my promise," the knight replied sadly, "but I beg of you to take all I own and let me go."

"Nay then, both will I have," quoth she. "Though I be old and ugly, not for all the gold within the earth or all that man has gathered would I change my request. I wish to be your wife and your love."

"My love!" he cried, "say rather my destruction. Alas that my race should suffer such dishonor!"

But all the knight's plaints and entreaties were in vain, and in the end he was obliged to wed the hideous old woman. A sad wedding it was for him. No joyous bridal feast awaited them when he took his bride home to his house, and he did his best to keep out of her presence. But his bride only smiled and begged him to kiss her, asking whether it was the custom of Arthur's knights to show no affection towards their wives. And she reminded him that but for her aid he had by now paid the penalty for failure to answer the queen's question.

"Tell me," she added, "what have I done amiss, and I will set it right if I can."

"Set it right?" the knight answered. "Nay, it can never be set right. You are so old, so ugly, so beneath me in birth, do you wonder that I mourn and groan? Would that my heart would break."

"Is this," she asked, "the cause of your unrest?"

"Yes, certainly," said he.

"That can I set right," she declared. "But you speak of your high birth and family. Such pride is worth nothing, for our ancestors cannot bequeath to us virtuous living that made themselves be known as gentlemen. He who leads an honorable kindly life, both in secret and in open, and who does gentle deeds is the true gentleman. Neither poverty nor low birth is a sin, and be assured that a noble nature is not made only by high birth or inherited wealth. Therefore, my husband, even though my ancestors may have been of lowly birth, yet If I do

live virtuously, then am I to be counted among the gentle-folk.

"As to my poverty," the old woman went on, "truly the greatest of all was poor and cared not for earthly possessions, yet was He counted richest of us. You say I am low-born, poor, and ugly. Now since I know what you desire, do you choose whether you prefer me as I am now—poor, old, and ugly, but a true and faithful wife who will try never to do aught to displease you, or will you have me young and fair, but fickle, pleasure-seeking, and caring little for maintaining the dignity of your house. Which is it you choose?"

The knight pondered her words but could not decide which were the better choice, so at last he said, "My lady, my dear wife, I put myself in your hands to choose which may be the better and bring greater honor to you and to me also. I cannot decide, therefore your choice shall be mine."

"Then I have gained the mastery! I have power to choose as suits me!" she cried triumphantly.

"Yes, truly, my wife, that to me seems best," he answered.

"Kiss me," she said, "and be no longer displeased, for I will be to you both fair and true. I will be as good a wife as ever there was since the world began, and if I am not as beautiful as any lady, empress, or queen to be found on the whole earth from east to west, then let me live or die, as best pleases you. But do you look at me now and see me in my true appearance."

Dreading the sight of her ugliness the knight had kept his gaze on the ground; but at this request he looked at her and saw there before him, instead of the withered old hag, the most beautiful woman he had ever looked upon. For he had wedded a fairy who, before she revealed herself, chose to teach him that beauty and birth were not all that counted in life. But now they lived happily until their lives' end. And may all women find husbands who are willing to be ruled by their wives' authority and choice.

Here endeth the Tale of the Wife of Bath.

SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEFTAIN

ANNE GREGORY

THE hero of the Circassians is no plumed knight, no scion of noble family. Born of a race of liberty-loving, hardy mountaineers, Schamyl (Samuel) was one of the peasant group who were his followers, and like his companions was a peerless horseman who could ride and shoot with all the skill, and perhaps with even greater grace, than the riders of America's western plains. Nor is Schamyl a hero shrouded in ancient legend, for he was born in 1797, and his first home was in the little village named Himri, high on the side of the Caucasus Mountains in northern Daghestan. Typical of these Transcaucasian mountain strongholds was Himri, perched on a projecting rock and reached only by a narrow path which was defended by a triple wall and high towers, while above the village the overhanging brow of the mountain served as protection.

Of all the riders and all the hunters and men clever at sports, none could outshine young Schamyl, and so wise and resourceful was he that his countrymen early chose him as their Iman, or governor. While he was still in his thirties they put him in charge of the war against the

invading Russians. His first battle was in defense of his native town, but the enemy's artillery reduced the town to ruins, and many of its defenders were lost in the struggle. Schamyl himself was left lying in the road with two bullets in his hip, and the enemy let him lie, thinking him dead. When they had gone, Schamyl was able to crawl to a place of safety, but his countrymen looked upon that escape as a miracle.

When, in 1839, the Russians made another attempt to reduce the resistance of the mountaineers, Schamyl had his headquarters at Akhulgo, which, like Aul[1] Himri, was a fortified mountain crag. Some fifteen thousand Circassians surrounded their leader, prepared to defend their liberties and their faith, for these men were Mohammedans, and looked upon the Greek Catholic Russians as infidels. Strong and handsome were the Circassians, but none more noble looking than their chieftain with his fair hair, gray eyes, and dark brows, his Grecian nose, small mouth, and almost delicately fair complexion. Of medium height, he had the erect carriage, light tread, and grace of motion common to the free man of the mountain regions, and although his manner was quiet, no man refused to obey when he issued an order.

For months the Russians fought their way towards Akhulgo, and for months the Circassian outposts were forced back, step by step, yielding to superior arms and greater numbers. At last, one August day, a sudden charge carried the Russians into the fort, and the defenders fell where they stood, fighting to the last. Only women and children were the Russians able to take alive. Schamyl had disappeared. Search where they would, no trace of him could be found by the conquering army. Every nook and corner was explored, nobody was allowed to leave the fortress, yet the great prize had escaped!

Nor was it long before Schamyl was again in the field, leading a force against the Russians. How he escaped none know, though many a legend is told to explain his disappearance and then his reappearance a month later at Dargo. After a time Schamyl realized that his few mountaineers were no match for the numberless hordes that Russia could

[1]Aul means village.

turn loose upon him, so he wisely decided to undertake a new type of warfare. His men hid in the mountains, but when an army advanced against them, the mountaineer guerillas picked off their enemies from behind ambush of trees and rocks and then disappeared before the startled Russians could locate them. Thus, for several years Schamyl was enabled to hold Dargo, and it was not until the Russians hurled an army of ten thousand men against the fastness in 1845 that he had to abandon the town. Even so it was but a mass of flames the Russians found when the Circassians withdrew, for they had fired the buildings rather than let them fall into Russian hands.

Thus the years went by. Ten years after his exploit at Akhulgo, Schamyl again was besieged and disappeared when his town was taken, only to reappear safe and sound with a new band of Circassians at his heels. Then came the Crimean War, and Schamyl and his men were a great aid to the foes of Russia, who supplied him with arms and money.

But such struggles could not go on forever, and after the war Russia was clever enough to open a wide road over the mountains, and thus cut off a part of the rebellious country and gain its submission. At last, in the spring of 1859, twenty-five years after the struggle began, Schamyl was forced to surrender his stronghold at Weden. Again, as always before, the chieftain escaped, and it was nearly six months later before his final surrender brought the end of Circassian independence.

To the honor of Russia be it said that the captive chief was honorably treated and assigned a residence in central Russia with ample pension. In later years his sons even fought in the armies of Russia.

But the great chieftain, having done his best to get good terms for his people, longed to visit the holy land of those of his faith, so he was given permission to journey to Mecca in 1870, and there, in Arabia, the last year of his life was spent. Hero of a lost cause, he yet did much for his people, for the Russians looked upon the Circassians as brave and worthy men and sought, once they were conquered, to have them as loyal supporters instead of tyrannizing over them as subject peoples.

RAMA AND THE RAKSHAS

RAMA, son of Dasaratha, ruler of Ayodhya the Impregnable, dwelt in the depths of a tropic forest. By intrigue had he been banished to abide for fourteen years far from his home, yet in the companionship of his wife, the fair Sita, and of his devoted younger half-brother, Lakshman, he found comfort and even a meed of happiness. Their time was occupied in caring for their simple wants and in recounting tales of their adventures in days gone by. Little did they think that greater adventure would soon be theirs.

Now this forest was in the land of those cruel giant spirits, the Rakshas. One day there wandered past the hut of Rama a Rakshas maiden, Surpanakha, plain of face and ruthless of mind. When her eyes fell upon Rama, that prince of peerless grace, dark-tressed, lotus-hued, and when she heard his sweet voice, Surpanakha fell deeply in love with him. Then, made bold by her love, she demanded to know who he was, and why, clad in hermit's vestments, he lived in that lonely forest where Rakshas held sway.

Truthfully Rama told her of his exile. "By mandate of my father, Dasaratha of Ayodhya, Indra's lord, am I, Rama, his first-born, here in the forest, far from my native land. But my loneliness is assuaged by the companionship of my young brother Lakshman and of my wife, Sita, daughter of the mighty Videha." Then he added, courteously. "Tell me now who thou art, for much I fear thou art a Rakshas, wearing the form of an earth-born maiden."

"Truly am I a Rakshas," Surpanakha made answer, "sister to Ravan, Lanka's lord, and to many another Rakshas ruler of this land. Broad and boundless is my empire and much power can I put in thy hands.

From the epic of India, *The Ramayana*, attributed to Valmiki, a contemporary of Rama The text of Romesh Chunder Dutt is the basis of this adaptation.

Therefore cast aside thy bride and come with me. Scarce worthy to be noticed is the pale and weakling Sita. Bid me rid thee of her and of thy stripling brother and then together we shall rule over mighty provinces."

But Rama, disgusted at her boldness and cruelty, mocked her, saying that though he was bound to his wife, Lakshman was free and had no consort to hold him. Unabashed, Surpanakha turned to Lakshman, but he also mocked her, explaining that he was vassal to Rama and that since his bride must therefore be but a vassal's mate, it was not meet that she should stoop to him.

Angered at last, Surpanakha turned upon them and sought to slay Sita. Then Rama repented his light jesting, realizing that it had been better to refuse the Rakshas maiden outright than try to turn her away by mockery. But the time for regret was past and both he and his brother sprang to the protection of Sita, Lakshman drawing his sword and injuring Surpanakha on the nose and both her ears. With loud, shrill cries the Rakshas fled to her brothers Khara and Dushan who were hunting nearby. At once the fierce Rakshas assailed Rama and his brother, but their powers availed them not against the holy Rama and the youthful Lakshman.

At last, defeated, the Rakshas withdrew and Rama and Lakshman were left to continue their peaceful existence. Generous, and attributing to others the same friendliness that he held towards all the world, Rama soon forgot the Rakshas and returned to his life of quiet contemplation.

But Surpanakha neither forgot nor forgave. When Khara and Dushan gave up the battle, their sister made her way to Ravan, greatest of all the Rakshas. But wily was Surpanakha, and wise in her dealings. Although she showed her brother her scarred face and demanded that he avenge her wrong, she added words to make Ravan desire to avenge his sister for the sake of his own gain. "Rama's greatest treasure is the fair Sita. So beautiful is she that she is worthy to be the bride of Ravan himself. Yet think not to gain her easily, for both Rama and his brother Lakshman guard her constantly. Guile alone can win her, yet without

that jewel in thy possession thou art poor indeed."

So did Surpanakha inflame her brother's desires until he felt it a reproach that Sita was not his. Wherefore, as his sister had designed, he swore to avenge Surpanakha by stealing Sita from her husband. He called to him a Rakshas and commanded him to take the shape of a small deer, with golden-tinted haunches and antlers all sapphire colored. This the Rakshas did and he then wandered about near the hut of Rama until Sita, discovering him, longed exceedingly to possess the charming little animal. She therefore begged Rama to procure it for her. He at once consented and set forth in pursuit, despite the warnings of Lakshman, who feared the strange and beautiful beast was but some Rakshas in disguise. Lakshman he left to guard Sita.

Then began a weird chase, for no sooner did Rama draw near to the deer than it at once disappeared, only to reappear at some little distance, out of reach of the strongest arrow. But at last Rama managed to let fly a shaft that pierced the side of the Rakshas. Yet even as he fell, the Rakshas let forth a cry in a voice that imitated Rama's tones, "Speed, my brother Lakshman, and come to me ere I die!"

Sita, awaiting the return of her husband, heard the cry and started

up in terror. "Rama calls! Rama is injured! Fly to his aid, Oh my brother," she begged. But Lakshman, ever fearful of Rakshas guile, hesitated to leave her, reminding her that Rama had ordered him to stay as her guard. So fiercely then did Sita taunt him with disloyalty and cowardice that at last, stung by her reproaches, Lakshman betook himself in search of Rama.

No sooner was he out of sight than Ravan, who had been waiting for just such an opportunity, appeared in the guise of a Brahman hermit. For a time he stood enraptured by the beauty of Rama's queen, with her ivory brow and coral lips, her cloud of dark hair, and delicate, graceful figure. But soon he advanced and begged for water. Sita, always deferential to members of the priesthood, at once served him. and then was astounded when he burst into such praise of her beauty as ill befitted his holy garb. Yet she answered his queries as to her birth and lineage with quiet courtesy, and begged him to rest in the shade of their garden until her husband and his brother should return from the hunt and give him such welcome as his garb demanded.

But no such plan did Ravan contemplate. When Sita asked why he was wandering alone in the wilderness and from what group of anchorites he came, Raven answered boldly: "Neither Brahman nor anchorite am I, but Ravan, ruler of Lanka and leader of the mighty Rakshas. Both land and air do I rule. I come to carry thee hence, far from this lonely forest where fierce Rakshas range, and frame thy beauty fittingly in a setting of luxury and power. Leave this lowly hut and share my throne and my empire. Ravan is the mate for thee."

In vain Sita repulsed him. Finally, tired of pleading, he grasped her by the long, dark hair and dragged her to his great car that was drawn by winged steeds. Alternately begging her favor and threatening her with direst punishment if she did not freely renounce Rama and become his bride, Ravan whirled through the air with his prisoner, bearing her towards Lanka. Though she cried out for aid, they flew so high and so swiftly that none might help her. Neither her husband

nor his brother heard her pleas for help, but Jatayus, the great eagle, heard. Spreading his mighty wings he flew to impede the path of Ravan. But Jatayus was old and past the flower of his strength, so that soon the Rakshas overcame him and kept on his way over the darksome woods of Panchavati and the smiling vale of Janasthana towards the isle where Lanka rose from the boundless ocean. In despair Sita dropped a jewel in one place, a scarf and necklet in another. Now on a hill that o'er the wood raised its high top, five monkeys stood and on a sudden there fell before them a jewelled necklet and then a scarf floated downward. Looking on high they saw the car carrying a fair woman in the grasp of a mighty Rakshas. Then they wended their way to their king, bearing necklet and scarf with them.

Meantime Rama returned to his cottage and found all deserted. Loudly he called the names of Sita and Lakshman; vainly he searched for trace of them. Then came Lakshman returning. Little time did Rama give in reproaching his brother, for too well he knew that guile had lured them both from Sita's side. Together the brothers set forth but found no trace of Sita. Finally, after many days and weeks of wandering they found the wounded Jatayus and from him they heard sad tidings. Further they wandered, into the Malya Mountains in the far south where Sugriva, the great lord of the monkey-folk, dwelt in exile with his faithful henchman Hanuman, while Bali, the king's brother, usurped the throne of the Vanars.

Not unknown to Sugriva was Rama, son of Dasaratha, and right welcome were the brothers made in the leafy retreat where the exiled king held sway. Courteously Sugriva heard the tale of Rama. Then he summoned the five monkeys and bid them show his guests the necklet and scarf that had dropped at their feet from the flying car. Both glad and sorrowful was Rama at the sight; for now he knew they were on the right path. Then Sugriva spoke and begged Rama to give aid in regaining the throne of the Vanars, promising the help of all his horde in the search for Sita, once Bali, the usurper, was overthrown.

To the pleas of Sugriva Rama lent willing ear and soon Sugriva called his followers about him. Together the leaders made onslaught against the stronghold of the usurper. Hand to hand Sugriva and Bali fought and Bali had finally triumphed had not an arrow from Rama's bow laid him low. Then the forces of the besiegers entered the city and Sugriva blessed his people as he entered his palace. Jewelled sandals were placed upon the conqueror's feet and before him were spread honey and spices and holy oil.

Safely established upon his throne, Sugriva remembered his promise to Rama, and sent Hanuman, his wise chief, together with ten thousand others to search out the land for Sita. Soon the wily Hanuman reached the broad channel that separated Ceylon from the mainland, but nothing daunted he half-flew, half-leaped across the sapphire waters and reached the tree-embowered isle.

Then in wandering mendicant's guise he searched out the palaces of imperial Lanka. Many a wondrous beauty he found but nowhere did he see the incomparable Sita. Nigh unto despair, he assumed his monkey form and searched out a palace that he had discovered almost hidden in the luxurious tropical growth of the woodlands. Its steps were of coral and its pavements of ruddy gold; its pillars, snowy-white, rose heavenward in a flower-bespangled garden. Swinging from tree to tree, Hanuman noted a woman's figure seated beneath a tree. His attention was held by her hopeless attitude and the beauty of her tear-dimmed eyes. A great mass of raven hair hung in one long braid almost to her feet. Then Hanuman drew softly closer and saw on her arms the bracelets that Rama had described to him, and on her brow gleamed the jewel given her by the son of Dasaratha. Despite the hermit's garments in which she was clothed and the sorrow that was consuming her, still was Sita beautiful above all others. Guarded by Rakshas women she dwelt alone in this hidden palace, prisoner until she should consent to wed Ravan, since otherwise he could not win her, for he was under a vow never to force any woman to be his bride.

For a time Hanuman leaped about among the trees, idly watched by Sita. Finally, sure that they were unobserved, Hanuman dropped to the ground and stood humbly at Sita's side, at the same time slipping into her hand a golden ring on which Rama's name was engraved. When Sita saw the ring which had always been worn by her husband she at once knew that Hanuman could be trusted and all her tale she told to him and begged that he get word to Rama of how she might be succored. In vain Hanuman begged that she trust herself to him, vowing that he could carry her through the air safely to the mainland. Sita feared to go with him, certain that she would faint and fall into the deep waters. At last, accepting a token to bear back to Rama, Hanuman prepared to depart. But he was too late. The Rakshas guards suspected that the monkey they saw with Sita was an envoy from Indra's court who could change its form, and before he was aware

of their approach the Rakshas had surrounded Hanuman. Bravely the wondrous monkey fought, but finally he was overpowered and brought before Ravan.

Long the talk and many the counsels, but at last sentence was given. Not death should be meted to him, but instead, his tail should be wrapped in cotton strips and dipped in oil. Then it was to be set afire for the Rakshas decided that the monkeys were prouder of their long tails than of aught else, and therefore such punishment would cause most anguish and be most fitting. Then each Rakshas brought his strip of oily cotton and bound it about the tail of Hanuman. A torch was applied and Hanuman's tail set afire. Had he wished, the victim could have escaped, but his time for that had not come. Delighted, the cruel demons stood and shouted for joy, while the copper-colored monkey was led on show through the streets. Then, on a sudden, Hanuman made himself small, so that the cords that bound his limbs fell loose. Out he slipped from his fetters, and immediately he grew large until he seemed a mighty giant. Then over housetops and through palaces he leaped, lashing about his fiery tail until half imperial Lanka was in flames. Only the section near the forest where Sita dwelt did he avoid. All else the hungry flames caught and played about. Then with a mighty bound Hanuman leaped over the sea, his tail dragging in the water so that the flames were quenched.

Scarce had he reached the mainland when Hanuman began to mourn: "What have I done? Now are the Rakshas wroth with all my tribe. And Sugriva, how shall I face him?" But now it was too late for mourning and Hanuman made his way into the presence of Rama and gave him the token that Sita had entrusted to his care.

When Rama received the token and heard the tale that Hanuman unfolded, greatly did he sorrow for the imprisonment of Sita but also did he rejoice that she was safe and able to keep the loathly Ravan at a distance. At once he desired to set forth. Soon his cohorts were assembled, for Sugriva gave aid as he had promised. When they

reached the straits that separated them from the island where lay Lanka, no way to cross was visible. Nothing daunted, Rama had his men build a great causeway, parts of which remain to this day as a chain of islands.

Over this the army passed and when all had crossed, far as eye could reach lay the forces of Rama and the camps of Sugriva. Then the armies of Raven came forth to do battle. Each day they fought until the darkness descended and forced the withdrawal of troops. Soon the forces of Sugriva came near being vanquished by Ravan. Then Rama and Lakshman came to his aid and defeat was turned into victory. Twice Ravan defeated Lakshman and again, with his magic weapon, the Nagadart, both Rama and Lakshman were laid low by Ravan. Then Ravan summoned Sita to the high walls and bade her look upon the prostrate form of Rama, lying arrow-pierced and palely white. Bitterly did Sita lament. But, touched by her sorrow, one of the Rakshas women whispered to her to note that round the sons of Dasaratha stood a ring of hopeful Vanars, watching, waiting. Even as the woman spoke, Rama moved. Soon both he and Lakshman, freed of the enchantment that held them, arose, whole and flushed with life again.

Back and forth the battle waged. Dust like summer clouds and thunder of oncoming war chariots, great war elephants and prancing steeds, men and monkey hordes alike answering to the sound of trumpet and bugle, drum and horn. The brother of Ravan fell, and his son Indrajit was laid low by Lakshman. In his wrath Ravan threw a flaming javelin and Lakshman dropped at the feet of Rama. In fury Rama rose up and overcame Ravan. Then were the Rakshas defeated and Rama entered into the citadel, with Lakshman at his side, recovered from his wound. Together they sought Sita, guided by the wise Hanuman. Homage was paid to Rama by the conquered host ere he and Sita mounted a car of burnished gold, on which gleamed many jewels, and over the seat of which a tiger skin was thrown. Drawn by swans the car sped on its way, and once more were Sita and Rama united.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

RICHARD WAGNER

DRIVEN before the wind, a sturdy Norwegian fishing ship sought shelter in a tiny bay in the rocky fjord. The catch had been good and the men were merry, for they knew that when the wind fell they could sail home in but a little time. However, they had worked hard and were quite willing to go below and rest as Captain Daland suggested.

Only the steersman stayed on watch, and soon he too was nodding,

Retold from the opera of the same name.

so that he was all unaware of a strange ship that silently entered the fjord and dropped her rusty anchor beside the fishing boat. Silently the black-garbed, pale-faced crew furled the blood-red sails and made them fast to the black masts; silently they made all shipshape, and silently they went below, leaving the deck to darkness and to the sad-faced captain. Tall and broad-shouldered was he, a handsome man and one born to command, but withal so somber and pale that to see him was to pity him—and fear him.

Even as he looked about, Captain Daland came on deck of his own vessel and was astonished to see the strange ship. Waking the steersman, they hailed the stranger, and asked him whence he came.

"From distant lands I come, and long it is since I have been on land," answered the stranger.

"Come then home with me this night," offered Daland, hospitably. "Senta, my daughter, keeps my home but a short sail from this harbor, and right willingly will she make you welcome. No better daughter nor better housekeeper and fairer maiden is there in all Norway than my Senta."

"Gladly will I come and freely do I offer you rich treasure from my stores, as guest-fee," answered the stranger. "And if all you say of your daughter be true, give me your permission to woo her and I will richly repay you."

To this Daland was nothing loth, for he could easily see that the stranger was a man of high standing and education. So, the wind having died down, he put to sea, the stranger's ship following in his wake, and soon they were heading into the little bay where lay Daland's home.

Meanwhile the maiden, Senta, had been spinning in the great room of her home and about her sat the other maidens of the village, their spinning wheels keeping time with hers. And as she spun, Senta sang the ballad of the Flying Dutchman, that unhappy mariner who, after trying long to round the Cape of Good Hope, swore that he would not fail, though he had to sail until eternity to gain his end. To punish his

blasphemy, the legend said, he was condemned to sail the seas until some maiden, fair and true, held faithful to him even unto death. So for centuries he sailed the seas, being permitted to step on land but once each seven years.

Times without number had the seventh year come, and in many strange harbors in the far corners of the world did the phantom crew make port, but never did the Flying Dutchman find the maiden fair who would cleave to him through weal and woe. Many were the legends of sailors who had seen the old Dutch vessel with its blood red sails flying safely before the wind when all others were becalmed. Many a pilot went on the rocks because he followed those selfsame sails until, hard upon a reef, the queer old vessel faded into mist and the credulous sailors awoke too late to what manner of vessel they had been following.

As Senta sang, her eyes were fixed upon a fanciful picture of the Flying Dutchman that hung over the doorway. So touched was she that she rose to her feet, holding out her arms to the picture. She sang on:

Saw ye the ship on the raging deep
Blood-red the canvas, black the mast?
On board unceasing watch doth keep
The vessel's master pale and ghast!
Hui! How roars the wind! Yo-ho-hoe!
Yo-ho-hoe!
Hui! How bends the mast! Yo-ho-hoe!
Yo-ho-hoe!
Hui! Like an arrow she flies
Without aim, without goal, without rest!
Yet can the pale-faced seaman
Be freed from his terrible fate
If a maiden give him fair pledge
Through life and death as his mate.

Alarmed by Senta's emotion, the other maidens rushed out to find young Eric, a village lad who long had wooed the fair daughter of Daland. But for once Eric spoke to ears that did not hear him; Senta's

sympathy had been so roused by the fate of the Flying Dutchman that she romantically hoped she might find some way to save him. And then, scarcely had Eric gone than the door opened, and beneath the picture of the ill-fated Hollander there stood a man so like the picture that Senta could scarce believe her eyes. Startled, too, was the stranger, for he saw before him in the flesh a maiden who often had appeared to him in his dreams, always with promises of hope and help.

Silently, half-frightened, hardly aware of what they were doing, they moved towards each other. Then the stranger told Senta that her father had offered him hospitality and given consent to his winning her as his bride, humbly asking if she would permit him to stay. Gladly she consented. Her father was overjoyed when he found that Senta had so approved the stranger.

That evening there was a gay fête in celebration of the homecoming of Daland's ship, and all the young maidens of the village packed little baskets with delicacies which they took down to the sailors. A merry time was held by the sailors and village lasses upon the lantern-decked vessel. But alongside lay the Dutchman's ship, dark and seemingly deserted. Nothing daunted, the maidens called gaily to the Dutch sailors to come on deck and receive some of the good things they had brought in their baskets.

For a time there was no answer, and then suddenly the sea about the Dutchman's ship began to rise, and waves to lash its sides. An odd, greenish glow lighted the ship as the crew, coming on deck, began a weird chant. Eerie looked the ship, uncanny was the music made by the black-clad crew. The Norwegians, frightened, sought shelter down in the hold of their ship, trying to escape the sound of that terrifying chant. But the queer minor chords still rang out, now rising like the sound of beating waves and the cry of winds in a great storm, now falling into a soft chant like the crooning of some hopeless old person. In the dim light the Dutchmen could be seen moving about as if making ready to face the sea again, coiling ropes and making all shipshape.

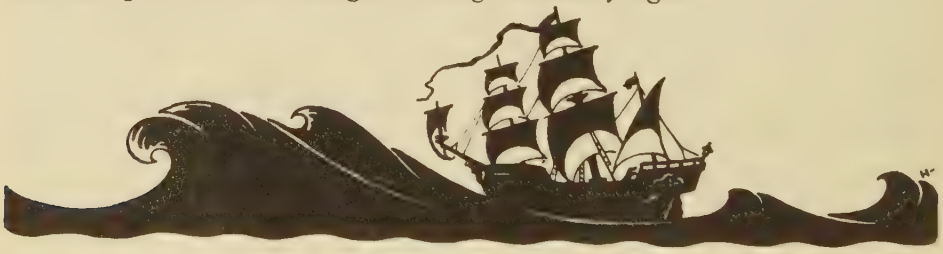
Then the Dutchmen, with mocking laughter, grew silent. Their ship was again in darkness. Down to this seemingly deserted shore came Senta, and with her was Eric. Although she tried to repulse him he persisted in begging her to marry him. He knelt before her, and as he did so, the stranger, returning to his ship, came upon them. Startled, he drew back into the shadow a moment, and to his ears came Eric's words of love.

Even as he looked, Senta bent to speak softly to Eric. This, then, was the maiden who but a few hours before had pledged eternal faith to him! How could the desperate man know that Senta was again telling Eric that all her heart was given to the pale Hollander?

Believing Senta false to him, he rushed aboard his vessel, crying out, "Farewell Senta! Now all is lost to me! Had you been true, I might have gained peace and forgiveness, but now must I, the hapless Flying Dutchman, sail on and on forever."

Instantly his crew appeared on deck, his crimson sails spread themselves as if by magic, and the vessel moved silently out into the bay. But Senta, breaking from Eric's restraining hands, rushed to the headland and threw herself into the sea in a vain effort to follow the ship, crying as she leaped, "Nay, I am faithful unto death!"

Even as she touched the water, the onlookers were astonished to see the red sails droop, the black masts fall silently away and the whole spectre ship sink silently beneath the waves, while from the wreck rose the Flying Dutchman with Senta safely held in his arms—for the doom had been lifted and faithfulness and true love had won him the forgiveness and peace he had sought through so many ages.



HOW GUNNAR PLAYED HUCKSTER HEDINN

NEARLY a thousand years ago men settled their differences by trials of strength. The battle settled right and wrong among many races, so that the old phrase of "might is right" was literally true. But among the Norsemen and their brothers in Iceland, men met in the assembly, or "Thing," which was a kind of rough court for the settling of disputes. The "Thing" was a district meeting, while the "Althing" was a national assembly. Many cases were referred from the "Thing" to the "Althing," so that these meetings had much in common with our present-day local, district, or supreme courts. And therefore we tell here the tale of Njal[1] the wise lawyer and how he showed Gunnar of Lithend the way to serve a summons.

. . . . . .

There was a man whose name was Njal who dwelt at Bergthorsknoll in the land-isles of Norway, and with him dwelt his wife, Bergthora, and their three daughters and three sons. Njal was handsome of face, yet no beard grew on his chin. Wealthy he was, and wise, so that he was known as a lawyer whose match was not to be found in all the islands. He was also gentle and generous, wherefore men came to him from afar to ask his advice, and this he freely gave.

There was a time when he aided Unna, who had separated from her husband, Hrut, but had been unable to get back from him the dower of goods and gold she had brought with her. Unna held naught against Hrut, for he had been kind to her, but she was unhappy in his land and

Adapted from the Icelandic Njals Saga, translation by Sir George Webbe Dasent.

[1]The hero was sometimes called *Burnt Njal* because he met his end in his home which his enemies burnt about him. They called him to come forth but he and his wife refused.

had returned to the home of her father, Fiddle Mord. After a time, when her father no longer lived to advise her, Unna mismanaged what she owned so that she had but little left to her. At last she made her way to Lithend, where dwelt her kinsman Gunnar, and begged his aid. Gunnar freely offered her money, but this she refused, begging him instead to get back from Hrut the dower that had been hers.

"Hrut held this dower rather by boldness than by law," she explained, "because since my father was old he did not force matters as a younger man would have done. Now, if you have courage to aid me, go to Njal of Bergthorsknoll, who is your friend, and he will give you advice as to how to proceed."

" 'Tis like enough he will give me good advice, as he gives it to everyone else," Gunnar replied, and he forthwith rode to see Njal. When he came to Bergthorsknoll, right wecome was he made, so that Gunnar was emboldened at once to bespeak Njal's aid in getting back Unna's goods from Hrut.

"That is a most difficult suit to undertake," said Njal, "and very hazardous how it will go: but still I will tell you the way it can best be managed, and the end will be good if none of the rules I lay down be broken. But it will be hard to reach Hrut otherwise than as I shall tell you."

"Never fear, I will break none of the rules," Gunnar made answer.

Then Njal held his peace for a while and then spoke as follows:

"I have thought over the suit and thus it must be managed. Ride from home with two of your men following. Over all your clothing wear a great rough cloak, and under it a russet kirtle of cheap stuff, and under all, your good clothes. Take a small ax in your hand, and each of you must have two horses, one fat and one lean. Carry hardware and smith's work with you and when you come across Whitewater westwards be sure to slouch your hat over your face, Then men will ask your followers who is this tall man, and they shall make answer, 'Here is Huckster Hedinn the Big, the man from Eyjafirth, who is going

about with smith's work for sale.' Now this Hedinn is ill-tempered and a chatterer, a fellow who thinks he alone knows everything. Very often he snatches back his wares when about to make a sale if it happens that the purchaser does not take his terms or do otherways as he wishes.

"So now you shall ride west to Borgarfirth offering all sorts of wares for sale, and be sure to quarrel and refuse to carry out some of your bargains, so that it will be noised abroad that Huckster Hedinn is about and that he is the hardest man to deal with and that no lies have been told of his bad behavior."

So spoke Njal, and further did he advise Gunnar so that he should come at last to the house of Hrut at Hrutstede, and he should carry himself while there so that Hrut should be made to answer to the suit as Gunnar desired. Njal also promised to be at the Thing and help in the suit. Then Gunnar thanked Njal, and first of all rode home.

Gunnar rode from home two nights afterwards, and two men with him; and they rode along until they got on the heath, and then men on horseback met them and asked who that tall man might be of whom so little was seen. But his companions said it was Huckster Hedinn. Then the others said that a worse was not to be looked for behind, when such a man as he went before. Hedinn at once made as though he would have set upon them, but yet each went their way. So Gunnar went on doing everything as Njal had laid it down for him, stopping at all the farms to trade and picking quarrels with most who would barter. At last he came to the farm nearest Hrutstede. There he offered his wares for sale, and Hedinn fell at once upon the farmer and made as if to beat him, but in truth spared his strength lest they discover who he was. When he still quarreled, a man was sent to Hrut and, as Njal foretold, Hrut came to part him from the man with whom he wrangled. He came at once and asked Hedinn to his house and this invitation Hedinn and his mates accepted gladly. Hrut seated his guest opposite himself and their talk went pretty much as Njal had guessed. Hrut asked whence the strangers came, and Hedinn made answer that he was a man of

Eyjafirth. Hrut then asked if there were many famous men there and was answered, "There are shabby fellows enough, and to spare."

Hrut asked him, "Do you know Reykiardale and the parts about?" Hedinn made answer, "I know all Iceland by heart."

"Are there any stout champions left in Reykiardale?" questioned Hrut, and the reply came, "Thieves and scoundrels." Then Hrut smiled, and found it sport to listen, and went on to ask about the men of Eastfirth Quarter, and aways Hedinn found something to say against any who were mentioned. At last the talk came to Rangriverdale, and Hedinn said there was small choice of men left in those parts since Fiddle Mord died, and he sang:

Men in sooth are slow to find—
So the people speak by stealth,
Often this hath reached my ears—
All through Rangar's rolling vales.
Still I trow that Fiddle Mord,
Tried his hand in fight of yore;
Sure was never gold-bestower,
Such a man for might and wit.

Then Hrut said, "Thou art a skald, Hedinn. But hast thou never heard how things went between me and Mord?" Then Hedinn sung another stave telling how Mord took Unna away from Hrut and Hrut had never a word to say. "But dost thou not think it was some disgrace to him that he could not get back his goods that he gave in dower, though he set suit on foot?" returned Hrut.

"I can answer thee that well enough," Hedinn made reply. "Thou challengedst him to single combat; but he was old, and so his friends advised him not to fight with thee, and then they let the suit fall to the ground."

"True enough," Hrut agreed. "I said we must decide by battle and that passed for law among foolish men; but the suit might have been taken up again at another Thing if he had had the heart."

"I know all that," Hedinn made reply, hiding his eagerness.

"Dost thou know anything about the law?" inquired Hrut.

"Up in the North I am thought to know something about it," came the reply. "But still I should like to hear how this suit should be taken up."

Hrut asked what suit he meant, whereupon Hedinn continued. "A suit which does not concern me. I want to know how a man must set to work who wishes to get back Unna's dower."

"In this suit I must be summoned, so that I can hear the summons," Hrut made answer, "or I must be summoned here in my lawful house."

"Recite the summons and I will say it after thee," Hedinn said.

Hrut, in answer, recited the summons. Hedinn, though he listened carefully to every word, purposely repeated the summons all wrong, and Hrut burst out laughing and had no mistrust. Hedinn said Hrut must repeat the summons once more that he might learn it aright, and Hrut did so. Then Hedinn repeated the summons a second time, and this time right, and when he had finished he asked Hrut if he had said it right and the latter replied there was not a flaw in it. Then in a loud voice, so that his companions could hear him, yet as if it were but part of learning the summons, Hedinn proclaimed, "I summon thee in the suit which Unna, Mord's daughter, has made over to me with her plighted hand." Soon thereafter all the household went to rest.

As soon as ever Hrut and his household were asleep, Hedinn and his companions rose up silently and took their bridles and saddles that they had placed for safekeeping at the far end of the great hall, and they went out to the fields. Here they put saddles on their fat horses, and so rode off on them, leaving the lean horses behind. They rode up into the hills and away from the home pastures and hid for three nights. Thereafter, being less fearful of pursuit, they traveled onward by night, but rested in hiding by day until they came to their own homes.

Now it was well that the men departed when they did, for one of Hrut's neighbors had a dream of a great bear and two cubs that went to Hrutstede, and another man bethought him that he had seen a golden fringe and a bit of scarlet cloth peep out at the smith's sleeve, and remembered that he had worn a golden ring upon his right arm. When these things were told to Hrut he knew that he had been caught in a pretty trial of cunning and had been made to summon himself and help his guest to summon him, so that the first step in a suit to recover Unna's dower had been made by his own aid. And he knew then that the man who had called himself Hedinn was really Gunnar of Lithend. Moreover, he said that Gunnar could not have planned it all by himself and that Njal must have been at the bottom of the plot, since there was not his match for wit in all the land.

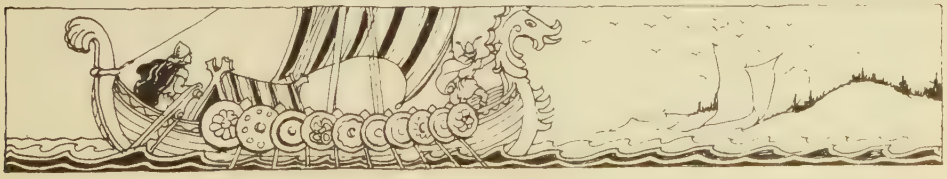
When the time came, Gunnar rode to the Althing, and Hrut and his friends rode thither too. Gunnar pursued his suit, and began by calling his neighbors to bear witness. Hrut and his brother had it in their minds to make an onslaught on him, but they mistrusted their strength and therefore stayed their hands. Gunnar next went to the court and bade Hrut listen to his oath and declaration of the cause of the suit, and to all the proofs which he brought forward. He also brought forward his witnesses, and though his opponent pleaded that there was a flaw in the suit because certain witnesses had not been called, Gunnar offered to settle the suit in single combat with Hrut.

After that Gunnar went away from the court with all his followers. Hrut and his brother went home too, and so the matter stood for a time. Hrut asked his brother what he should do, for never before had he been offered combat and shunned it. Then his brother made answer, "Thou comest no nearer Gunnar in strength than Mord would have come to thee, and we had better pay up the money to Gunnar." So they asked the householders from their part of the country what aid they would give and these men offered to help, so that Hrut went to Gunnar and said, "Now is thine to take the money," and Gunnar told them to pay it down and he would accept it.

Whereupon they paid down the money and betook themselves to their homes. Njal said then, "This suit has gone off well."

"Ay," said Gunnar, "But it was all thy doing."

Now men rode home from the Thing and, so the saga relates, Gunnar got very great honor from the suit, but he handed over all the money to Unna and would have none of it. Soon thereafter he went sea-roving, even out to Iceland, and there he met Hallgerda, owner of vast lands, beautiful above all others, and her he wooed and won.



THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER, OF BEDNALL-GREEN

GRACE GREENWOOD

IN THE old feudal times some six hundred years ago, when England was in a troubled, unsettled state, often convulsed and desolated by civil wars, there might have been seen through many summers, sitting in the shade of an oak tree on Bednall-Green—a part of London town—a certain beggar man, blind, but of a very noble and venerable appearance. He was led by a dog, and sometimes he was accompanied by his wife—a handsome and stately person, though clad in gray russet like any poor peasant woman—and sometimes by his daughter, a beautiful and gentle little girl whom he called Bessee.

From *Stories from Famous Ballads.* Boston: Ginn and Company.

When this child grew into womanhood her beauty was so remarkable that in spite of her humble parentage she had many admirers and suitors. But the fathers of her lovers would never consent to a marriage with a beggar's daughter, and their mothers despised her, and would sometimes come to reproach and scold her to her face, as though the poor girl could help her beauty or her birth.

At length she grew very discontented and sorrowful, and told her father and mother that she wished to leave Bednall-Green, where she was creating so much disquiet in respectable families, and that she had resolved to go forth to seek her fortune elsewhere.

It was long ere the beggar and his wife would consent to part with their darling Bessee. But at last, as they saw that she was no longer cheerful or comfortable at home, they gave her their blessing, with kisses and many tears, and bade her go. She set forth at night, to avoid being followed by her troublesome lovers. She kept up heart until after she was out of sight or hearing of her parents; then she burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly for many a weary mile. She walked all night long, and just at daybreak entered the town of Rumford, where she found entertainment at the Queen's Arms.

The mistress of the inn was so pleased with the stranger that she wished to keep her for a housemaid. Yet she was so puzzled by Bessee's appearance—for though clad in gray russet, the maiden had the air and delicate beauty of a born lady—that she did not venture to offer her the situation. But after a little while Bessee very humbly asked to be employed at the inn as a servant; and both master and mistress were glad to engage her. So amiable and prudent was she that all in the household grew to loving her very dearly. And that was not all; greatly to the pretty maid's annoyance, she was soon surrounded by as many admirers as at Bednall-Green. All the gay young men of the town seemed suddenly to have discovered that the finest ale and the best cakes in Rumford were to be found at the little roadside inn, where served the fair blue-eyed girl, to whom everybody gave the name of "Pretty

Bessee." Thither they flocked in crowds, greatly to the delight of the innkeeper and his wife, whose business thrived the more, the more the maid's beauty and grace were noised about. But Bessee, though kind and courteous to all, was modest and prudent; and though her lovers sang her praises in sweet songs, very tender and mournful, and though they sent her beautiful gifts of silver and gold when they sued for her hand, she always shook her head firmly and said with a sigh, "Nay, nay, none of gentle blood or high estate should wed with me."

Four suitors at one time fair Bessee had, who loved her so fondly that they would not be put off by a shake of her pretty head, nor by her "Nay, gentles!" though many times repeated. The first was a noble young knight who came to her disguised, so that she did not know his rank; yet she liked him best of all. The second was a country gentleman, of proud and ancient family. The third was a rich merchant of London; and the fourth was her master's own son, a bold young gallant, who swore big oaths of love, and declared himself ready to die for "Pretty Bessee" at the shortest notice.

"If thou wilt marry me," said the knight, "I will make thee a lady, with the greatest joy and pride; for I am not what I seem, but a nobleman of high degree."

At these words, Bessee started and turned very pale, feeling grieved, not glad, that the man she liked best of all was so far above her.

Then spoke the country gentleman. "If thou wilt wed me, thou shalt be a lady as fine as any in the land, and never toil more with those dainty hands. My life is drear without thee, 'Pretty Bessee'; a wretched man am I, for want of thy dear love."

Then spoke the rich merchant, saying with a proud smile, "Choose me for thy husband, gentle maid, and thou shalt live in London, after a gay and gallant fashion. My ships shall bring home silks and jewels for thee, and I will love thee better than all the world."

When the merchant said this, Bessee looked at him very demurely, but with a quiet little smile hovering round her sweet, rosy mouth—a

smile that seemed to say, "I know thee well, good sir, and just how far this great love will go—just how much thy brave vows are worth." She gave the same look to the gentleman, and to the innkeeper's son; but when she glanced at the noble face of the knight she sighed. Yet to each one she returned the same answer: "I mean always to obey my dear father and mother. Thou must first gain their consent before I promise thee my love."

Each suitor willingly assented to this, and eagerly asked, "Where does thy good father dwell, 'Pretty Bessee'?"

Truly and bravely then answered Bessee. "My father, alas! is well known as the old blind beggar of Bednall-Green. Daily sits he there, asking charity of all good Christians. You cannot miss him. When he walks he is led by a dog with a bell. A poor, blind old man, God knoweth! Yet he is the father of Bessee, to whom she oweth and giveth all love and duty."

The rich merchant drew himself up, grew very red in the face, and said, bluntly, "Then, fair damsel, thou art not for me"; and went his ways in stately haste, like one of his ships under full sail. The innkeeper's gallant son tossed his nose high in the air, and said insolently, "If it be so, look not to be my wife. I cannot stoop so low from my degree, even for thy pretty face, my winsome lass." As for the gentleman, he took off his plumed hat, and bowing low, said, with a mocking smile, "I pray thy pardon, my fair mistress, but thy father's calling pleases me little. In truth, I loathe a beggar's degree; and so am forced to say adieu to 'Pretty Bessee.' "

The beggar's noble daughter heard each lover's reply without grief and without shame, and looked him out of her presence with a smile of quiet scorn. But when it came the young knight's turn to speak, her breath came fast, and she could not lift her eyes to his face, for fear that he, too, might disdain her. But there was little cause for fear. With a frank laugh, and in a manly, cheery voice, he said, "As for me, come better or worse, I weigh not gold or rank against true love; and beauty

and goodness are the same in every degree. To me thou wilt be welcome for thyself alone, my 'Pretty Bessee.'"

You may be sure that the beggar's daughter did not look cold or scornful at this brave reply. She blushed with sudden joyfulness, while tears of gratitude and affection shone in her sweet blue eyes.

She soon consented to accompany her lover to Bednall-Green, to ask the consent of her parents to her marriage.

But meanwhile the knight's kinsmen had heard of his strange choice of a wife, and were greatly incensed against him; declaring that their ancient and honorable family should not be disgraced by such an alliance. To prevent their interference with his plans, the knight stole away from Rumford at daybreak, carrying Bessee before him on a swift steed. Away sped they like the wind toward Bednall-Green; but like the wind came on behind them certain gallant young men of Rumford, who had heard of "Pretty Bessee's" elopement, and, like so many dogs of the manger, were determined that if they could not marry her, no one should.

"Death," they cried, "to the bold knave who would rob us of the fair maid who pours our ale and serves our cakes with such grace!"

Just as the lovers had reached the blind beggar's door, the young men overtook them, set upon the knight most furiously, and would have slain him had not his kinsmen, also out in pursuit of him, come to the rescue. When the noble gentlemen had sent the Rumford gallants about their business they began to reproach the knight for his folly, and to rail at Bessee for a low-born, designing beggar girl. Then up spoke the maid's father, standing erect, a tall, venerable figure—the great white cloud of his silvery hair flung back from his brow, and his pale cheek flushing with anger—"Though I be a beggar man," he said, "rail not in this unmannerly way at my child, before mine own door! Though she be decked not in velvet and jewels, she is not so poor as she seems. I will drop angels[1] with you, for my dear little girl; and if the gold that

[1] "Angel" was an ancient English coin worth about $3.42 in American money.

I shall bring forth shall seem to you to make up for her lowly birth, and equal what you can lay down, you must no longer rail at her, or forbid your kinsman to make a lady of the blind beggar's daughter. But first you must promise me that all the gold you lay down shall be your own."

"So be it; we promise," cried the chief nobleman of the knight's proud family, with a merry, derisive laugh.

"Well, then," said the blind beggar, "here's for my Bessee!" throwing down an angel. The nobles then threw down one, the beggar another, and so on till all their purses were exhausted, and the blind man had dropped full three thousand pounds—often flinging down two or three for the gentlemen's one. Then, when the ground where they stood was completely covered with gold, they cried out, "Hold, thou wonderful beggar man! We have no more. Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."

"Then," said the old man authoritatively, like one used to command, "marry my daughter to your kinsman; and here are a hundred pounds more to buy her a wedding gown."

"Agreed, venerable sir!" was the response. "And now we look more closely, we see that she is of marvelous beauty and fairness." This said, they each and all took Bessee by the hand, and adopted her into their great family with a brotherly kiss, vowing that her lips were as sweet and soft as those of any grand lady in the realm; whereat the modest maid blushed scarlet, and the knight at her side frowned with sudden anger.

After this, Bessee's father and mother embraced her, blessed her, and placed her hand in that of her lover. And so was the beggar's daughter betrothed to a great noble, comely and passing rich, and, what was better, a true and honorable man.

When the innkeeper's son heard of Bessee's good fortune he roared with grief and spite. "Three thousand angels! Woe is me!" he cried. And the innkeeper's wife said, "Now thou hast gone and done for thyself, thou simpleton!" When the rich merchant heard of it, rich as he was, he cursed his ill luck, as though his best ship had foundered at sea. But when the proud country gentleman heard of it, little cared he; "Natheless, she is a beggar's daughter," he said.

. . . . . .

It was soon announced that the wedding of "Pretty Bessee" was to take place in the great cathedral of Westminster, and was to be followed by a banquet in the palace of her noble lover. All was to be conducted with the greatest possible pomp and splendor. All sorts of rare dainties, rich meats, and costly wines were provided for the banquet. Beautiful dresses and magnificent jewels were purchased for the bride, with palfreys, hawks, and hounds, and all kinds of elegant pets and playthings. Ladies and pages were appointed to wait on her, and her boudoir, or bower, was hung anew with lovely blue silk, that seemed to drip with pearls, and decorated with paintings and gilding, till it was fit for a fairy princess.

This strange and romantic marriage made such a noise among the high circles of England that all the nobles and great folk were eager to attend

the wedding—the gentlemen curious to see what manner of damsel it was who had caused a great nobleman to forget his pride of birth, and all he owed to his high and mighty ancestors, the ladies longing yet dreading to behold the face whose beauty had made him indifferent to all their high-born pretensions to good looks.

Before the high altar of the great cathedral, Bessee, followed by her ladies and pages, and looking resplendently lovely, met her noble lord, in magnificent attire, accompanied by a gay troop of gentlemen, all jeweled and plumed most gallantly.

No less a dignitary than a bishop joined the hands of the loving pair, and gave them his august blessing. Then from the vast cathedral organ broke forth a mighty melody, so grand, so solemn, that it was like the great thunder of heaven softened and Christianized into music. This was followed by a burst of singing, so sweet, so triumphant, that it filled every heart, and made every soul feel as though it was putting on its angel-wings, to soar upward, with those glad, delicious strains, to a purer and brighter world than ours.

At the banquet, the guests gazed often and long at the bride, who sat by her lord at the head of the table, looking so modest and gracious that even the proud court ladies forgot their envy in admiration, and the best eaters and drinkers slighted the dainty dishes and rich wines before them to watch her, and talk of her beauty and good fortune.

At length, one of the nobles exclaimed, "I marvel that we do not see here the jolly blind beggar. Methinks he should have been bid to his daughter's wedding."

The bride overheard this, and answered, very gently, "My lord, my father was too humble, or too proud, to thrust himself upon so stately a company. He thinks his condition too lowly for such consorting."

"If it were not too flattering a thing to utter to a fair lady's face, we should say we think thy father's lowliness would be more than made up for by thine exceeding beauty," replied the nobleman, with a pleasant smile and a bow to his fair hostess.

Just at this moment, there entered the great hall the blind beggar himself, but richly clad in a silk robe, with a plumed velvet cap, so that no one, save the bride and bridegroom, recognized him. He carried a lute under his arm, and, asking permission of the company, began to play upon it with great skill and sweetness, to the delight of all present. After a delicate prelude, he sung this song:

A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who, for her fairness, might well be a queen;
A blithe, bonny lass, and a dainty was she;
And many one called her Pretty Bessee.

Her father he had no goods, nor no land,
But begged for a penny, all day, with his hand;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three
And still he hath somewhat for Pretty Bessee.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree;
Therefore never flout at Pretty Bessee.

On hearing the boast with which this song concluded, the gay company began to laugh heartily; and one merrily cried out, "I' faith, sir minstrel, the bride and the beggar are beholden to thee! Thou dost make quick work at ennobling them, in thy song."

Then up rose the bride, all blushing and tearful, and said, "Oh, pardon my father, I pray you, my lords and gentlemen! He dotes upon me with such blind affection that he doth dream these things."

"If this be thy father, sweet lady," said one of the nobles, with grave courtesy, "he may well be proud of this day—may well boast of thee; and it is plain to be seen, by his countenance and air, that his birth and his fortunes do not agree. And therefore," he continued, turning to the beggar, "we pray thee to reveal the truth, and for the love thou bearest thy fair daughter declare thy rank and thy parentage."

At these words, a smile, half proud, half mournful, lit the melancholy face of the blind man; and running his slender white fingers over the chords of his lute he sung to the listening company another song, which contained the true story of his rank and fortune. This story I will tell you in prose.

The minstrel began by celebrating the heroic fame of Sir Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, who was chosen chief of the proud English barons in a rebellion against their king. He was victorious in several contests; but, finally, in the bloody battle of Evesham the barons were routed, and their brave leader slain.

Fighting side by side with Sir Simon de Montfort on that fatal day, was his eldest son, Henry, who was often wounded, and finally struck down by a blow across the eyes, which deprived him forever of his sight. All the night which followed the great battle the poor young nobleman lay among the dead and dying, bleeding and helpless, and only knew when it was day by the warmth of the sunlight falling upon his face—the beautiful sunlight he was never more to behold! All day he lay there in darkness and pain, thirsting, fainting, praying for death to give him release, and lead him to the light. He lay there till he knew, by the dews falling upon his parched lips, that another night had come. Then God sent to his help an angel, not of death, but of life. A baron's

fair daughter came forth to seek among the slain for her father's body, and seeing young De Montfort and hearing his piteous moans, she was so moved by compassion that she had her servitors bear him to her castle. There she nursed him, secretly, for many weeks, until he was cured of all his wounds. He thought himself well enough to leave his hiding-place before his kind friend would hear of such a thing; but one day, when he spoke of going, and the lady still urged him to stay longer, he broke out passionately, saying he *must* go—that already he had grown to love his benefactress, whose face he had never seen, more than the beauty his lost eyes had ever beheld—more than the glorious green of his native fields, the bloom of flowers, or the dear light of heaven; and that if he lingered any longer he should lose all power to part from her.

"My poor friend, where will you go and what will you do without me, who am your eyes, now, you know?" said the lady, very gently, taking the hand which was groping about for hers to clasp in farewell. "Listen to me, De Montfort. My father is dead; my kinsmen are slain or banished; the king will seize upon my lands, as he has seized upon thine, and I shall soon be as poor and friendless as thou art. Take me with thee, to serve and comfort thee. I have no refuge but thee; besides," she added, softly, almost in a whisper, "I, too, love thee—love thee all the better for thy misfortunes, and cannot let thee go forth into the dark, cruel world, alone."

Oh, very gladly the young soldier consented! and soon the noble lovers were married by a good priest, who faithfully kept their secret. The lady sold her jewels for a large sum of money, which she treasured up for future need. For the present the only safety of her husband was in humbleness and apparent poverty. He was believed to have been slain at the battle of Evesham, but should his enemies now discover him he would speedily suffer death.

So it was that the rightful Earl of Leicester and his fair wife clothed themselves in russet, and lived like the poorest peasants; that he who had

once taken his place with the proudest nobles of the land became the "Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green."

It was not till after they had been married many years that Heaven sent "Pretty Bessee" to bring brightness and sweet comfort to the lowly cottage of the Montforts. She grew up a good and prudent girl; but never, till the day when he saw her the wife of a powerful noble in high favor with the king, had her father dared to reveal, even to her, her honorable birth and his own true name.

"This, my lords," said the minstrel, "is the end of the story of one who once belonged to your own rank. I should never have revealed the secret but for my Bessee's sake. For myself, I should be content to die as unnoted and despised as I have lived these forty years; yet shall I be well content to see my Bessee's mother honored according to her great deserts—as a lady born, as well as the truest wife that lives in all our England."

When he ceased, there softly stepped forth from the crowd around him a tall, fair woman, richly but simply clad—not young but still beautiful and stately—who walked majestically to the minstrel's side and laid her hand on his shoulder. And the old man, standing up very proudly, said to all the company in the grand, unforgotten way of a great noble, "My wife!"

At this, all the lords and ladies came forward, and reverently greeted her, and gave their hands to her husband, addressing him by his ancient title. Then they kissed and embraced the fair bride, who was smiling and weeping with surprise and joy, and congratulated her that she was one of them, of as good blood as any in the realm.

So "Pretty Bessee" was proved to be a lady born; but to the generous young lord who stood so proud and happy by her side, she was no better, fairer, or dearer, for all that; though that it was a good thing he did not deny.

The old ballad says that the banquet ended most joyfully, that the noble knight spent a long, happy life with his lady, "Pretty Bessee."

WINTER

Prelude to Part Second of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flag
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

LIFE OF THE CASTLE

SAMUEL BANNISTER HARDING

IF YOU visit France, Germany, and other European countries today, you will find everywhere the ruins of great stone castles, rearing their tall towers on the hilltops and commanding the passage of roads and rivers. At the present time these are mostly tumbled down and overgrown with moss and ivy, and nobody cares to live within their dark walls.

In the Middle Ages it was not so. Then the castles were the safest places in which to live; so in spite of their cold and gloom they became the centers of the life of the time. It was from the castles that the feudal barons ruled their lands. It was there that the people found refuge from the attacks of Northmen and Hungarians. It was from the castles that the Crusaders set out for the Holy Land. In them chivalry was born and flourished; at their gates tournaments, jousts, and other knightly festivals took place; and in their halls the wandering singers, who were building up a new literature, found the readiest welcome and the most eager and appreciative listeners.

Let us fancy ourselves back in the eleventh or twelfth century, and examine a castle. We shall find the country very different, we may be sure, from what it is today. Great forests stand where now there are flourishing towns, and everything has a wilder, more unsettled look.

Here is a castle, in France, that will suit our purpose. It was built by one of the vassals of William the Conqueror, and has been the

From *The Story of the Middle Ages*. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company.

scene of many sieges and battles. See how everything is arranged so as to make easy its defense. It is built on the top of a steep hill, and around its walls is dug a deep ditch or moat. At the outer edge of the moat we see a strong palisade of heavy stakes set in the ground. Just inside this is a path, along which sentries march in time of war. The gate, too, is doubly and triply guarded. In front of it is a drawbridge across the moat—indeed, there are two, and the space between is guarded by a protecting wall. In later days these drawbridges were made stronger and more complicated, and heavy towers with walls of masonry were built, the better to protect the entrance.

When we have passed these outer works, we come to a heavy wooden door between two tall towers which mark the entrance to the walls. We pass through this and find ourselves within the gateway. But we are still far from being in the castle. In the narrow vaulted passageway before us, we see suspended a heavy iron grating, called the portcullis, which may come rattling down at any moment to bar our passage. And beyond this is another door; and beyond this another portcullis. The entrance to the castle is indeed well guarded; and the porter who keeps watch at the gate and has to open and shut all these barriers is at times a busy man.

At last we are past the gateway and find ourselves in an open courtyard. The thick walls of the castle surround us on all sides, and at their tops we see the battlements and loopholes through which arrows may be shot at the enemy. Here and there the wall is protected by stone towers, in which are stairways leading to the battlements above. In the first courtyard we find the stables, where the lord of the castle keeps his horses. Here, too, is space for the shelter of the villagers in time of war; and here, perhaps, is the great brick oven in which bread is baked to feed the lord and all his followers.

Going on we come to a wall or palisade, which separates the courtyard we are in from one lying beyond it. In later times this wall, too, was made much stronger than we find it here. Passing through a

gateway, we come into the second courtyard. Here again we find a number of buildings, used for different purposes. In one are the storerooms and cellars, where provisions are kept to enable the dwellers in the castle to stand a siege. Next to this is a building shaped like a great jug, with a large chimney at the top and smaller ones in a circle round about. This is the kitchen, in which the food is cooked for the lord of the castle and his household. The cooking we may be sure is usually simple—most of the meats being roasted on spits over open fires—and elaborate dishes, with sauces and spices, being uncommon. Most castles have, in addition, a small church or chapel in this courtyard, in which the inhabitants may worship.

The most important building of all is still to be described. There at the end of the courtyard we see the tall "keep" of the castle, which the French called "donjon," and in whose basement there are "dungeons" indeed, for traitors and captured enemies. This is the true stronghold of the baron, and it is a secure retreat. Think of all the hard fighting there must be before the enemy can even reach it. The drawbridges must be crossed, the gates must be battered down, and the portcullises pried up; the first courtyard must be cleared; the dividing wall must be carried; the second courtyard also must be cleared of its defenders. And when the enemy, bruised and worn, at last arrives at the keep, their work is just begun. There the lord and his followers will make their last stand, and the fighting will be fiercer than ever.

The walls of the keep are of stone, eight to ten feet thick; and from the loopholes in its frowning sides peer skilled archers and crossbowmen, ready to let fly their bolts and arrows at all in sight. A long, long siege will be necessary to starve out its defenders. If this is not done, movable towers must be erected, battering rams placed, stone-hurling machines brought up, blazing arrows shot at the roof and windows, and tunnels dug to undermine the walls. In this way the castle may be burned, or an entrance at last be gained. But even then there will be fierce fighting in the narrow passageways, in the dimly-lighted halls, and

on the winding stairways which lead from story to story. It will be long, indeed, before our lord's banner is torn from the summit of the tower, and his enemy's is placed in its stead! And even when all is lost, there still remain hidden stairways in the castle walls, underground passages opening into the moat, and the gate in the rear, through which the lord and his garrison may yet escape to the woods and open fields, and so continue the battle another day.

In later days, stronger and more complicated castles were erected, especially after Western lords had begun to go on the Crusades, and had seen the great fortresses of the Eastern Empire.

But let us now inquire concerning the life of the castle in time of peace. Where and how did the lord and his household live? How were his children educated? And with what did they amuse themselves in the long days when there was no enemy to attack their walls, and no adventurous distant expedition in which to engage?

Sometimes the lord and his family lived in the upper stories of the huge donjon, where arms and supplies were always stored. But this was so gloomy, with its thick walls and narrow windows, that many lords built more comfortable "halls" in their courtyards, and preferred to live in these.

Let us look in upon such a "hall," whether it is in the donjon or in a separate building. There we find a great wide room, large enough to hold all the inhabitants of the castle, when the lord wished to gather them about him. This is the real center of the life of the castle. Here the lord eats and sleeps; here the great banquets are given; here he receives his vassals to do homage; here he plays chess and backgammon with his companions; and here in the evening the inmates gather, perchance to listen to the songs and tales of wandering minstrels.

Within the castle are many people, occupying themselves in many ways. In the courtyards are servants and dependents caring for the horses, cooking in the kitchen, and busily engaged in other occupations: Elsewhere are those whose duty it is to guard the castle—the porter at the gate, the watchman on the tower, and the men-at-arms to defend the walls in case of attack. Besides these we see many boys and young men who are evidently of too noble birth to be servants, and yet are too young to be warriors. Who can they be?

These are the sons of the lord of the castle, and of other lords, who are learning to be knights. Their training is long and careful. Until he is seven years old, the little noble is left to the care of his mother and the women of the castle. At the age of seven his knightly education begins. Usually the boy is sent away from home to the castle of his father's lord, or some famous knight, there to be brought up and trained for knighthood.

From the age of seven till he reaches the age of fourteen, the boy is called a "page" or "varlet," which means "little vassal." There he waits upon the lord and lady of the castle. He serves them at the table, and he attends them when they ride forth to the chase. From them

he learns lessons of honor and bravery, of love and chivalry. Above all, he learns how to ride and handle a horse.

When the young noble has become a well-grown lad of fourteen or fifteen, he is made a "squire." Now it is his duty to look after his lord's horses and arms. The horses must be carefully groomed every morning, and the squire must see that their shoes are all right. He must also see that his lord's arms and armor are kept bright and free from rust. When the lord goes forth to war, his squire accompanies him, riding on a big strong horse, and carrying his lord's shield and lance. When the lord goes into battle, his squire must stay near, leading a spare steed and ready to hand his master fresh weapons at any moment. After several years of this service, the squire may himself be allowed to use weapons and fight at his lord's side; and sometimes he may even be allowed to ride forth alone in search of adventures.

In this manner the squire learns the business of a knight, which is fighting. But he also learns his amusements and accomplishments.

Let us approach a group of squires in the castle hall when their work is done and they are tired of chess and backgammon. They are disputing, perhaps, as to which is the more interesting, hunting or falconry; and we may hear a delicate-featured squire hold forth in this way:

"What can be prettier than a bright-eyed, well-trained falcon hawk? And what can be pleasanter than the sport of flying it at the birds? Take some fine September morning, when the sky is blue and the air is fresh, and our lord and lady ride forth with their attendants. Each carries his falcon on his gloved hand, and we hurry forward in pursuit of cranes, herons, ducks, and other birds. When one is sighted, a falcon is unhooded and let fly at it. The falcon's bells tinkle merrily as he rises. Soon he is in the air above the game, and swift as an arrow he darts upon the prey, plunging his talons into it and crouching over it until the hunter gallops up to recover both falcon and prey. This is the finest hunting. And what skill is necessary, too, in rearing and training the birds! Ah, falconry is the sport for me!"

But this does not seem to be the opinion of others of the group. Their views are expressed by a tall, strongly-built squire, who says:

"Falconry is all right for women and boys but it is not the sport for men. What are your falcons to my hounds and harriers? The education of one good boar-hound, I can tell you, requires as much care as all your falcons; and when you are done the dog loves you, and that is more than you can say for your hawks. And the chase itself is far more exciting. The hounds are uncoupled and set yelping upon the scent, and away we dash after them, plunging through the woods, leaping glades and streams in our haste. At last we reach the spot where the game has turned at bay, and find an enormous boar defending himself stoutly and fiercely against the hounds. Right and left he rolls the dogs. With his back bristling with rage, he charges straight for the huntsmen. Look out, now, for his sharp tusks cut like a knife! But the huntsmen are skilled, and the dogs play well their part. Before the beast can reach man or horse, he is pierced by a dozen spears and is nailed to the ground, dead! Isn't this a nobler sort of sport than hawking?"

So, we may be sure, most of the knights and squires will agree. But the ladies and many of the squires and knights will still love best the sport of falconry.

In this way the squire spends his days until he reaches the age of twenty or twenty-one. He has now proved both his courage and his skill, and at last his lord says that he has "earned his spurs."

So the squire is to be made a knight; and this is the occasion for great festivities. In company with other squires who are candidates for knighthood, he must go through a careful preparation. First comes the bath, which is the mark of purification. Then he puts on garments of red, white, and black. The red means the blood he is willing to shed in defense of the Church and of the oppressed; the white means that his mind is pure and clean; and the black is to remind him of death, which comes to all, both high and low.

Next comes the "watching of the arms." All night the squires keep watch, fasting and praying, before the altar in the church on which their arms have been placed; and though they may stand or kneel, they must on no account sit or lie down. At the break of day the priest comes. After they have each confessed their sins to him, they hear mass and take the holy sacrament. Perhaps, too, the priest preaches a sermon on the proud duties of the knights, and the obligations which they owe to God and to the Church.

At last the squires assemble in the courtyard of the castle or in some open place outside the walls. There they find great numbers of knights and ladies who have come to grace the occasion of their knighting. Each squire in turn now takes his place on a carpet which is spread on

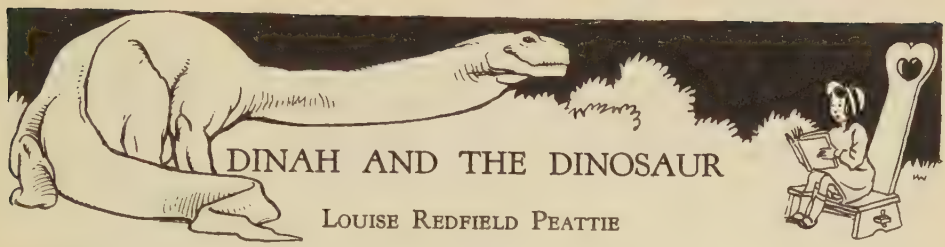
the ground, and his friends and relatives assist in girding on his armor and his sword. Then comes the most trying moment of all. His father or his lord advances and gives him what is called the "accolade." At first this was a heavy blow with the fist given upon the squire's neck, but later it was with the flat of a sword upon his shoulder. At the same time the person who gives the accolade cries out:

"In the name of God, and St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight! Be brave and loyal!"

The squire is now a knight, but the festival is not yet over. The new-made knights must first give an exhibition of their skill in riding and handling their horses, and in striking with their lances marks which are set up for them to ride at. Then comes fencing with their swords, on horseback. Perhaps this is followed by a regular "tournament" in which knights, both old and new, ride against one another in mimic warfare. With closed helmets and lowered lances the knights charge at one another, each seeking to unhorse his opponent. Lances are shattered, armor battered, and sometimes serious wounds are received in this rough sport, while bright-eyed ladies sit beside the "lists," to inspire their knights to brave deeds in their honor. Then the day is wound up with a great feast, and music, and the distribution of presents.

At last the guests depart, and the new-made knights go off to bed, to dream of Saracens to be fought in the Holy Land, and dragons to be slain, and wicked knights to be encountered—and, above all, of beautiful maidens to be rescued and served with loyalty and with love.

So they dream the dreams of chivalry. And, when they awaken, the better ones among them—but not all, alas!—will seek to put their dreams into action.



DINAH AND THE DINOSAUR

LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE

"IN THE days of the Dinosaurs, some ten million years ago—"

Ten million years ago! Dinah put down her book to think how long was ten million years. Just trying made her sleepy. So did the warm sun in the garden, and the letters on the page danced. She closed her eyes to shut them out.

"Goodness gracious me!" said a curious high, thin voice. "What an extraordinary creature!"

Dinah opened her eyes to see who had spoken, and then she rubbed them and stared again. Before her loomed a Something quite as tall as the village church, but very evidently an animal, because it was standing on its stumpy hind-legs in the manner of a huge kangaroo, and even as she stared it dropped down on all fours and shook its absurdly small head.

"I can't imagine what it is," said the animal, staring back, "but I don't believe it bites," it added doubtfully.

"Why!" said Dinah with a gasp, "you're a Dinosaur!"

"Of course I am," said the Dinosaur in the high, thin voice that matched its silly expression rather than its size. "You sound as though that were something surprising. It's really you, you know, who's queer. I never saw anything in the least like you. Come here, specimen, and be examined."

Dinah held tight to the garden seat. "I suppose *you* don't bite, either?" she asked doubtfully.

"Mercy, no!" said the Dinosaur with scorn. "Horrid stuff, meat. I belong to the herbivorous branch of the family."

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Dinah slid down and advanced with some hesitation as the Dinosaur lowered his long neck. His head came very close indeed, which made her heart thump, but his expression was bland and foolish, and she ventured to give him a timid little pat on the nose.

"That's it," said the Dinosaur with a pleased and silly smile, "don't be afraid. Old Brontosaurus wouldn't hurt a pterodactyl."

"Are you really Brontosaurus?" cried Dinah, delighted. "Why, he was one of the biggest!"

The Dinosaur's smile grew so wide it vanished beyond each eye, and he wagged his tail with such satisfaction that it smashed down one of Dinah's mother's mulberry bushes. He curled his neck around to look at his distant other end, and said vainly, "Look at it—thirty feet long, that tail."

"I didn't think a tail could grow that long," sighed Dinah, marveling.

"Oh, as to that," said Brontosaurus—and his face fell—Zeuglodon, the sea-serpent, has forty feet of tail to only ten of body and four of head."

"Yay!" screamed a voice from the trees above them. "Plenty of tail, but what about brains? Everybody knows you haven't got two pounds of brains in that pin-head of yours."

The Dinosaur wilted as much as his size permitted.

"That's Archaeopteryx," he told her, nodding to the branches. "I know I'm not clever, but that fellow is so beastly conceited. All because he's the first bird. Hump! He's not so much better than the rest of us. He's linked to us reptiles, too, for all he's ashamed of it."

A serpent-like hiss came out of the trees, and Archaeopteryx fluttered down upon a nearby bough. He was somewhat smaller than a crow, and trailed a tail longer than his body, with feathers set down each side.

"What's this object, Bronty?" he asked rudely, staring at Dinah. But before she could make an angry retort, she caught a glimpse of the bird's open bill.

"Why, you've got teeth!" she cried in amazement.

"Naturally," said Archaeopteryx. "Why people talk about things being 'as scarce as hen's teeth' I'm sure I don't know."

Here the Dinosaur put in a word, as was, apparently, the frequent wont of his kind.

"Teeth!" he said scornfully. "Look at Thespesius. There's teeth for you. He's a cousin of mine," he explained to Dinah. "Stands twelve feet in his stocking feet. Of course, we reptiles renew our teeth as fast as they're worn out, but Thespesius, he's got a reserve supply of four hundred or so tucked down in his lower jaw alone."

"Yah!" said Archaeopteryx impudently. "He hasn't got feathers, though. Nobody has but me!" And he flapped off.

The Dinosaur snorted. "He thinks he's so 'scloosively modern.' We're all of us up-to-date Jurassic around here."

"Jurassic?" repeated Dinah uncertainly, looking at the Dinosaur.

Brontosaurus stared. "You can say the periods, I hope?" he questioned accusingly.

"I'm afraid not," she admitted, "though at school we have to say the Presidents and the Kings of England.

"Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous—Lower —and Upper—Permian, Triassic, and Jurassic," he rattled off. "That's all since the beginning of the earth."

"Then come the Lower—the Upper—Cretaceous and the Tertiary," said Dinah suddenly. "That's in the book, I remember."

"*We* leave off with the Jurassic," said the Dinosaur coldly. "What are you, thing?"

"The book says I'm a mammal," said Dinah doubtfully.

"Never heard of such a thing," Brontosaurus shook his head scornfully. "There's never been anything, in *my* day, but us reptiles, and the fish and amphibians, and Archaeopteryx. And the invertebrates, of course, but they're hardly in our class socially!"

"I should like to meet some of the others in your family," said Dinah hastily, hoping to put him in a better humor. "I'm sure they're very interesting."

The Dinosaur grew quite pink with pleasure as far down his length as Dinah could see. "Come along, Mammal," he said, and put down his head for her to climb up on.

With the little girl seated upon his neck Brontosaurus lumberingly set off into the woods beyond the garden. Dinah had never seen anything there bigger than a rabbit, but when they came out of the trees to the edge of the lily swamp she gave a gasp of amazement. Wallowing in the water were two huge creatures and another smaller one of the same extraordinary shape.

"The Triceratops family out for a stroll," said the Dinosaur with a genial wave of his tail by way of introduction. "Nice people, though old Triceratops is a bit of a fighter if you get on the wrong side of him."

"Look, he's got three horns on his nose," squealed Dinah excitedly.

"The usual number," remarked Brontosaurus, calmly. "How de do, folks," he added cheerily as they passed the browsing monsters.

"Humph," was all the Triceratops said, and winked their piggy little eyes.

With slow footsteps that shook the soggy earth, the Dinosaur crossed the marsh, Dinah holding tight to his neck. Once a queer creature raised a flat head on a long neck from the reeds, with a toothy grin. Once they came upon a bat-like Pterodactyl clambering over the rocks. They passed Archaeopteryx, sunning himself there, too, but he haughtily turned his back. Another huge Dinosaur raised himself on his hind legs and hallooed greeting from beyond some tree tops. "One of the Iguanodons," said Dinah's guide, and when they passed a browsing Dinosaur so much larger than Brontosaurus that the little girl shivered, though the beast looked as amiable as a cud-chewing cow, her new friend pointed him out with pride as Brachiosaurus. "The biggest of our family, a hundred feet if he's an inch," said her new friend.

The monsters all seemed amazingly peaceful and orderly, and Dinah began to lose her fears, when a terrible snorting and roaring broke out in the woods. She could feel Brontosaurus shuddering all down his sixty feet.

"It's one of my carnivorous cousins, I expect. Lordy, let's get out of here!"

But just then came plunging through the woods the most amazing animal that had yet appeared. He had a double row of great horny plates all down his back, and he roared and growled, for after him came a smaller Dinosaur with a blood-thirsty expression.

"That awful little ruffian Cerotosaurus!" gasped her friend, backing away in alarm. "The fellow with the pie-plate trimming is Stegosaurus."

Dinah hid her eyes. When she opened them again she gasped, for gone were the ancient monsters all, and she was back on the garden seat, with a little brown squirrel regarding her from the branch of a big old oak where he munched away contentedly at an acorn.

GULLIVER'S ADVENTURES IN LAPUTA

JONATHAN SWIFT

I PERCEIVED a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the desert island (my refuge after shipwreck); it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder or the sky more darkened than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping: but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time, the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment

Excerpts from *A Voyage to Laputa*, the third of *Travels Into Several Remote Nations of the World*, by Lemuel Gulliver (Jonathan Swift), 1727.

to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet, soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing toward me, and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture that these were sent for orders, to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length, one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and, therefore, I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in upon this lonely spot.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

At my alighting I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither, indeed, was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all inclined either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, and trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*) in their family as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft slap on his eyes; because he is

always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets of jostling others, or being jostled himself, into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers, for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he started like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument, which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I

had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honor to dine with me. We had two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and pudding, resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, to walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their

interpretation, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

. . . . . .

When I had learned their language, the Laputans invited me to visit the portion of their country that was on the solid earth, Balnibarbi, where is located the metropolis, Lagado. Here was situated the academy, their chief educational institution.

In Lagado I visited the grand academy and was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and, I believe, I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight

years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar

and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their bundles, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

. . . . . .

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiousities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England. (This the author finally accomplished after adventures too numerous to tell at this time, but none so unusual as the visit to Laputa.)

ZADIG WINS A KINGDOM

VOLTAIRE

MOABDAR, King of Babylon, being dead, Queen Astarte was made prisoner by the Prince of Hyrcania and carried away into captivity. Thus evil days fell upon Babylon until Zadig, a young man of great learning and wealth, went to her rescue. After many adventures he effected her escape and the queen returned to Babylon where she was received with the delight people always have in a beautiful princess who has been unfortunate.

The Babylonian victors at once declared that Queen Astarte should marry the man they chose as king. They did not wish the first place in the world to be dependent on intrigue and cabals,[1] and they there-

From *Zadig or Destiny*, 1748.

[1]Secret gatherings to plan and gain some personal ends.

fore swore to recognize as king the wisest and bravest man. A great arena surrounded by magnificently decorated galleries was built a few leagues from the city. The combatants had to present themselves in full armor. Behind the galleries each had a separate apartment where he was to remain unseen and unknown. Each combatant had to ride against four lances. Those that were fortunate enough to beat four knights would fight afterwards against each other, so that he who finally remained master of the field would be proclaimed winner of the games. The winner had to return four days later with the same arms, and solve riddles propounded by the Magi. If he did not solve the riddles he would not be king, and it would be necessary to joust again until a man was found to win in both contests: for the people insisted on having the bravest man and the wisest. During this time the queen was to be closely guarded, and she could be present at the games only if she were veiled. She was forbidden to speak to any claimant, so that there might be neither favor nor injustice.

This was the news Astarte made known to her lover, in the hope that for her sake he would show greater courage and wit than anybody else.

Zadig reached the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of the great day. He wrote down his emblem with those of the other combatants, concealing his name and face as the law commanded, and went to rest himself in the apartment that fate had allotted him. His friend Cador, who had returned to Babylon after searching Egypt for him in vain, arranged for a complete suit of armor from the queen to be sent to his dressing-room. He had sent from her also the most beautiful horse in Persia. Zadig recognized that these presents were from Astarte and though she dared send no message with them, his courage and love gathered new hope and strength.

On the morrow, when the queen was seated under her canopy studded with precious stones, and the galleries were crowded with every lady of every class in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the arena.

Each placed his armorial shield at the feet of the Grand Magus. The drawing was by lot, and Zadig was drawn last.

The first to advance was a very rich lord named Itobad, a very vain fellow, of little courage, very clumsy and witless. His servants had persuaded him that a man like him ought to be king, and he had replied: "A man like me is born to rule!" Thus had they armed him from head to foot. He wore golden armor enameled green, a green plume, a lance decorated with green ribbons. It was obvious at once from the way Itobad managed his horse that it was not for "a man like him" heaven was reserving the sceptre of Babylon. The first knight who rode against him dismounted him; the second knocked him backwards on his horse's crupper, his legs in the air and his arms outstretched. Itobad recovered his seat, but with so bad a grace that everyone in the galleries started laughing. A third did not deign to use his lance, but made a pass, seized him by the right leg, and turning him half-round sent him sprawling on the sand. The stewards ran to him laughing, and put him back in the saddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg and made him fall on the other side. He was led back to his room amid hooting: there by law he had to pass the night. And as he picked his painful way back he said: "What an adventure for a man like me!"

The other knights did their duty better. Some of them beat two combatants running, others three even. Only Prince Otame beat four. At last Zadig's turn came. He dismounted four knights, one after the other, with all the grace in the world. The situation then was—who would win, Otame or Zadig? The former wore blue and gold armor with a similar plume. Zadig's arms were white. The blue knight and the white knight were equal favorites with the crowd. The queen prayed with beating heart that white might win.

The two champions made their thrusts and volts with so much agility, each of them gave such good blows with the lance, each was so firm in his seat, that everyone but the queen hoped there would be two kings in Babylon. At last, their horses being tired and their lances broken,

Zadig had resort to this artifice: he passed behind the blue prince, sprang on his horse's crupper, seized the prince by the middle, threw him to the ground, seated himself in the saddle instead, and circled around Otame, who lay stretched on the ground.

"The white knight wins!" cried the whole gallery.

Otame, exasperated, rose and drew his sword. Zadig leapt from his horse with his sabre in his hand. There they were both on foot engaging in a new battle in which strength and skill triumphed alternately. They strike with the point, with the edge, right and left, on head and on breast. They draw back, they advance, they measure each other, they lock again, they seize each other, twist themselves around each other like snakes, attack like lions. At last, Zadig has a moment to gather his wits, he stops, feints, thrusts, makes Otame fall, and disarms him.

"White knight," cries Otame, " 'tis you shall rule over Babylon."

The queen was at the height of joy. The blue knight and the white knight as well as all the others were led back to their apartments, as laid down by the law. Mutes attended on them and brought them food. As may be guessed, it was the queen's little mute who waited on Zadig. Afterwards they were left to sleep till morning, when the victor had to bring his armorial shield to the Grand Magus for comparison, and to make himself known.

Although Zadig was in love he was so tired that he slept. Itobad, who rested near him, slept not at all. He rose during the night, entered Zadig's room, took Zadig's white armor and armorial shield, and left his own green armor in its place. When day came he went proudly to the Grand Magus and announced that "a man like him" was the victor. His identity caused some surprise, but he was proclaimed victor while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte was bewildered and returned to Babylon with despair in her heart. The galleries were already almost empty when Zadig awoke. He looked for his arms, and found only the green suit. He was forced to put it on as he had nothing else with him. Taken

aback and indignant, he dressed in fury and went forward in this apparel of his conquered opponent.

All the people left in the gallery and the arena received him with hoots. He was surrounded and insulted to his face. Never did man endure such humiliating mortification. He lost patience, and with blows from his sabre sent flying the rabble which dared abuse him. But he did not know what action to take. He could not see the queen; he feared to claim the white armor she had sent him—that would have meant compromising her. Thus, while he was plunged in sorrow he was steeped in fury and uneasiness.

He went for a walk along the banks of the Euphrates, persuaded that his star destined him to be unfortunate despite all his efforts. He ran over all his afflictions in his mind. "That is what comes of waking too late," he said. "If I had slept less I should be King of Babylon, I should marry Astarte. Knowledge, morality, courage have therefore ever served only to my undoing." A murmur against Providence escaped him at last, and he was tempted to believe that everything was ordered by a cruel destiny which oppressed the good and made green knights to prosper. One of his vexations was that he had to wear the green armor which had called forth so much jeering, but he soon sold it to a passing merchant for a song and took from him a robe and a high conical hat. In this apparel he walked along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair and secretly reproaching the Providence which persisted in persecuting him. . . . .

Zadig entered Babylon again on the day when those who had fought in the arena were already gathered in the great hall of the palace to solve the riddles and answer the questions put by the Grand Magus. With the exception of the man in green armor all the knights had arrived. As soon as Zadig appeared in the town the people flocked around him. Their eyes could not see enough of him, their mouths bless him sufficiently, their hearts wish ardently enough that he might be their king. The envious saw him pass, shuddered, and turned away. The people

carried him right to the assembly hall. The queen, who was apprised of his arrival, was a prey to a fever of fear and hope. Anxiety consumed her: she could not understand why Zadig was without arms, or how Itobad was wearing the suit of white armor. At sight of Zadig there was a confused murmuring. Everyone was surprised and delighted to see him, but only knights who had fought were allowed to appear at the assembly.

"I have fought as well as anyone else," he said, "but my arms are borne here by another. While awaiting the honor of proving that what I say is true, I ask permission to come forward to solve the riddles." The question was put to the vote: Zadig's reputation for integrity was so strongly impressed on their minds that they did not hesitate to admit him.

The Grand Magus propounded this question first of all: What of all things in the world is the longest and the shortest, the quickest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the most neglected

and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which destroys everything that is small and gives life to everything that is great.

Itobad had to answer. He replied that "a man like him" knew nothing of riddles, and that it was enough for him that he had conquered with sturdy thrusts from his lance. Some said that the answer to the riddle was Fortune, others the World, others Light. Zadig said it was Time. "Nothing is longer," he added, "since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter since all our schemes lack it; nothing slower to him who waits, and nothing passes more quickly for him who is happy; on the one hand it extends right up to infinity, and on the other it may be divided and subdivided right down to infinity; all men disregard it, and all men regret losing it; nothing can be done without it; it condemns to oblivion all that is unworthy of posterity, and makes the great things immortal." The assembly agreed that Zadig was right.

The next question was: What is the thing one receives without returning thanks for it, which one enjoys without knowing how, which one gives to others when one has had enough of it, and which one loses without noticing it?

Everyone had his say, but Zadig alone guessed it was Life. He solved all the other riddles with equal ease. Itobad continued to say that nothing was simpler and that he could have succeeded as easily had he wished to give himself the trouble. Questions were put on Justice, the Sovereign Good, the Art of Ruling. Zadig's answers were judged the soundest. "It is a pity," people said, "such a gifted fellow should be so poor a horseman."

"Noble lords," said Zadig, addressing the assembly, "I had the honor of winning in the arena. The white armor belongs to me. Itobad took possession of it while I slept: he evidently thought it would suit him better than the green. I am ready to prove to him, first of all before you, with my gown and sword against all that beautiful white armor he has taken from me, that it was I who had the honor of winning in the passage at arms with the noble and brave Otame."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest assurance in the world. He had no doubts but that with his casque, cuirass and arm-guard he would dispose of a champion in night-cap and dressing-gown. Zadig drew his sword and saluted the queen, who was watching him, filled with joy and apprehension. Itobad drew his, and saluted nobody. He advanced on Zadig like a man who had nothing to fear, ready to split his head in two. Zadig parried the blow by opposing what is called the "forte" of his sword to his adversary's "feeble," with result that Itobad's sword snapped. Then Zadig seized his enemy by the body, threw him to the ground and with the point of his sword at a vulnerable spot in Itobad's cuirass, cried to him—"Let yourself be disarmed or I shall kill you!" Itobad, always astonished at the calamities which befell a man like him, let Zadig do as he would, and the latter tranquilly took off his magnificent casque, his splendid cuirass, his beautiful armlets, his bright thigh pieces. These he donned, and then ran to fall at the knees of Astarte. Cador proved easily that the armor belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by consent of all and particularly of Astarte, who tasted after so many adversities the joy of seeing her lover worthy in the world's eyes of being her spouse. Itobad went back to his house to have himself called "my lord." Zadig was king, and was happy.

The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and abundance: it was the finest century on earth, for the government was one of justice and love. Everyone praised Zadig, and Zadig praised heaven.

THE ENGLISH MERCHANT AND THE SARACEN LADY

CHARLES DICKENS

ONCE upon a time, a worthy merchant of London, named Gilbert à Becket, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner by a Saracen lord. This lord, who treated him kindly and not like a slave, had one fair daughter, who fell in love with the merchant: and who told him that she wanted to become a Christian, and was willing to marry him if they could fly to a Christian country. The merchant returned her love, until he found an opportunity to escape, when he did not trouble himself about the Saracen lady, but escaped with his servant Richard, who had been taken prisoner along with him, and arrived in England and forgot her.

The Saracen lady, who was more loving than the merchant, left her father's house in disguise to follow him, and made her way, under many hardships, to the sea-shore. The merchant had taught her only two English words (for I suppose he must have learned the Saracen tongue himself, and made love in that language), of which London was one, and his own name, Gilbert, the other. She went among the ships, saying, "London! London!" over and over again, until the sailors understood that she wanted to find an English vessel that would carry her there; so they showed her such a ship, and she paid for her passage with some of her jewels, and sailed away.

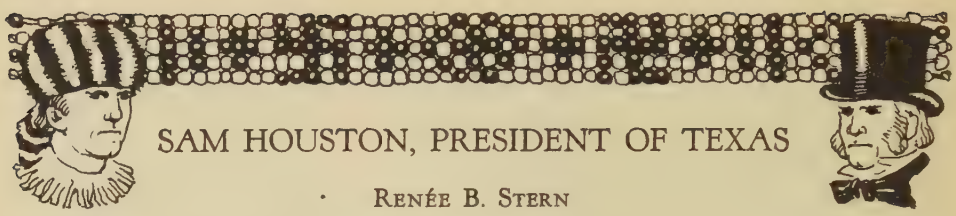
Well! The merchant was sitting in his counting-house in London one day, when he heard a great noise in the street; and presently Richard came running in from the warehouse, with his eyes wide open and his breath almost gone, saying, "Master, master, here is the Saracen lady!" The merchant thought Richard was mad; but Richard said, "No, master! As I live, the Saracen lady is going up and down the city, calling 'Gilbert! Gilbert!' "

From *A Child's History of England.*

Then he took the merchant by the sleeve, and pointed out at window; and there they saw her among the gables and water-spouts of the dark dirty street, in her foreign dress, so forlorn, surrounded by a wondering crowd, and passing slowly along, calling, "Gilbert, Gilbert!"

When the merchant saw her, and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, and of her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street; and she saw him coming, and with a great cry fainted in his arms. They were married without loss of time, and Richard (who was an excellent man) danced with joy the whole day of the wedding; and they all lived happy ever afterward.

This merchant and this Saracen lady had one son, Thomas à Becket He it was who became the favorite of King Henry the Second.



SAM HOUSTON, PRESIDENT OF TEXAS

RENÉE B. STERN

GREAT were the heroes of old, valorous and chivalric. Yet no hero of ancient times ever fought against greater odds and triumphed than did Sam Houston, the American. No "gentil knight" ever was called upon to bear greater slurs and stings of false rumor and bitter attack, yet he kept silence to protect others and let no defeat or backward slip long halt his life's upward progress. Again and again he achieved power and fame only to have them swept from him, but each time he emerged greater than before. Nor did his garb lack the picturesqueness of ancient days for he often wore the red shirt and deerskin trousers, red cloth headband and hair in a long twist, such as were worn by the Cherokee Indians, among whom he lived more than once in his life. Representative of two great commonwealths in their national assemblies, a successful general, president of an independent republic, and the chief means of bringing that republic into the American Union, the life of Sam Houston reads like an epic of old.

He was the son of a warrior, for his father, the elder Samuel Houston, was a rifleman in Morgan's Raiders during the Revolutionary War, became a major, and lost his life while on a military errand after the war, in 1806. His widow, left with eight children to care for, left her Virginia home and made her way westward, settling near the Tennessee River in Tennessee. There was little schooling to be had in this country, but thirteen-year-old Sam managed to get hold of Pope's translation of the Iliad, of some stray volumes of Shakespeare, and Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. This last-mentioned is particularly significant, for all his life long this volume was his one authority on strategic warfare, and in later years it served as the basis for many a campaign.

Now, whether it was because the local schoolmaster refused to teach Sam Latin and Greek, or whether it was because his elder brother put him to work in a store, which latter seems more likely, young Sam crossed the river when he was about sixteen and took up his residence with the friendly Cherokees. Measuring deer tracks was more to his mind than measuring tape, and he soon became proficient as any young brave in the hunt and the arts of the Indian.

There he remained until he was eighteen years old, a tall, broad-shouldered lad, brown haired and fair-skinned, moving with the free, lithe, and silent tread of his redskin brethren. He lived with a minor chieftain, Oolooteka, into whose family he had been adopted. *Coloneh,* the Wanderer, Oolooteka had named him, and prophetic indeed was the name.

But money was easier spent than earned among the Indians, and after a time Sam found himself in debt. Men taunted him that he took, but did not repay. So he went back among the white settlers and there, for a time, he taught school. To Sam Houston, school-teaching was far from a prosaic work, and his pupils must have learned far more than the young teacher was expected to instill into their minds, for at the noon hour they talked of Indian lore and life on the trail. Then the young teacher would take a "sourwood" stick, trim it in circular spirals and thrust one half of it into the fire, thus turning that part blue while the other half remained white. With this wand as a symbol of authority in his hand and the sense of control over his pupils, Sam Houston later remarked, "I experienced a higher feeling of dignity and satisfaction than from any office or honor I since held."

Debts paid, money was saved for a course of study at the Maryville Academy, but this was cut short when the War of 1812 sent the young Tennesseean into the ranks of the army. The British had stirred up the Creek Indians against the Americans, so soon Sam Houston was marching with Andrew Jackson's expedition against the Indians. An arrow entered his thigh but he forced a companion to pull it out for him and, when volunteers were called for to make an assault it was the wounded

Houston who first stepped forward and rallied the men to attack. Then, despite Jackson's order that he go to the rear, Houston pushed on, and not until the palisades were taken and the battle of Horseshoe Bend was won, did he stop. For many years this wound troubled him, but though he was carried home on a litter, it was not long until he was riding on horseback from Tennessee to Washington to rejoin the army, just in time to see the smoking ruins of the capital, to which Admiral Cockburn had put the torch. Although several times he was invalided, he fought on, and after the war was appointed Indian agent for the Cherokees because he so well knew their language. Thus for a time Houston was able to serve his red brothers, though he gained the ill-will of Calhoun, the Secretary of War, because he wore Indian garb in the presence of that august official. Before he was forced to resign his office, Houston was able to break up the slave trade from Florida, through the Indian country, a deed worthy of any knight of old.

Then Houston turned to the study of the law and though he had not even the money to pay for his dollar-a-month office, he set up practice. In those days as in later times, the law was a highroad to public life, and Houston had the valuable friendship of that other famous Tennesseean, Andrew Jackson, who never forgot Houston's bravery at Horseshoe Bend when the Creek palisades were taken. Now at this time Jackson was a great power, and Houston soon found himself adjutant general of Tennessee, with the rank of colonel; then he became major general of state militia, and in 1823 was elected to Congress, where he served two terms. When those four years were past, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and men spoke of him as a possible successor to Jackson in the presidency.

Colonel Claiborne thus describes the costume of the thirty-four-year-old governor the day he was inaugurated:

"He wore on that day. . . . a tall, bell-crowned, medium-brimmed, shining black beaver hat, shining black patent-leather military stock, or cravat, incasing a standing collar, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband with legs full. . . . and a gorgeous red-ground, many-colored gown or Indian hunting-shirt, fastened at the waist by a huge red sash covered with fancy beadwork, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps with large silver buckles."

So he ruled his province, as did many a knight of old, and he wed a fair maiden, wealthy and of good family. He was nominated for a second term as governor—and then came tragedy, for, so the story goes, he found that his bride loved another. She went back to her people, and Sam Houston, broken-spirited, resigned his high office and followed his old friends, the Cherokees, to their new home in the unsettled lands west of the Mississippi, where he was made welcome in the home of Oolooteka, his foster father, and there he remained for over a year. For a time he seemed to have lost all standards of decent living but even so he remained chivalric, for Houston let it be known that whoever

dared breathe a word against his wife, would have to reckon with him. He left her free to get a legal separation from him, which she did. After a time, he took a wife from among the Cherokees, but when he again went forth to live among his own people, she nobly refused to go with him lest she hamper his progress, and after a few years her life came to an end among her own people.

Many unkind things were said of Houston when he gave up his high office, but most of these he let go unnoticed. However, he went to Washington to complain against the Indian agents and contractors who were not dealing fairly towards the Cherokees, and there he had to face countercharges of fraud and misrepresentation. William Stanberry, a congressman from Ohio, made such a violent attack upon Houston's reputation in a speech on the floor of the House, that Houston borrowed a hickory cane he had once given a friend, met Stanberry on the street, and knocked from his hand the pistol the congressman drew, and then proceeded to give him a thrashing. This is one of the historic fights on Pennsylvania Avenue, which runs between the White House and the Capitol. Of course, an attack on a congressman could not go unnoticed, but Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," was attorney for the defense of Houston, who also spoke for himself. In the end he was found guilty and given a reprimand by the Speaker, who did it delicately, and the matter was dropped.

Meantime the eyes of the southwest were turning towards Texas. In 1821 Mexico had thrown off the yoke of Spain and then began a series of local revolutions in which the land that is now eastern Texas suffered much at the hands of various governors. American settlers in Texas were doing their best to live under Spanish rule, but so rapid were the changes that they scarce knew where belonged their allegiance. Of all the rulers, Santa Anna was the most important. Beginning as a rebel against the tyranny of others, he became the most tyrannical and bloodthirsty of all. In 1829 President Jackson offered to buy Texas from Mexico, but this proposal was indignantly refused. However, this

proposal made Mexico aware of the fact that Texans felt closer to the United States than to Mexico, so the following year the Mexicans forbade further colonization from the north of Texas and sent a general with an army of convicts to enforce the order. The Texans at that time joined with Santa Anna, who was still a rebel and a liberal, this being the first definite joining of issue between the lands north and south of the Rio Grande.

Two years later Houston had his first sight of Texas, when President Jackson sent him to San Antonio to secure the return of Indians who had gone from the United States. Over a thousand miles he traveled on horseback, accomplished his mission, sent his report to Washington, and then went back to join his lot with the Texans. He had found his place in the councils of the white men again, for his previous political experience was invaluable to the Texans. He was a delegate to the convention that drafted the new constitution and a member of the committee that, in 1833, drew up the Declaration of the People of Texas. Like Washington, he helped draft the proclamation of freedom, and then went forth as the commanding general to enforce its demands. And also like Washington he had to fight those who would have hampered

his management of his army, and keep in the ranks the men who would have deserted, and find means to pay and feed his army when neither money nor food seemed obtainable.

The fight for the independence of Texas was won only after a long contest. Texas, like the United States, began the struggle merely to get fair treatment and without any intention of breaking relations completely with the governing country. It was still to be part of Mexico, but a separate state and not part of the State of Coahuila as formerly. But the methods of Santa Anna in his attempt to put down the revolt were so cruel that after a time the Texans saw that complete separation was their only hope. The story of the fall of the Alamo, the destruction of the band of men at Goliad who gave themselves up under a flag of truce, and similar acts of brutality and treachery, at last convinced the Texans that they must fight to a finish. The great pioneer, Samuel Austin, had escaped from a Mexican prison, but Nolan, Travis, Colonel Bowie, and Davy Crockett had been lost.

Houston found himself a commander of limited powers and with few troops, little discipline in the ranks, and a vast country to protect. He began a retreat from Gonzales eastward, sparring for time and reinforcements. Six weeks he marched slowly backward, his four hundred men growing to fifteen hundred and then again dwindling to eight hundred by the time he reached San Jacinto. The men supplied their own weapons, there was but two hundred dollars in the pay-chest, and this was depleted by fifty dollars when aid was given the widow of one of the victims of the Alamo. But Houston understood the situation and he meant that his men also should realize it. He told them, "There are none to aid us. There is here but a small force, and yet it is all that Texas has. . . . . There are but few of us, and if we fail, the fate of Texas is sealed."

Santa Anna followed the Texans, holding the country he passed through and trying to goad Houston to a fight. But that astute general knew that his small army could win only if conditions favored him.

Santa Anna was pushing on towards Harrisburg, whither the government had fled, but when he reached there he found that the government officials had gone on towards Galveston, so he burned Harrisburg, even as Washington had been burned by the enemy in 1812. Then the Mexicans turned back and soon came in sight of Houston's small army at San Jacinto, in a bend of Buffalo Bayou. The Mexicans outnumbered their opponents nearly two to one, and they felt confident of an easy victory.

Now Houston had the Mexicans where he wanted them. There was a salt marsh at their back so that retreat was impossible. A stretch of prairie lay between the two forces. The first day there was but a slight skirmish and then Santa Anna withdrew, throwing up a scant barricade of wagons, army packs, brush, saddles, and like impedimenta to protect his front. Next day the Mexicans were dozing through the heat of the day. Even the sentries must have dozed. Houston called to him Erasmus Smith, a famous guide, known as "Deaf" Smith because of his poor hearing. To him Houston issued secret orders, and then quietly formed his ranks for an attack. The men were half infantry, half cavalry, and they had also two six-pound cannon, nicknamed "The Twin Sisters," that had been sent by friends in Cincinnati. As the lines were ready to move, Smith came riding back and shouted, "I have cut down Vince's bridge. Now fight for your lives." Vince's bridge was the only means of retreat. With this gone, there was no way of escape across the bayou. "Play your tune," shouted Houston to the fifer and drummer who composed their entire drum corps. "Forward, men!"

Nothing daunted, and with cries of "Remember the Alamo," and "Goliad," the men rushed forward, Houston leading on his tired horse, that soon was shot from under him. Almost before the sleepy Mexicans knew what had happened, the fight was ended, and Santa Anna was a fugitive. The Americans lost but two men and had twenty-three wounded, among whom was Houston who had a bullet in his ankle, though that had not prevented him from fighting through all the half

hour that the battle lasted. The Mexican loss was heavy but the survivors were well treated, far better than they had dared hope after the treatment they had meted to the Americans of Goliad, who also had laid down their arms only to be betrayed.

That night the Americans held a wild parade, lighted by candles taken from the captured baggage. More important, however, was the finding of a pay-chest that gave a small sum to each American soldier. Then, the next day, some Americans down near the swamp, saw something moving in the bushes and drew forth a small, dark man, who wore a pair of red worsted slippers, soiled white linen trousers, and blue cotton shirt. But the men noticed that his shirt studs were jeweled and they felt sure their captive was more important than he seemed, yet even they were startled when they led their man in, to hear some Mexican prisoners exclaim softly, "El Presidente! El Presidente!"

They bore their grovelling captive, the once proud Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, to where Houston lay propped up under a tree, and there the erstwhile ferocious little man wept and pleaded, and tried to put the blame on others for the mistreatment of prisoners for which he had become infamous. If Houston had made way with Santa Anna, as some of his officers urged, life might have been easier for the Texans, but Houston insisted that his prisoner be decently treated and finally sent back to Mexico, on his promise that he would not again cross the Rio Grande, nor wage war on independent Texas. Needless to say, Santa Anna did not keep his word, and it was some time before Texas was finally at peace with Mexico. Nevertheless, San Jacinto was the real end of the war, the battle that made of Texas a free and independent republic.

Houston found himself the popular idol of the republic and was promptly elected its first president. Upon which he did a most characteristic and Houstonic act, by choosing as his secretary of state, Stephen Austin, one of his opponents for the presidency, and his other opponent, Smith, as his secretary of the treasury. President Houston

found himself in much the same position again as did President Washington about a half century before. Heavy debts, industry at a standstill, a muttering army, and restless Indian tribes were all serious menaces, and besides, across the Rio Grande, Mexico was still a great danger with which to cope. Leniency towards the Indians, indefinite furloughs to the troops, careful spending of the small funds available, and a constant effort to harmonize unfriendly factions finally put the government on the highroad to success. And then came trouble! The constitution forbade a president to succeed himself in office, and Houston's successor was a poor financier, so that while Houston had gone far to wipe out a $2,000,000 debt, he returned to the presidency in 1841 after Lamar's term, to find a debt of over $7,500,000 facing him.

Almost from the beginning Houston had felt that Texas would be better off as one of the United States than as an independent republic, but the United States could not be made to want the territory. So Houston began to apply his wits and evolved a clever scheme. The Monroe Doctrine was too new to be certain of its application, so President Houston began making overtures for annexation to Great

Britain and implied that if he were unsuccessful there, France might lend a more lenient ear, for both France and Great Britain had sent accredited envoys to the new republic.

Suddenly the politicians at Washington saw the light! Texas was a wonderful state and must certainly be made a star in the American constellation. And so in 1845 the Lone Star became one in a group of stars, and Sam Houston, President of Texas, soon became Senator Houston from the State of Texas and took up residence in Washington. There he stayed for two terms, talking little, but opposing the growing sentiment for secession. This attitude told against him so that he suffered his only defeat on Texas soil when he ran for governor in 1857.

Yet, being Sam Houston, he refused to allow defeat to hold him down, and two years later ran again for governor and was elected. But during this term the question of secession came to a vote. Texas decided for the South, and Houston, declaring that he was too old to learn a new allegiance, refused to call a convention to declare for southern allegiance or himself take the oath. He had served the United States with all the loyalty he had and could not withdraw his fealty, so he allowed his lieutenant-governor to take over his office while he withdrew to private life. Though he did this, he yet refused to fight against his adopted state and declined high position in the Union army. He even donned his old uniform and presented a flag to a regiment that was composed of the sons of his old neighbors, and was cheered when he put them through the manual of arms.

A few weeks after the surrender at Vicksburg, the first serious blow to the southern forces, Sam Houston breathed his last. Today, one of the greatest cities of the southwest stands as a living, growing monument to the man who represented two states in the national councils, was governor of two states, held high military command in both, and as President of a great Republic, brought it into the Union. Truly, what hero of old lived so full a life, so constructive a life, or one more replete with romance, adventure, and triumph over adversity?

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